The Outlook

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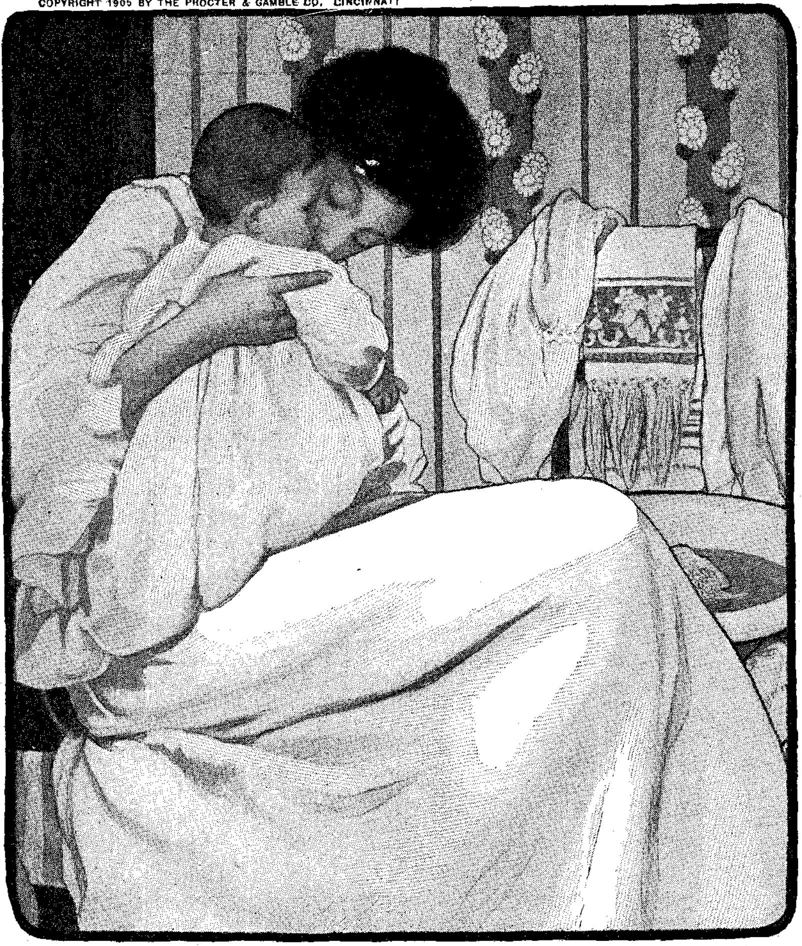

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1906

The Ship Subsidy Bill The bill granting subventions to some owners of some ships passed the Senate by a vote of 38 to 27. Five Republicans, including both of the Senators from Wisconsin, joined with the Democrats in opposition, and the fact that so stanch a Republican and protectionist as Senator Spooner was among the number is significant. There was no debate worthy of the name, and the opinion is widely and confidently expressed that the House will not pass this bill or one substantially like it. It is true that the bill, so far as possible, disguises subsidy as mail subvention; but the distinction is clear in principle between paying for mail-carrying because the service rendered is worth having at the rate paid, for the good of international postal work, and paying large sums in order to encourage ship-building and support the business of ship-owners. As it passed the Senate the bill establishes thirteen new contract mail lines, and increases the subvention to the oceanic line running from the Pacific coast to Australasia. The new lines include three to the Far East and ten to Mexico, Central and South America; three of the lines would leave Atlantic ports, four Pacific ports, and six ports of the Gulf of Mexico. All ships receiving subvention are to be of over 1,000 tons, and the aggregate compensation would be at first about $3,000,000 yearly, and would grow larger; but increased tonnage rates would, it is claimed, offset this to some extent. A subvention is granted at the rate of $5 per gross ton per year to cargo vessels engaged in the foreign trade of the United States, and at the rate of $6.50 per ton to vessels engaged in the Philippine trade, the Philippine coastwise law being postponed until 1909. The Outlook has repeatedly recorded its belief that the theory that the whole people may be taxed to provide bounties for a comparative few carrying on one particular business is totally vicious in principle, and here reasserts the belief and applies it to the measure now in question.

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Railway Rate Regulation The principal feature of last week's discussion in Congress on the subject of railway rate regulation was Senator Lodge's speech. He divided the grievances against the railways into (1) rebates, or discrimination between persons; (2) excessive rates; (3) discrimination between localities. As Mr. Lodge says, the present law has undoubtedly largely checked railway rebates, but it has not entirely stopped them. To make the law thoroughly efficient, he would add three provisions. The former penalties, now repealed, of the Inter-State Commerce Law should be restored, and secret evasions of the published rates should be made punishable by imprisonment; for those who evade the law suffer little by a fine, even if it be heavy, as their financial resources are large; they would, however, feel acutely a punishment by imprisonment. Next, there should be a provision to facilitate the procuring of evidence by the Government's law officers, and, finally, the enactment of provisions in regard to private car lines, switching charges, midnight rates, etc. As to the second grievance—that of excessive rates—the experience of other countries shows, he said, that whatever good effects Government rate-making has had, it has not lowered rates; on the contrary, it has made them not only higher, but inelastic. The remedy for the third grievance—that of discrimination between localities—ought not, in Mr. Lodge's opinion, to go beyond the fixing of a maximum rate by the Commission, with "the most absolute protection against hasty or prejudiced action through provision for an appeal to the courts." We would add that the pending Hepburn bill expressly admits the power of the carrier to appeal against the Commission's orders, in case the rate is claimed to be confiscatory, but, in the opinion of those conservatively inclined, the language is not sufficiently explicit and far-reaching in defining the courts' power, certainly not as much so as was that of the Esch-Townsend bill passed a year ago. Mr. Lodge said:

> I am not yet prepared to substitute for the courts of the United States an executive commission. . . . Legislation cannot prevent an appeal to the courts if it is alleged that the rate is confiscatory; but this is a very narrow ground and a very limited right. A rate may not be absolutely confiscatory, and yet may be in the highest degree unjust and unreasonable, and, indeed, well-nigh ruinous. I am not sure that it would be possible to deprive a citizen by legislation of the right to appeal to the courts as to the justice and reasonableness of a given rate, which is a purely judicial question.

In sympathy with the above, the Senate Committee on Inter-State Commerce has been considering an amendment providing that a carrier may question in the courts the Commission's decisions as to a maximum rate, together with all the testimony on which that decision was reached. The Committee has also voted favorably on two amendments, the first enlarging the membership of the Inter-State Commerce Commission to nine members, fixing their tenure of office at nine years and their salaries at $10,000, as in the original draft of the Hepburn bill; the second fixing the liabilities of railways on bills of lading in cases of negligence. A possibly equally important event of the week was the introduction by Senator Elkins of a new railway rate regulation bill, the most significant section of which provides that, if the Inter-State Commerce Commission exceeds its powers, or does an unlawful act, the carrier affected may apply to the United States Circuit Court for a restraining order, and the Court may, in its discretion, suspend all or part of the Commission's findings, pending the final determination of the case, the carrier giving bond covering the sum for which it might become liable in the final decree. It is always easier for the carrier to give a bond covering the time of appeal than for the shipper to pay the excessive rate until the difference is awarded to him by the court of appeal.

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Railway Rates in Germany Senator Lodge, in comparing railway rates in this country and in Europe, referred to the rates established in Germany by the Government, which operates almost all the roads, as complicated and inelastic, abounding in discriminations (not in the way of rebates or to individuals, but founded on localities and the nature of the articles and industries), with the result, he said, that rates are fifty per cent. higher than our own. This disagrees with the statement about German railways contained in an article by Mr. Russell, lately summarized in The Outlook. The actual facts are stated, presumably with accuracy, in a report by commissioners recently sent by the Prussian Government to the United States to study American railway systems. Their statement shows that such contradictory assertions as we have just referred to arise from not taking into account all the facts concerned. The German commissioners find that the average passenger rate in Prussia (which may be taken as fairly representative of German railway systems) is 0.98 cents as compared with 2.02 cents in America, while it would appear at first sight that the freight rates average 0.78 cents per ton per mile in the United States against 1.36 in Prussia. That conclusion is fallacious because the American figures include freight carried for the railways themselves for which no charge is made, while the Prussian statistics include only freight actually paid for. It is also true that the apparently lower American rate is affected by the fact that it does not include the express companies' business, nor the large sums received by the American lines for carrying the mails, nor does it take account of the fact that the Prussian lines carry an immense amount of postal-package matter for the

Government which owns them, while the American roads carry similar matter for the express companies and receive large pay for it. The commissioners, taking into account these important statistics, conclude that a proper figure for the American average freight rate would really be 1.44 cents per ton per mile, while that for the Prussian railways would be 0.95. This explanation is not only valuable as throwing light on relative rates where the Government has a voice in the fixing of rates and where it has not, but also as an illustration of the ease with which false deductions may be drawn from figures perfectly correct but not complete.

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Consular Reform

The American consular service has never been either a properly paying or a permanent service. Special attention was called to the first of these faults last week by the resignation of Mr. Davidson, our Consul at Antung, Manchuria, on the ground that he is no longer able to eke out his consular salary by his private income. Mr. Davidson has been an efficient consular officer, serving with distinction at Shanghai and Nanking before being transferred to Antung. His knowledge of the special conditions now prevailing in China is, of course, hardly to be possessed by any man who has not had Mr. Davidson's nine years of service. Mr. Davidson's special training and equipment would be peculiarly valuable at this time, not only because we must use such a consular officer for our instruction in avoiding further difficulties with the Chinese, but also because in Mr. Davidson we have an exemplar of the now historic Hay policy, which may have alone preserved China from being partitioned among the Powers, and also made possible the growth of a normal, self-respecting Government there. Because our consular service cannot offer living salaries, in many positions, therefore, there can be no continuity of policy, save as a raw recruit can apprehend it. Why is not the consular service properly paid and why is it not permanent? Because it is not based upon the intelligent and careful choice of men which would distinguish a commercial house in sending agents abroad. But a commercial house is not influenced by political considerations. Neither should our Government be. Members of Congress are at last paying some heed to the persistent appeals for consular reform, for some of the provisions of the bill supported by Secretary Root have been passed by the Senate. We earnestly trust that the House will not only confirm this action but improve on it. An influence in that direction is the call just issued for a consular convention to be held March 13 and 14 in Washington. Among the influential organizations supporting the call are, the Board of Trade and Transportation, the Manufacturers' Association, and the Produce Exchange of New York City; the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants' Association of Boston, the Board of Trade and the Trades League of Philadelphia, the Board of Trade of Chicago, and the Chambers of Commerce of Baltimore, Buffalo, Cleveland, and San Francisco.

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The Guilty Punished

When the investigation of fraud and bribery in the Post-Office Department began, there were not wanting those who professed to doubt its sincerity and thoroughness, while a larger number scoffed at the idea that actual punishment would be meted out to those accused men who had been highest in office and strongest in political and departmental influence. But last week George W. Beavers followed August W. Machen into imprisonment. These two men, if not more guilty than others, were at the head of the conspiracy, and were most to be condemned because they were most trusted by the Government and were most deeply involved in a breach of confidence. From the beginning of the prosecution it has been clear that the Administration would be satisfied with nothing less than the substantial punishment of these criminals, and both, after trying every turn of evasion and the law's delay, have been driven to a plea of guilty and the acceptance of sentences of two and four years' confinement in the penitentiary, lest worse should befall them if they fought their indictments in open court. Moreover, seven other convictions have been obtained by the Government, and one or more cases still await settlement. In this sharp and severe treatment of men who violated trust and made wrongful profit out of their public offices, as in the case of the disaster and disgrace that have fallen on hitherto respected men because of the insurance disclosures, there is to be found a tonic for the public's moral health. The very fact that social and personal qualities make such men liked and arouse a certain sympathy not felt for coarser criminals adds to the effect of the lesson. The cheap pessimists who are always sneering at honest ideals, and asserting that in dealing with cities or the Nation everybody will take graft if he can get it, will learn that outward respectability does not secure safety from penalty, and that even the possession of political influence may not protect the guilty. The Government has carried on these investigations and prosecutions for two years without the slightest regard for the accused's party affiliation, without stinting expense, and with tireless persistence. The result has amply repaid the effort, not in the infliction of suffering upon delinquents, but in vindicating public honor and justice.

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Internal Dissension Among the Mine Workers

Conspicuous among the events of the past several weeks emphasizing what appears at this writing to be a drifting of the United Mine Workers toward a widespread strike of the coal mine employees of the entire country on April 1, have been the internal dissensions among prominent officials and members of this organization. These differences culminated last week in the issuing of an injunction by Pittsburg Common Pleas Court No. 2, upon the application of Patrick Dolan, President of District 5 (Western Pennsylvania), restraining the District Convention then in session from removing him from the presidency, or from interfering with his performance of the duties of that office. John Mitchell, the National President of the organization, had previously ruled that the District Convention possessed such authority under the organization's constitution, regardless of the fact that the district president is elected by the members of the district union and not by its convention. The incident indicates a significant division, however small, among the officials as to the advisability of the strike policy outlined by the National Convention, since the Pittsburg district employs nearly 75,000 mine workers, of whom approximately 28,000 are members of the union. These do not appear to approve of President Dolan's attitude, as their District Convention has adopted a resolution declaring vacant the offices of president and vice-president. On the floor of the National Convention the delegates from this district, by an almost unanimous vote, denounced the action of President Dolan in voting with the operators in the Inter-State Joint Conference of the central competitive territory for a continuance of the present wage scale. The feeling against the action of President Dolan was also heightened by his vote, which was one of only three, against a resolution passed by the National Convention to the effect that no contract be signed in any district until all districts reach a settlement. This resolution has received much attention in the press, and is interpreted quite generally as meaning that the anthracite mine employees are prevented from entering into any agreement with their employers unless the soft-coal miners also secure a satisfactory contract. But as the inter-State joint conferences for the central competitive soft-coal territory (western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois), and the southwestern fields (Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Indian Territory, and Texas), have so far failed in securing such contracts, it would more than ever appear that the National Convention had in view a general suspension of coal-mining.

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The Conference in New York

Despite this conclusion from the facts before us, representatives of anthracite mine employees and hard-coal operators met in New York last week presumably with the object of entering into an agreement governing wages and conditions of employment in that industry after March 31, when the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission's award expires. Nothing definite as to the progress of this conference, other than the submission of the mine workers' demands and the appointment of sub-committees to take up these demands for discussion, has been made public. It is the belief of persons well informed as to the policy of the United Mine Workers that if a satisfactory agreement can be made with the anthracite operators the resolution of the National Convention above referred to can be rescinded by a special convention. Notwithstanding the peace outlook for the anthracite fields, the internal dissensions among the leaders of the mine workers tend rather to encourage open hostilities with the bituminous coal operators. President Mitchell is on record in the proceedings of the National Convention as well as of the Inter-State Joint Conference that "so far as my advice may be followed, the United Mine Workers of America will not accept a settlement on the basis of the present wage contract." This means, of course, that unless the operators recede from their positive and reiterated position in opposition to any wage increase there will be a suspension of coal-mining on April 1 in the larger number of the thirty-one coal-producing States and Territories. It was to prevent such an outcome, claims District President Dolan in a letter to the public, that he voted as he did to continue the present contract. "I know," he says, "that, in the face of the resolution to tie up all districts until all have settled, nothing but a miracle or a complete backdown upon the part of the miners would avert a tremendous strike, the end of which none can foresee, but which threatens us and the country with terrible loss. I was alone in my vote, but I was not alone in my opinion." There can be no question that President Mitchell has the confidence and will have the support of the rank and file of the more than 300,000 members of his organization, despite the fact that the dissensions reported from Pittsburg will affect mine workers here and there throughout the country. Judging from the expressed sentiments of the delegates at the Indianapolis convention last month, the United Mine Workers organization is carrying the country towards a great industrial war. There is still hope that such a catastrophe will be averted by a reconvening of the Inter-State Joint Conferences and National Convention before April 1. In the meantime the coal-mining industry is receiving attention from other quarters.

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Congressional Investigation of Coal-Carrying Railroads A proposed investigation of the soft-coal carrying railroads by Congress has developed gradually out of the debate in the House on the Hepburn bill for regulating inter-State commerce. It first took form in the resolution by Representative Gillespie, of Texas, calling upon the President to have the Inter-State Commerce Commission report to the House the status of what is known as the Pennsylvania Railroad "community of interest" and its relation to the Inter-State Commerce Law. The report transmitted to the House by the Commission merely recited well-known facts as to the relations between the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Norfolk and Western, and the Northern Central railroad companies, through the ownership of stock and the holding of directorships in these various companies. The report proved unsatisfactory to the House, and a more drastic resolution was passed, calling upon the Inter-State Commerce Commission to make a sweeping investigation of the Pennsylvania "community of interest" arrangement and to report its findings to the House. In the meantime the Senate, having begun its debate upon the railway rate regulation issue, also naturally drifted into a resolution somewhat similar in purport to that of the House. It was introduced by Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, and after detailing in general terms charges of discrimination and favoritism by railroads in their relation to coal-mining companies, and alleging a combination of common carriers in restraint of trade, the resolution authorizes and instructs the Inter-State Commerce Commission to investigate and report: First, whether any railroads own or have any interest in, by means of stock ownership in other corporations or otherwise, any of the coal or other products which they carry over their lines. Second, whether the officers of any railroads (including those distributing cars or furnishing facilities to shippers) are interested, by means of stock ownership or otherwise, in corporations or companies owning, operating, leasing, or otherwise interested in any coal mines, coal properties, or any other traffic over the railroads with which they are connected or employed. Third, whether there is a combination in restraint of trade among the carriers of bituminous coal, and, if there is a monopoly in the soft-coal industry, to what extent are the output of coal mines and the price of coal limited and controlled. The Commission is also to report the effects of such conditions, if they are found to exist as described, upon independent coal operators and the consumers of coal. A very important provision of the resolution is that requiring the Commission to investigate and report the system of car distribution in effect upon the several railway lines engaged in the transportation of bituminous coal, and whether the systems are fair and equitable and carried out fairly and properly. The Commission is required to suggest a remedy as well as to report any facts or conclusions which it may think pertinent to the general inquiry. The resolution has been adopted by the Senate by an almost unanimous vote, which action followed the reading of a letter from Governor Dawson, of West Virginia, who claims in substance that West Virginia is in the grasp of a monopoly of which the chief offender is the Pennsylvania Railroad.

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A Pennsylvania Coal Inquiry At the same time that Congress was engaged with its resolutions of inquiry into the soft-coal carrying railroads, the situation existing in consequence of the arrangement among the eight anthracite-carrying railroads was receiving attention from the Legislature of Pennsylvania. That body has passed a resolution directing the Attorney-General of the State to inquire into the conditions under which railroads are engaged in hard-coal mining contrary to the State Constitution, and, if he finds that conditions warrant such a proceeding, to institute suit against such companies. President Baer, of the Reading system—practically the dominating head of the hard-coal carrying systems—replied to the resolution in a letter to the public in which he explains the status of his company in its relation to the State Constitution, claiming that it is not engaged in coal-mining in violation of the State Constitution, but that, on the contrary, these rights are explicitly conferred upon it by its charter, granted prior to the adoption of the present Constitution. President Baer also gives figures as to the distribution of the cost making up the increase in the price of coal the past several years, and invites an investigation of the books of his company. This opportunity the Pennsylvania Legislature seized upon at once, and has created a commission for the purpose of examining into conditions among the anthracite carriers which are subject to the laws of Pennsylvania.

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Taxation of Personal Property The recent tendency toward the abandonment of the tax on personal property because of the inequities of its operation is emphasized by statements issued by Governor Folk, of Missouri, in connection with his appointment of a Commission to report on the revenue laws of the State to the Legislature at its next session. The Governor says that the State's revenues are in such shape that it may dispense with the personal property tax, and may secure a sufficient income from real estate, from the public service corporations, and from other forms of property. His reasons for singling out personal property for exemption so far as taxation for State purposes is concerned are those commonly urged by modern authorities on the subject. "The honest man who makes a true return," he says, "the farmer, and those whose personal property is visible will pay less under the proposed system. The man who now dodges will pay more." He points out the obvious fact that a farmer's stock, machinery, and crops are readily found by the assessor, and that estates of widows and orphans that go through the probate court must pay in full, while the personal property of well-to-do business men frequently escapes taxation. Since the State has a surplus of revenue, the Governor urges that these considerations make it advisable to exempt personal property rather than to lower the tax rate. His suggestion, of course, has to do with State taxes only. He would leave it to the various communities to determine whether personalty shall be taxed for local purposes. Two of the members of the tax commission whom Governor Folk has appointed are Dr. Isidor Loeb, Professor of Political Science in the University of Missouri, and Mr. F. N. Judson, the eminent St. Louis attorney, and author of a volume on "Taxation in Missouri," in which the abandonment of the personal property tax is advocated. It is significant that an influential Governor in such an important matter should have ranged himself with the experts in political science. The Outlook hopes that the State of Missouri will adopt Governor Folk's recommendation, and so set an example for other States to follow. It is a wise because a just change in taxation.

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Rapid Transit in New York City The contest over the Elsberg Rapid Transit Bill now before the Cities Committee of the New York State Senate has two entirely distinct aspects which should not be confused. First, there is a disagreement as to what the chief provision of the bill actually means, and what its effect would be if enacted. It is claimed, on the one hand, by those who favor the bill in its present form, that it merely permits the Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners to let separate contracts for the construction and operation of future subways. On the other side it is contended that the bill would make the separation of construction and operating contracts compulsory. The ambiguity which makes possible such diametrically opposed interpretations by intelligent men stamps the bill, in the opinion of The Outlook, as a bad one. No measure should be enacted into law which is not perfectly clear in meaning. Besides this difference of opinion as to what the bill really provides, there is a more fundamental disagreement as to what it ought to provide. The radical believers in municipal operation as well as municipal ownership of rapid transit lines favor such an amendment as would be mandatory upon the Rapid Transit Commission to separate construction and operating contracts, and would prohibit the letting of a contract for operation until the road should be substantially completed. The movement to secure such a provision seems to The Outlook an attempt to secure municipal operation by indirection. If no bids for a contract to operate a subway could be asked for until the subway were completed, it might very easily happen that the city would find itself without any adequate offers, and compelled to operate the road itself. Whether municipal operation is desirable or not we do not here discuss. But if the principle is to be adopted, it should be done in an open and straightforward way, and not through a measure that purports to aim at something else. The conservative view, probably held chiefly by those who are interested in the present transportation companies in New York, is that the present subway is so successful that the Legislature should let well enough alone. The middle ground between these extremes is held, among others, by the City Club, which has prepared a bill as a substitute for that of Senator Elsberg. The bill provides in unmistakably clear language that the Rapid Transit Commission shall be given full discretion, subject to the approval of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, to let contracts for construction, equipment, and operation, either separately or jointly, in any way that will in their judgment provide rapid transit facilities most quickly and most advantageously to the city. It further provides that any contract for the operation of a future subway shall expire in 1954, when that for the present subway expires, or at an earlier date if so determined by the Commission. The Outlook believes that this bill should be substituted for the Elsberg measure, and should be passed. It would make more certain the preservation of the principle that the city shall own its subways, no matter who operates them. It would place the Rapid Transit Commission and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment in a strategic position with regard to the interests which are aiming to secure absolute control of the rapid transit facilities of New York City. It would permit municipal operation whenever the people of the city should demand it through their representatives on those boards, or whenever the offers for private operation should prove unsatisfactory or inadequate.

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Legislation for Children

A great effort in the South is going on in behalf of children this winter. In Maryland, for instance (outside of Baltimore and three other counties), there is no restriction whatever on the work of children; and in Baltimore, where there is nominally restriction, they are free to work if they have dependent relatives or are dependent on themselves. The bill before the Maryland Legislature provides that no children shall work at any industry until they are really twelve years old, the age limit to be increased the following year to thirteen, and the next year to fourteen. It will apply in all the counties and to all children, whether with dependent relatives or not, since the community can look after such relatives in a more economical way than by ruining the health of little children for a pittance. For five successive years an attempt has been made to get similar legislation in Georgia, but every year the number of children at work in Georgia factories has increased. Children who ought to be in the kindergarten work all night in the cotton-mills. While the women at the meeting of the National Suffrage Association lately held in Baltimore were discussing this problem, and during the night, while they were sleeping, there were in Maryland many hundred little boys, only nominally twelve years old, working all night in the glass works, and very small messenger boys were threading the streets. In New York conditions are as serious, for children almost too young to enter the primary school—"five, six, seven, and eight years old—are working in cellars and garrets, sewing on buttons, making artificial flowers, and doing other real work," instead of being at school and at play. According to the last census we have 580,000 children between the ages of ten and fourteen who can neither read nor write, native-born Americans. In this country two millions of children under sixteen are earning their own living. Great hope is entertained for an improvement of conditions in Southern districts if the bill before Congress for the regulation of child labor in the District of Columbia and the bill to provide a bureau in the interests of children can be passed. The chief emphasis of the Suffrage Association meeting was on the work for children. Whatever else that meeting stood for, it stood for the higher education of all who are capable of taking it, the general education of all citizens, and the safeguarding of the little ones, and no one was more earnest in supporting the convention in these efforts than Dr. Ira Remsen, President of Johns Hopkins University, and Dr. Welch, Professor of Pathology, who presided on different evenings.

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Chicago Gets 85-Cent Gas

The Chicago City Council, on February 8, passed an ordinance reducing the price of gas from one dollar to 85 cents per thousand cubic feet. The companies affected had indicated their willingness in advance to accept the reduced rate, and to put it into effect at once without protest or litigation. This action is the culmination of a long agitation in Chicago for cheaper gas. The amount of the reduction was not sufficient to satisfy many elements, as there was a widespread demand for 75-cent gas. The new rate, however, is to be operative only for a five-year period, after which a still further reduction may be ordered. Fifteen or twenty years ago

Chicago tried to get cheaper gas through the introduction of competing companies. Franchises were granted to new groups of promoters, but it was not long before these new concerns were subject to the control of the old company, the People's Gas Light and Coke Company. The trust that was formed, however, was declared illegal by the courts; consequently, in 1897, at the same time that the scandalous street railway legislation was passed by the General Assembly, the gas companies secured the passage of two laws designed to legalize their monopoly. One authorized the consolidation of existing companies, and the other made it unlawful for the City Council to grant any further gas franchises except upon conditions as to frontage, consents that were practically impossible of fulfillment. The people were so disgusted with the outcome of the efforts to secure relief through competing companies that they made no effort to bring about the repeal of these measures. There did develop, however, a strong sentiment in favor of legal regulation of the price of gas. In 1900 the City Council passed an ordinance fixing the price of gas at 75 cents, although recognizing that it probably lacked the power from the Legislature to enforce such an ordinance. This ordinance has been in litigation ever since. The Illinois Legislature at its last session passed a law conferring upon the Chicago City Council the express power to regulate the price of gas.

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Fixing the Price After this measure was adopted the companies indicated a disposition to come to a peaceable settlement with the city. The Ogden Gas Company was already selling gas at 90 cents within the very limited territory served by it. The People's Gas Light and Coke Company offered to reduce its price from $1 to 90 cents. It presented to the Council committee figures showing the cost of manufacture and distribution of gas to be 53½ cents. This company, which has a capitalization of $68,000,000, claimed that it was entitled to 35 cents per thousand feet as a reasonable allowance for interest charges and dividends. The Ogden Gas Company gave its cost of manufacture and distribution as 49½ cents. The companies would not make public their accounts, but the People's Company allowed a firm of accountants named by the committee to go over its books to verify the figures given, under a pledge of secrecy as to everything but the conclusions arrived at. This firm found the cost of manufacture and distribution, as shown by the company's books, to be 45½ cents per thousand feet instead of 53½ cents, as had been claimed. The accountants contended that certain items, the character of which they did not explain, carried on the company's books were not properly chargeable to cost. The figures of 45½ cents included six cents per thousand feet for renewals and repairs. Professor E. W. Bemis, Superintendent of the Water Department of Cleveland, Mr. E. G. Cowdery, Manager of the St. Louis Gas Company, and Mr. Alexander C. Humphreys, President of Stevens Institute and formerly connected with the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia, were called in as experts. They substantially agreed that the cost of manufacture and distribution of gas, including ten cents per thousand feet for renewals and repairs, should be about 52 cents. The differences of opinion arose over the proper amount that should be allowed for interest and profit. The whole question of reasonableness turned upon whether allowance should be made for the water in the capitalization. The companies admitted that their capitalization was greater than the actual investment in the plants, but said that they had been obliged to buy up competing companies to which the city had unwisely granted franchises to enter the field, and that this element in their capitalization must be taken into consideration. Professor Bemis ignored these claims, and, on the basis of his estimated value of the tangible property, contended that 75 cents was a reasonable rate. Mayor Dunne took strong ground in favor of an ordinance fixing 75 cents as the maximum rate. The committee and the City Council were moved to compromise on the 85-cent rate largely by the consideration that the companies would put it into operation at once without protest, whereas an attempt to pass an ordinance fixing a lower rate would be met by litigation and delay. At the meeting of the Chicago City Council on February 14 Mayor Dunne vetoed the 85-cent gas ordinance, but the measure was immediately passed over his veto by the vote of 57 to 10. The new rate goes into effect at once, and gas used during the month of February will be charged for at the reduced price. In vetoing the ordinance Mayor Dunne contended that 85 cents was not low enough; that the companies at that rate ought at least to furnish free gas to the city, and that the ordinance otherwise contained features detrimental to public interests.

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Sidney Sonnino, Prime Minister The accession to power as Prime Minister of Baron Sidney Sonnino marks a distinct phase in Italian political development. The Liberals and the Radicals have had their chance; the logical result of their long enjoyment of power is now seen in the return of Conservative control. As in England the Conservatives must expiate their shortcomings so in Italy the Radicals must. He would be a churlish critic, however, who would not give full credit to the Radicals for what they have done for Italy, especially to ex-Premier Giolitti for his astute action during the general strike, by which he succeeded in forcing the Socialists into two camps—State Socialists and revolutionaries. Ex-Premier Fortis, who has just retired from office, though perhaps as much of an opportunist as Signor Giolitti, was less successful as a leader. However, in the adjustment of State ownership of railways to the demands of labor, Signor Fortis proved an unexpectedly able negotiator. Towards the Roman Catholic Church the attitude of Radicals has been one of an assumed ignoring of the existence of that body. The absurdity of such a course has borne its own fruit. Sincere Roman Catholics who are also sincere supporters of the Government have no notion of being cut off from a part in the civil administration, despite Pius IX.'s encyclical declaring that it was not expedient for faithful sons of the Church to vote at Government elections. As years went by, the encyclical lost more and more of its force and now has been practically abrogated by Pius X.

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The British Parliament When a new session of any British Parliament opens, there is always a great crowd outside the Houses at Westminster cheering or hooting, according to their political bias, the better-known members, while never-failing enthusiasm is evoked by the arrival of the Yeomen of the Guard to make the search of the vaults, lest another Guy Fawkes lie in waiting there to blow up Parliament! Of course in these respects last week's assembling of Parliament proved no exception to the rule. Inside the Houses, however, there were exceptional scenes because of the new Parliament itself. The leaders were cheered by their adherents in the House of Commons, the Conservatives trying to veil the recent electoral table-turning and the consequent fewness of their members by extra enthusiasm. The official called "Black Rod" finally entered and summoned the Commons to the House of Lords, where five royal commissioners wearing robes of scarlet and ermine sat on a bench in front of the throne to receive the Commoners and to deliver the royal commission opening Parliament. The Lord Chancellor then announced that, as soon as the members of both Houses had been sworn, the King "would declare the cause of his calling Parliament together," adding that the "gentlemen of the House of Commons" must appoint "some proper person" to be their Speaker and "present him on the following day for his Majesty's approval." Upon the Commoners' withdrawal the peers met to present their writs and subscribe to the oath, those who had recently succeeded to their titles being introduced in their robes. Meanwhile the Commons had proceeded to the election of a Speaker. The clerk of the House, who is not allowed to speak, solemnly arose and pointed his finger at Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the oldest member in point of service. In his turn Sir Wilfrid arose and, addressing the clerk, moved in set phraseology the re-election of Mr. James William Lowther. In accordance with precedent, there was no opposition; Mr. Lowther expressed his thanks, and the House adjourned. On the following day about four hundred supporters of the late Conservative-Unionist coalition Cabinet met and passed a vote of confidence in Mr. Balfour as leader—not, however, before the publication on that day of correspondence between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain in which the former seemed practically to surrender his retaliationist principles to Mr. Chamberlain's simon-pure protectionist ideas, though placing certain limitations upon acceptance of "a general tariff," with its special inclusion of a duty on corn. The "Daily Graphic," speaking on behalf of the free-traders, who had once supported the late Cabinet, deplores Mr. Balfour's "journey to Canossa" as the price of his retention as leader. As Pope Gregory VII. only emphasized his power by compelling the German Emperor to go to him at Canossa, so, nine centuries later, Mr. Chamberlain has accentuated his own power at the expense of the official party leader.

The Liberal-Laborite Victory

The full dimensions of the recent victory of the English Liberal and Labor parties at the polls may best be seen by comparing the present status of political parties with that which issued from the elections in 1900. In that year the Conservative-Unionists elected 402 members to the House of Commons; this year they have elected, as reported, 157; in 1900 the Liberal and Laborite parties elected 186 members; this year they have elected 430; in 1900 the Irish Nationalists elected 82 members; this year they are reported to have elected 83. This would indicate a Liberal majority exceeding 80 over all other parties; the Liberal and Laborite majority over Conservative-Unionists and Nationalists to be 190; the majority represented by Liberals, Laborites, and Irish Nationalists if they vote together, 356. Not only are these figures impressive, but we should not lose sight of the fact that the Conservative loss—245 seats—is unprecedented since 1832, the largest Conservative loss since that historic year being 142 seats in 1886. We may also go back to 1832 and to the forties to find an analogous case of the use of political power. For in 1906 the victory is not only a Liberal but a Labor victory, just as sixty and seventy years ago the manufacturers defeated the landowners at the polls. Since then England has followed what is now a time-honored fiscal policy, yet the emphasis given to this policy during these recent weeks is not more important, we believe, than is the birth of the Labor party. That this should have come about under conditions hardly favorable to labor representation shows a gratifying power of co-operation on the part of workmen in providing for the financial sinews not only of an election, but also for the future in sending so large a body of representatives to a Parliament whose members receive no salary. It has been said that the birth of the Labor party marks a peaceful revolution in England. It is rather an evolution. It has certainly been accomplished by non-revolutionists. The new party is a constitutional party. The only disquieting questions arising from its birth seem to be: By a somewhat exclusive interest in one subject, will its policy be parochial or imperial? and, by yielding to the possible temptations of vote-trafficking, will it practice politics rather than statesmanship?

What Power Shall Control Morocco?

When a Government, like that of Morocco, has shown itself hopelessly uncivilized, the civilized Powers are acting rightly if they try to reform it. Having assured the supremacy of the executive of that Government (as has been done by the Powers in conference at Algeciras, Spain, for the Moroccan Sultan), there are two ways, among others, to gain control of the country: by supervising the finances, or the police. The latter of these subjects was under discussion last week at Algeciras, and has provoked an apparent deadlock between France and Germany. As France is the only Power whose territories abut upon Morocco to any great extent, and as she has long had more direct interests there than any other Power, she not unnaturally claims special recognition in Morocco because of these geographical and historical relations. In particular, she claims the right of reorganizing the Moroccan police, as, by reason of her long Algerian frontier, she would be the Power principally affected by anything less effective than the reorganization which she would compel. On the other hand, Germany, at whose request the Algeciras conference was called, stands for the equal treatment of all nations. This, her representatives think, might be accomplished in three ways: (1) By leaving the police control to Morocco; (2) by exercising it through a concert of the Powers; (3) by confiding it to a minor Power. If there is to be reform, the first of these three proposals is of course not to be entertained; as to the second, the cases of Crete and Macedonia are by no means reassuring; as to the third, the disquieting suspicion might arise that the particular "minor Power" was Germany's tool. There are two fair compromises, we think. One would be, in the light of England's creditable history in Egypt, to give the police control to France in return for the latter's solemn pledge that it shall not instigate her to arrogate other exclusive rights, and, in particular, any which would conflict with the principle of the "open door." The second compromise would be to accept Germany's suggestion that the police be controlled by a minor Power—that Power may be Switzerland, the freest from suspicion of any—and that to France, as a *quid pro quo*, be granted the other form of control, the financial, which would represent the Moroccan foreign debt, largely held in France, and would also have charge of the Sultan's future borrowings.

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Unrest in China Conditions in China last week increased rather than decreased the general anxiety as to any immediate untoward results arising from the development of the spirit of nationalism. This spirit definitely arose eight years ago. Through the efforts of certain reformers the Chinese Emperor was led to see that only in educational reform was there hope for the conservation of the Empire's integrity. Accordingly he issued a series of such startling edicts that he was quickly overthrown by the reactionaries, the Empress Dowager at their head. She has continued in power ever since, but has herself become sufficiently convinced of the necessity of incorporating certain features of American and European civilization into China as lately to lend considerable countenance to liberal changes in administration. During the Boxer period (1900) the new liberal spirit of nationalism was overthrown, of course, by the temporary triumph of the reactionaries with their bigoted and fanatical spirit of nationalism. Now, however, we have in some places a union of the two spirits—a desire on the part of many Chinese to keep foreigners away from China, yet at the same time to incorporate the liberal reforms suggested by those foreigners. If these are resisted by the Government, the spirit quickly becomes anti-dynastic, especially in the south, where a strong anti-dynastic spirit has long reigned, for the Chinese there have never quite yielded to their Manchu conquerors. Coincidently, in the south the greatest difficulty with regard to America has arisen, since most of the coolies come from the southern provinces, and, in general, from Shanghai in the east and from Hankau in the west, to the southernmost boundary, there has been apparently more mercantile jealousy and anti-foreign spirit than elsewhere. Thus for the present unrest there are, among others, five causes: (1) The anti-dynastic spirit; (2) the liberal nationalistic spirit of 1898; (3) the reactionary nationalistic spirit of 1900; (4) the anti-foreign spirit in general—greatly strengthened since Japan's defeat of Russia; and (5) the anti-American spirit in particular.

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Religion, Education, and Commerce Disturbed Chinese unrest has manifested itself in religious, educational, and mercantile domains. As to the first, the Viceroy of the province of Fukien has been ordered to execute the leader of the mob which destroyed the Roman Catholic and English Presbyterian missions at Changpu a fortnight ago, and has been commanded to punish severely all others concerned in that affair. As to the supposed dismissal of Professor C. D. Tenney, we note that his resignation is still under consideration by the Viceroy of the Province of Chili. If this very powerful Viceroy cannot stem the tide of public opinion in behalf of one to whom he had hitherto shown favor, that opinion must indeed be strong. Dr. Tenney well deserved such favor, as he had organized a new system of education throughout the province, a model for similar work throughout China. As to commerce, Mr. Schwerin, Vice-President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which has much to do with Chinese trade, is reported to have said that our commerce with China is practically gone; that it had been all lost since 1900, when we were the most popular foreigners with the Chinese; that the general awakening is largely due to the work of the Chinese Empire Reform Association, which teaches the reorganization of the Empire on modern lines. Dr. Morrison, the well-informed correspondent of the London "Times," reports: "All the Legation guards have been warned that danger is impending." A special danger is the spread of secret societies in the army. Hence six regiments with artillery have been despatched from the capital to Chinchau, perhaps from the fear that they were honeycombed not only by anti-foreign but also by anti-dynastic feeling. Mr. Conger, late American Minister to China, is quoted as saying that serious trouble will come, and that it will be directed against the dynasty rather than against America, though Americans within the zone of the rebellion are liable to be hurt before they can get out; hence it would be the part of wisdom to have our war-ships and troops ready (as they have recently been made ready), if only for the purpose of letting China know that we are watching her. Whatever good may be accomplished by such knowledge, a certain amount of exasperation on the part of the Chinese must also be taken into consideration. Another diplomat, long resident in China, Mr. Charles Denby, declares that, while the boycott started with the intention solely of forcing modification of our Exclusion Act, it is now extending to an effort towards the total removal of restriction on all Chinese persons, the Chinese Government, however, not being interested beyond the point of responding to popular pressure, which represents the growing spirit of patriotism, the increased appreciation of Chinese citizenship, and consequent resentment at any discriminations. It has taken at least eight years to bring the apparently inert masses of China to the present point. The question arises, How long will it take to allay the present unrest?

American Education for the Chinese

Last week at Harvard and Yale Universities and at Wellesley College definite and generous propositions were made towards granting the privileges of instruction at those institutions free to Chinese students. Harvard offers ten scholarships, Yale twelve, and Wellesley three. Some of the students, whether men or women, will pay their own expenses as private applicants; others are, it is understood, to be nominated by the Chinese Government, and are to be sent to America at its expense. For a period of four years, however, the instruction under the new scholarships is to be free. In our opinion, nothing has yet been done in this country which will have a greater or more lasting effect in persuading the Chinese that Americans are friendly and not hostile to them than this action authorized by Presidents Eliot, Hadley, and Hazard. This proposal by Harvard, Yale, and Wellesley might well be followed by a similar offer from every American educational institution which has the ability to carry it out. Instead of twenty-five free scholarships, as now provided, we should have five hundred. The men who came over from China to America thirty-five years ago with Yung-Wing did not finish their courses of study in America, but, despite the fragmentary character of those courses, became ultimately important factors in promoting all that pertains to the higher life in China, religiously, educationally, and politically. Every Chinese student to whom we can now give a fairly complete university course would be, not only a promoter of friendship between America and China, but a guide and an inspiration to China's new civilization.

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American Law Taught in France In these recent weeks the subject of educational reciprocity between America and Europe is receiving deservingly increased emphasis. This has been shown especially by the success of the Cecil Rhodes scholarships at Oxford for foreign students, and by that of the interchange of professors between the University of Berlin and Columbia University. It is a satisfaction also to chronicle the interest taken both by the faculties and the students in the lectures on Anglo-American common law which Mr. Charles F. Beach, Jr., a well-known legal authority, is now delivering, following out a plan of his own, at the Universities of Paris and Lille. Mr. Beach's course is introductory and general—leading to specialization in later years. The lecturer speaks for forty-five or fifty minutes in French and fills the remaining parts of the hour with a résumé in English, which is appreciated by the students both for its intrinsic worth and also as an exercise in a foreign tongue. Mr. Beach hopes ultimately to bring about the foundation of a chair of Anglo-American law in the Paris law school (with supplementary courses each year at one or more of the provincial universities), together with a good working reference American law library in connection with the Paris law library. No similar collection of American law books is to be found on the other side of the Atlantic. Such a library, in a center like Paris, would be not only invaluable to students but a great convenience to lawyers everywhere whose professional business brings them to Europe. The influence of Mr. Beach's lectures may be better apprehended when we remember that at Paris there are about eighteen thousand students, of whom about five thousand are in the law school; at Lille there are about two thousand students, of whom about four hundred are in the law school. Thus at Paris there are more than twice as many students as are to be found at any German university, and about half as many as at all the German universities put together. The University of Lille is of course less well known than the University of Paris. Lille lies close to the Belgian border. With its immense iron and cotton industries, it is a great manufacturing center, while, with its suburbs, it is a center of population in France second only to Paris. The University of Lille dates from the days of Charles V., and the law school from 1562. The faculties of law, letters, medicine, and science are luxuriously housed. Mr. Beach's course at Paris and Lille closes at Easter; he then goes south to the Universities of Bordeaux and Toulouse, for the spring session in France, as in Germany, lasts well throughout the summer.

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The Regulation of Automobiles A bill which is now before the New Jersey Legislature embodies in legal phraseology the feeling of animosity toward motor-cars which reckless drivers of these cars have done their worst to arouse. The bill imposes special licenses upon automobiles, which are laid with especial rigor upon tourists temporarily in the State. It puts restrictions upon automobile users and provides severe penalties for the violation of its provisions. The introduction of this bill has called forth from three societies interested in the subject a letter which sets forth very sanely some principles which ought to govern automobile regulation. This letter states first that the automobile must be made to act "in harmony with other users of the roads;" it is therefore wrong to permit it to become a nuisance for the price of a license, for thereby a class of vested rights is created that is a menace to the community. Moreover, such a license makes a discrimination in vehicles which will not be salutary. The law should deal with these machines so that they can be "kept in a position to be used as a cheap freight-carrier—milk to the creamery, horticultural and agricultural products to market, and other necessities back to the farm." Instead of a license these societies urge a registration fee to be issued "under the police power of the State, to provide for the identification of the owners of the machines." When it is remembered that in New York State alone the number of automobiles increased from about nine hundred in 1901 to twenty-three thousand in 1905, there can be no doubt that the question of regulating automobiles is one that will become more and more important. At present the matter of most pressing necessity is an effective measure by which irresponsible users of the automobile can be summarily called to account. Speed regulations are unfortunately, as a rule, a dead letter. If reckless driving were prohibited, and then the question what constituted reckless driving in each case were to be settled as any other question of fact, we think that each community would be in a position to protect the users of its own highways more effectively than at present.

The Case of the American Sulpicians

The withdrawal of Dr. Gigot and other Roman Catholic priests of St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers, New York, from the Society of St. Sulpice has been misinterpreted as an act of suspension by their superiors on account of their inclination to liberal theology. As a matter of fact their withdrawal was a voluntary act, only indirectly occasioned by questions of theology. The Sulpician community is a free society, whose members are bound by no vows. Its purpose has been to further theological education. It is French in origin, and its organization has been centralized in Paris. When the French Government expelled the orders, the Sulpician community, though not strictly an order, was disrupted. Consequently the American branch of the Society suffered from disorganization. St. Joseph's Seminary, which is a Catholic theological school, has been under the direction of Sulpicians. Dr. Gigot, of the Seminary, has been a scholarly and open-minded student of Biblical criticism. Some of his associates last summer established a periodical named the "New York Review," devoted to "the Ancient Faith and Modern Thought." The Sulpician Society, on the other hand, has been controlled by a traditional spirit. The collapse of the Society in France and the unlikelihood of any autonomy being established in America led to the decision that the Seminary had better be put under the immediate charge of Archbishop Farley, of New York. The members of the order in Yonkers therefore withdrew, and were admitted to the body of diocesan clergy of New York. They all remain at their posts in the Seminary. Although it is possible that the ultra-rigid censor regulations enforced by the superiors of the Sulpician Society in France may have hastened the change, it was the disruption of the Society itself that made that change inevitable.

The Wreck of the Valencia

The inquiry which has followed the wreck of the Valencia off Vancouver Island last month has indicated that many of the same causes which resulted in the appalling loss of life on the excursion steamer General Slocum in New York harbor a year and a half ago were operating in this disaster. Defective life-preservers and an imperfectly disciplined crew together account for much of the loss of life. Besides, there is evidence that the supply of life-saving stations, signal stations, and telegraph or telephone lines on the Pacific coast is altogether inadequate. Is it not time that Congress took some action in revising thoroughly the laws which are supposed to protect those who travel by water?

More Church Union

Within two months two strong unions have been agreed upon by two groups of churches of different denominations. In December, as reported in The Outlook of January 13, the Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian Churches of Canada agreed to unite; this month, at Dayton, Ohio, the headquarters of the United Brethren, the Congregational, Methodist Protestant, and United Brethren Churches in our own country agreed to do likewise in accordance with the plan initiated at Pittsburg in 1903 by committees of the three denominations. Their delegated commissioners, numbering over two hundred, manifested the same unanimity that had marked the previous stages of their mutual approach in accepting the proposed scheme of union. This now is referred back to the National meetings of the constituent bodies for ratification and adoption. Two years or more will be required for this, but no doubt of the ratification is now entertained. Questions of property interests will have to be threshed out by lawyers, but these are said to present no insuperable obstacle to union. The difficulty of combining the decentralized Congregational churches with others more centralized has been surmounted, at least in the plan of organization. This leaves the local churches autonomous as now, and provides for a National Conference, in which every ten thousand members will have one delegate. Provision is also made for annual conferences within State limits. Superintendents elected by these, and the President of the National Conference, are to devote their entire time to the work of the united churches—a highly desirable improvement of the traditional method of Congregationalism. The most significant feature of the union is its doctrinal basis, whose brevity and evangelical simplicity are in marked contrast to the scholastic orthodoxy of the creed adopted by the United Church of Canada. Peculiarly noteworthy is its emphasis on the long-neglected social side of Christianity:

> We believe that, according to Christ's law, men of the Christian faith exist wholly for the service of man, not only in holding forth the Word of Life, but in the support of works and institutions of piety and charity, in the maintenance of human freedom, in the deliverance of all those that are oppressed, in the enforcement of civic justice, and the rebuke of all unrighteousness.

The union thus formed numbers some eleven hundred thousand communicants, of whom the Congregationalists constitute about seven-elevenths, while the remaining four-elevenths are about equally divided between the other two denominations. These are strongest in Maryland, Pennsylvania, southern Ohio, and the Central West, where Congregationalists are comparatively few. The Methodist Protestants separated from the Methodist Episcopal body in 1828 for the sake of lay representation in the Conferences, conceded subsequently. The United Brethren came out from the German Reformed Church about 1789 for the sake of freedom in promoting evangelism and religious revivals. In their union each of the three bodies contributes to the others a desirable element. The example set by them and by the Canadian churches will have its effect on other bodies among whom the tendency to union is already astir.

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The Marriage of Miss Roosevelt Miss Alice Lee Roosevelt, the eldest daughter of the President, was married to Mr. Nicholas Longworth, Representative in Congress from Ohio, on Saturday afternoon last at the White House. There was a brilliant and large assemblage present of relatives, friends, and official personages, and perfect weather and admirable arrangements for the reception of guests made the scene of the ceremony, which took place in the famous East Room, a picturesque and notable one. The ceremony, which was that prescribed by the Protestant Episcopal Church, was performed by the Right Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, Bishop of Washington, assisted by the Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, rector of St. John's Church, Washington, of which Mrs. Roosevelt is a regular communicant. There were many reasons why the occasion was of very genuine popular interest, not only in this country, but throughout the world. An event of such great personal significance to the President and his family directed the thoughts of all his friends to the White House on the day of the wedding, and no man in the world to-day has a greater body of friendly and affectionate admirers than Mr. Roosevelt. Gifts and greetings and congratulations came to the bride from all parts of the world, many of which she would be the first to recognize as tributes to her father quite as much as to herself. The Outlook begs to join in these world-wide good wishes and greetings.

This is Not Socialism

The movement to bring the railways of the country under Federal supervision, and that to make the municipalities the owners of the public utilities—water, lighting, transportation, etc.—are essentially one movement. It is neither communism nor socialism; it is not, properly speaking, either communistic or socialistic. Communism is the doctrine that all property should be owned in common. Socialism is the doctrine that the government should own all the tools and implements of industry, and carry on all the industries. Both are fatal to private property and to individual industry. This movement does not assail the right of private property; but it does attempt to get for the common people the benefit of the common property. It does not attempt to interfere with individual industry; but it does attempt to secure public control of public industries.

The natural right of private property rests in the last analysis on the right of man to himself. For the product of his labor is a part of himself; into it he has put himself. Into the picture of the artist, the box of the carpenter, the grain of the farmer, the book of the author, some part of the vital energy of the brain and of the muscle of the worker has gone. It is this that makes the product truly his.

But there are immense values which are not thus the product of any individual's labor. They have been made for man, not by man. He has not by his industry created the coal, or the oil, or the forests, or the prairies. To these natural products he has no natural right. It is sometimes said that we have robbed the Indians of this continent. That is not true. This continent never belonged to the Indians. The fact that they roamed over it did not make it theirs. At the most they owned only the land they cultivated, and that was a very insignificant portion of the continent.

In so far as the coal operators own the coal mines, or the Standard Oil Company the oil wells, or the great mining companies the gold and silver and copper mines, or the great lumbermen the forests, it is because society by artificial arrangements has given them a title to these gifts of nature—that is, of God. And this society has done because either it has been ignorant and careless, or because it has believed that the best way to secure the practical benefits of the common wealth for the common people was by a scheme of individual ownership and control. This is no finespun theory. It is actual fact. For while the absolute right of a man to the product of his own labor is universally recognized, the right of the owner of the land and its contents is always defined and often limited by law, it is different in different States, and in different epochs in the same State.

To secure the better distribution of this common wealth among the common people society has created artificial persons called corporations. A corporation is a combination by which many hundreds of people jointly own and share in the profits of a property too large to be owned by one individual; a combination by which administration is unified and profits are divided. When corporations which were created to promote the distribution of wealth become an instrument for the concentration of wealth, society has a right to intervene. When they fail to fulfill the purpose for which society created them, society which created them has a right to require of them a change in their methods. Society is no Frankenstein, helpless in the presence of the machine it has itself called into being. The machine is its servant, not its master; and the service which its master has a right to demand of it is the just and equable distribution of the common wealth, which by natural law belongs to the whole community, and which has become personal property only by artificial law.

But not only these natural values have been put by society into the possession of these artificial persons called corporations; it has also put under their control the public highways. The railways are the highways of the Nation, and they have become private property. The streets of the city are the highways of the city, and they have become *quasi* private property. And what has made them so is the act of society, which has either carelessly allowed them to pass from the control of the public to the control of private owners, or has deliberately done so because it has believed that private ownership and administration for private profit would serve the public better than public ownership and administration.

Two fundamental questions thus underlie both the National movement for Federal regulation of the railways and the city movements for municipal ownership of public utilities. On these two questions the opinion of The Outlook is definite and clear.

First: Is there any difference between a private person and a corporation? or has the corporation all the rights which belong to the private person?

Answer: The corporation has not all the rights which belong to a private person. It is an artificial person created by society; it is created in order to serve society, and society which created it has a right to require it to fulfill its intended function; and if it refuses so to do, society has a right to unmake it. This right it must exercise by just and legal methods; but it is a right, and sooner or later society will find a way to exercise it in so far as such exercise is necessary for its protection.

Second: Is there any difference between the property rights of an individual in the product of his own labor and the property rights of either an individual or a corporation in such natural objects as coal, oil, forests, land, air, and water?

Answer. There is a radical difference. The right of the producer in the products of private labor is absolute; the right of ownership in the earth and its contents is wholly due to artificial arrangements which society has made, and society which has made those arrangements has a right to modify or to unmake them, provided that in so doing it has a due regard to its own promises, express or implied, and is careful not to do greater injury by changes too sweeping or too sudden than the community is now suffering from present conditions.

In other words, society, which has made the present artificial arrangements for the control and administration of the common wealth, has a right to modify these arrangements so that the common wealth shall be administered for the common benefit. This is not communism; it is not socialism; it is common sense.

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The Inspiring Vision

The United States has no better representative abroad, no truer ambassador of its highest life, than Bishop Brent, of the Philippine Islands, who stands in a remote part of the world, among a people for whose well-being the United States is largely responsible, as the exponent of the spiritual ardor, the religious aspiration, the passion for humanity, of the best Americans. Such a book as "Adventure for God," which has recently come from the hands of this distinguished missionary, conveys by its title a suggestion of a feeling for religion, a faith in God, and a desire to serve man which place him with a small group of those who, in a century occupied with tasks and works, still hunger for righteousness and follow after the vision of the Divine as the best men and women did in other days when tasks were fewer and work was less pressing. If men at the beginning of the twentieth century do not feel the presence and power of the Infinite as they felt these things in the time of Job, it must be remembered that Job's interests were few, that he had only a single kind of work to do, and that he was not separated and kept apart from the ultimate questions of life by incessant occupation, and the tremendous and unescapable pressure of the activity of the later centuries.

And yet while it is true that the preoccupations of modern life are not so much the fault of the time as the very necessity of its manifold and marvelous material development, it is also true that men cannot live by bread alone, and that when there is no open vision the people perish. Appeals for practical helpfulness, for the interpretation of religion in terms of human service, for the church which has an open door for the worker and holds out a hand to the outcast, speak more and more loudly, as they ought to speak, and with an insistence which cannot be escaped. The modern Church must deal with modern men by modern methods in modern speech. That is the only way in which it can repeat in the twentieth century the service which it rendered in the second, the eleventh, the sixteenth. But the Church in the twentieth century, like that of the sixteenth, the eleventh, or the second century, cannot do its work, bear its burdens, or keep its altars pure without constant freshening of its faith, constant clearing of its vision. Altars, however beautifully adorned and faithfully tended, are vain unless the Spirit of God is there; and the Spirit of God is with those who take time to think about him and to serve him, not simply from a sense of duty, in practical ways and works, but under the inspiration of a steady vision of his presence and nature.

It is this view of religion which Bishop Brent urges in his "Adventure for God"—a view which involves not only the practical and rational work of the day, but the passion of the earliest Church and the romantic temper of the mediæval Church. It is not as a form of self-sacrifice, as a surrender of some of the best things in life, that Bishop Brent interprets the missionary career; it is rather as an opportunity which appeals chiefly and most strongly to imaginative and spiritual men of large ability and commanding purpose; the life which is in itself one of the greatest of careers, and offers the noblest of rewards. "What has been termed 'respectable inefficiency,'" writes Bishop Brent, "among the clergy, is more often due to poverty of inner experience than lack of technical training, I can conceive of no more wretched fate than for a young man to find himself in the ministry, solemnly commissioned to give a vision to others without ever having had one himself; charged with the duty of spiritualizing the commonplace activities of his fellows without ever having spiritualized his own. . . . Elisha made the young man see the horses and chariots of fire because he himself saw them. . . . There is no instance of an Apostle being driven abroad under the compulsion of a bald command. Each one went as a lover to his betrothed on his appointed errand. It was all instinctive and natural. They were equally controlled by the common vision, but they had severally personal visions which drew them whither they were needed."

It is in the vision and by the vision that men live great lives and are able to lead other men into strength and peace. It is the men of vision who rise above the dust of the highway, who see the stars, and charge their tasks, their duties, and their work with the spirit of sacrifice and with the consciousness that all tasks and work are part of the spiritual education, who make men willing to endure routine, to bear drudgery, and to give their strength out in a thousand details of daily toil instead of the one great adventure for which they long. It was by the vision of the spiritual unity of the country that Mr. Lincoln was sustained. It was the constant presence of the vision of the spiritual order in the world that made Phillips Brooks not so much priest as prophet; one who stood on a mountain and held men enchained by the picture of the larger landscape which unrolled itself before him.

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The Leadership of Germany

Quite lately Mr. J. J. Hill, one of the highest authorities on organized finance in this country, and one of its most far-seeing business men, commented on the wastefulness of Americans in the use of their resources, while Dr. Pritchett, in the current number of the "Review of Reviews," describes the sagacity and intelligence with which Germany is using science to aid her industrial development. While a host of Americans are ruthlessly cutting down forests, exhausting rich soils, handling properties possessed of great possibilities of future development for the purpose of getting the largest sum of money out of them at the earliest possible date, instead of developing them as solid and large-earning properties, Germany is husbanding her resources, studying the possibilities of her development, and, with a rare combination of statesmanlike foresight and trained intelligence, steadily making her way to the front. At the close of the war with France, Germany was comparatively a poor country. Her agricultural and mineral resources are limited; she has a great army to maintain, involving not only a vast expenditure of money, but the withdrawal from the field of active work of a very considerable part of the working population; and she has suffered heavily from the drainage of her population by emigration. In this country, on the other hand, resources are practically unlimited, taxation is relatively light, army duty does not exist, and, instead of being depleted by emigration, the country is constantly filled by immigration.

Yet, measuring the two countries by their relative resources, Germany has steadily gained on the United States, and that gain has been due almost entirely to foresight and education. The Outlook has more than once commented upon the extraordinary sagacity of the German Emperor, who, on his accession to the throne, saw clearly that, in order to maintain her position, Germany stood in need of a far-seeing and thoroughly applied policy of industrial development. He defined that policy at an early date, and he has never deviated from it. It is due in no small measure to his clear perception of what Germany needed, and to the skill with which he has evoked the expert ability of the Empire, and to his tireless industry, that Germany now stands in the front rank of the nations of the world, and leads them all in the application of science to industry.

There has been nothing haphazard or accidental about this remarkable achievement. The habit of discipline and the thoroughness of training which made Germany a century and a half ago the first country in the world in point of scholarly research, and a generation ago revealed her as the most thoroughly organized country from the military point of view, with the most admirably equipped and highly educated army, has been put into business and has produced the same results.

The German university, the breeding-place of scholars and the nursery of knowledge, has of late years been feeding the factories and putting expert men into every department of trade. When the thoroughly trained chemist can be persuaded to set up a laboratory in connection with a private business, the owner of that business becomes at once a successful competitor against the man who relies solely on native sagacity and the usual methods of trade advance. The chemist and the laboratory in the factory mean the manufacture of the product below the cost of its manufacture in the rival establishment where science has no recognition. The German Government, which has so firm a hand on the whole educational system of the Empire, has persistently and consistently done its utmost to make places in connection with the industries attractive to men of science. It has established schools of applied science in various forms; it has developed the most thorough business schools in the world; it has not only trained its young men in all the methods of business, but has made them accomplished linguists, so that when they go out in large numbers to the farthest corners of the world they carry with them a knowledge of the language of the people with whom they are to work. In this way, by taking science into partnership, by giving business men a scientific education, by studying the possibilities of trade through consuls and agents in all parts of the world, Germany has set an example and has achieved a success which put our easy-going methods, our wastefulness, our indifference to thorough training, our unbusinesslike and humiliating use of consular service for political instead of business uses, to shame. We have prided ourselves on our business capacity, and there has been reason for our pride; but when we remember how much has been done for us in the way of natural capitalization of the continent and how little has been done for the Germans, and compare what they have done with their limited resources and what we have done with our unlimited resources, it ought to silence the tall talk in which some of our public men are in the habit of indulging, which is simply a flamboyant advertisement of their own ignorance, and make us willing to take lessons of an educated business people.

Dr. Pritchett emphasizes the strong

national spirit which has been developed by the accomplishment of German unity; the same spirit, however, has been developed in this country since the close of the Civil War. He brings into clear relief one of the great secrets of the industrial power of Germany in its development of the spirit of research through its universities, which for years past have trained an army of men to be expert investigators. These experts have now turned their attention to industrial problems, and the fruits of their investigation and research are being placed at the service of the material evolution of the Empire. A single example of the way in which the German Government fosters the business interests of the country is afforded by the evolution of the Royal Testing Office, which began its career about thirty-five years ago in testing the strength and nature of such materials as iron, building stones, cement, and brick, and in conducting chemical and metallurgical investigations concerning the construction of steel and iron, chemical substances used in commerce, and chemical properties of the soil. Beginning in a series of detached laboratories, this work has now been housed in a great technical school in the suburbs of Berlin, and has become a national research and experiment station in which all the resources of science are at the command of the manufacturer. If a manufacturer confronts a problem which he is unable to solve by reason of limited means, he takes it to the research laboratory, and the Government co-operates with him. If a builder or an owner anywhere in Germany discovers a stone which he thinks may be valuable for building purposes, he sends it to the laboratory to be tested. Machines, textiles, cotton thread, beams of iron and steel, chemical substances—everything, in fact, that enters into the material side of modern life—are examined and their value determined by experts at the expense of the Government. Our Government has made some advance in this direction, and is maintaining experiment stations which are largely devoted to agricultural and mechanical instruction and experiment; but nothing has been done here on the scale of the great German institution. It is in a way the key to the growth of modern Germany, and it has immense meaning for the United States and for England. Both countries must wake up to the fact that business without science under modern conditions is doomed to failure.

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Is it Safe to Study the New Testament?

There are two creditable grounds for opposition to the scientific study of the Bible. One ground is honest fear that by such study the foundations of faith will be undermined. This fear, it might be said, arises from smallness of faith; if the faith were large enough, and established not on externals but on spiritual experience and conviction, there would be no fear of its destruction. Nevertheless faith, even if it is timid, demands respect. The other ground of opposition to the scientific study of the Bible is the natural repugnance to the analysis of that which is intimate and sacred. This is due, not to the smallness of faith, but to its depth and reality. There are some experiences which seem to have a right to privacy; and religious faith is one of these. The instinct that would preserve it from rough handling is natural and right.

Both of these reasons for dislike of the so-called Higher Criticism become intensified when it is proposed to apply the principles of criticism to the New Testament. Concern for the foundations of religion becomes stronger when the statements of the New Testament are subjected to scrutiny, because the facts of the New Testament seem to be much nearer the foundation than the facts of the Old Testament. Doubt as to whether Elisha really made the ax-head float seems to have little immediate connection with personal religion; but doubt as to whether Jesus actually performed the miracle of feeding the five thousand touches very closely the matter of loyalty to Christ which is the heart of the Christian's faith. Repugnance to the scientific examination of what is counted sacred also becomes stronger in the case of the New Testament than in the case of the Old, because the New Testament is much the more closely involved with personal religion. Even in the Psalms, full of personal religion as they are, questions of authorship and date make comparatively little difference; but in the sayings attributed to Jesus questions of authorship seem almost heartless to one who treasures these sayings as from his Lord.

As a consequence of these perfectly intelligible feelings of fear and repugnance aroused by the suggestion of New Testament criticism, much of the saner study of the New Testament has not been thorough, and much of the fearless study of the New Testament has been directed by men who have not been devout, and therefore have been mechanical in their methods. The conclusions of modern scholarship regarding the Old Testament have become current among the more thoughtful of the people; but even such conclusions as modern scholarship has reached regarding the New Testament remain the possession of but a very few. Most of the books which have popularized the results of Biblical study have dealt with the Old Testament, and therefore the growing interest in the literary study of the Bible is confined to an interest in the Old Testament.

This state of affairs is not wholesome. It does not promote either sincerity or freedom of religion. It is not right that the New Testament, which is for Christians the most vital part of the Bible, should be the part most open to erroneous interpretation, and most promotive of ignorance, even though it be a devout ignorance. If modern critical scholarship illuminates what it touches, it will bring light upon the New Testament as well as the Old; upon the life and character of Jesus as upon the person and influence of Moses or David or Isaiah. Literalism has been the nurse of almost every form of eccentric offshoot from Christianity. Mormonism, Dowieism, and even Christian Science are based upon the acceptance of Scriptural statements as verbally inerrant. Such cults cannot stand where scholarship holds sway. Atheism of the Robert Ingersoll type has become grotesquely antiquated, for it is based upon the assumption that the believer must accept as literal fact whatever he finds within the Bible; it is therefore made powerless by the assumption on the part of the believer that he has liberty of discrimination. The critical study of the Old Testament has freed the Old Testament from this hurtful and superstition-breeding literalism. It can free the New Testament likewise.

It is therefore the duty of those who prize the New Testament most highly, and who have most certainly found it an inexhaustible source of faith, to guide the critical study of it, and to accept with open minds the results of such study. It is neither right nor safe that such study be relegated to those who prize the New Testament least, nor that only those should be free to accept the truth who seek it merely to satisfy their curiosity.

This is the significance of a letter which has recently been signed by fourscore clergymen and laymen of the Episcopal Church. Originally prepared in England and signed by seventeen hundred clergymen of the Church of England, it has been accepted, *mutandis mutatis*, as an expression of a conviction that applies to religious conditions in America. It records a "sense of the grave and manifold religious issues involved in the present critical discussions," a desire "that as many of the clergy have already welcomed important results of a patient, reverent, and progressive criticism of the *Old* Testament, so the clergy, as Christian teachers, may now receive authoritative encouragement to face the critical problems of the *New* Testament with entire candor, reverence for God and his truth, and loyalty to the Church of Christ;" a fear "lest the door of ordination should be closed to men who patiently and reverently apply historical methods to the Gospel records;" a conviction "that it is not without grave responsibility and peril that any of us should build the faith of souls primarily upon details of New Testament narrative, the historical validity of which must ultimately be determined in the court of trained research;" and a confidence "that the faith of the Church in the years to come, whatever historical revisions may await us, will stand, without risk and without discontinuity, upon the spiritual foundations to which Christian experience and the Creed of the Church alike bear testimony."

This action of clergymen of the Church of England and clergymen and laymen of the Episcopal Church in America is a stimulating example to men of like mind in other churches. The Church by this time has learned that skepticism is cultivated by the attempt forcibly to suppress free inquiry into religious truth; such an action as this should be imitated, because it proclaims the principle that to encourage fearless inquiry is the best way in which to disarm skepticism.

The Spectator

The Spectator had the pleasure of meeting the other day a gentleman, no longer in his first youth, but by no means what one would call an elderly man, who has given a great deal of his time and attention to the breeding and training of horses. Naturally, the use and the utility of the horse are a good deal in his mind, so that when the conversation goes horsewards he is generally not displeased. The Spectator, knowing this, remarked the fact that he had seen the statement that day that, notwithstanding the use of automobiles and electric tramways in New York and the other great cities, quite one-half of the accidents in the streets were still attributable to horses. "And why not?" the Spectator's friend asked. "Any one is considered good enough and capable enough to drive a horse, while men are trained and regularly taught to drive automobiles and electric cars. It is rather astonishing, considering the ignorant chaps in the grocery and butcher carts, that more of us are not killed. I tell you it is impossible now to cross over a crowded street in New York and preserve your dignity and your life at the same time. You owe your life to the nimbleness of your heels, and your dignity you leave behind as you flee. They charge you first on one side of the car track and then on the other. Lickity-split they come, cabs, wagons, vans, automobiles, every blessed driver trying to bowl the pedestrian out. Why, it will soon be as bad as in Paris, where I have heard that the cabman who runs down the most foot-passengers in a year is rewarded with the Legion of Honor.

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"Any one is thought good enough to intrust a horse to," the Spectator's friend continued; "why, last autumn, when the drivers of the mail wagons went on strike, it was decided by the postal authorities that there was no virtue in the position of the strikers because driving was not skilled labor, but could be done by any man of ordinary intelligence. I do not recall what the strike was about—for shorter hours or higher wages, or both, I do not recall—but the idea of saying that skill is not needed in the driving of horses indicates to me that the authority who made the ruling knew nothing about the noble art of horsemanship. I feel almost warranted in saying that he did not have even the ordinary intelligence to which he referred in his ruling.

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"And driving is an art, an art that may be acquired only through practice, instruction, and imitation. It does not come merely by the light of nature. Some persons can acquire a foreign tongue with what seems an easy facility, while others of equal mentality have the greatest difficulty and never succeed in any eminent degree. Those to whom the acquirement of foreign tongues is easy have a gift for languages, just as some others have a gift for mathematics or for rhyming or for drawing. And so it is with driving. To some driving comes easily, to others it is difficult, while some others seem incapable of learning. In driving it appears the easiest thing in the world to say 'get up' when it is desired to start, or to say 'whoa' when it is desired to stop; to pull on the right rein to go to the right and on the left rein to go to the left. I sincerely believe that in the popular mind that last sentence is a complete compendium and manual of instruction for drivers. That is the reason we have so many accidents. It seems so easy that comparatively few ever take the trouble to learn driving as a fine art. 'I have sometimes,' says a recent writer on the subject, 'been nearly scared out of my wits in driving with a man or woman whose every act displayed ignorance of even first principles. Probably no more grievous insult could be paid to a man than to betray lack of confidence in his capacity to drive, and latterly, when I have been asked to go with a man even to the golf links two miles away, when I knew he did not know how to handle the reins or manage a horse, I have blandly declined. Death comes to all of us, but there seems to be a lack of wisdom in seeking it in such an ignoble fashion.'

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"When a grocer or a butcher or any user of a delivery wagon needs a driver, he takes the first chap that comes along—a fat German boy, a newly landed Italian lad—without reference to experience or qualifications. In cities this should be prohibited by ordinance. This inexperience is too dangerous to be tolerated; besides, it is cruel to the horses that are so used. It takes experience to know what may and what may not be done with a horse. Horse-owners would consult their own interests and save money by hiring only competent drivers; but these tradesmen alluded to are handicapped by their own ignorance. In New York the greatest offenders against the proprieties and courtesies of the road are the drivers of the delivery wagons of the yellow journals and the drivers of the mail vans. The yellow journals get their rules of the road from the same storehouse of cheek that they draw their other obnoxious supplies from; the mail-wagon drivers do as they please under the mistaken notion that there is something sacred and superior in their occupation in carrying the mails that raises them above all local laws. Of course such an idea is pure nonsense. An employee of the United States is just as amenable to local laws as any other citizen. But the idea carries weight, for the mail-carrying contractors are permitted to use horses so unfit for work that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should interfere. And it may be added to all this that a man driving a horse must drive all the time to do his full duty to the horse and to others he may meet or pass. There are hundreds of little things that should never be neglected, but the first great principle is to keep your eye on your horse. The horse is not the wonderfully intelligent animal that some think him; on the contrary, he has very little intelligence considering his close relations to mankind. It is the driver who should be intelligent in his control of the horse, and convey his intelligence to the horse by the reins, the whip, and by speech. Genius, some one once said, consisted *in the infinite capacity to take pains.* That is a capital definition of the art of driving—the good driver must take pains, and keep on taking pains."

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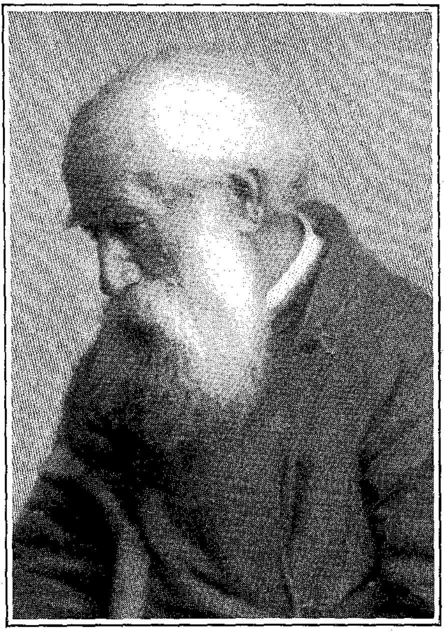
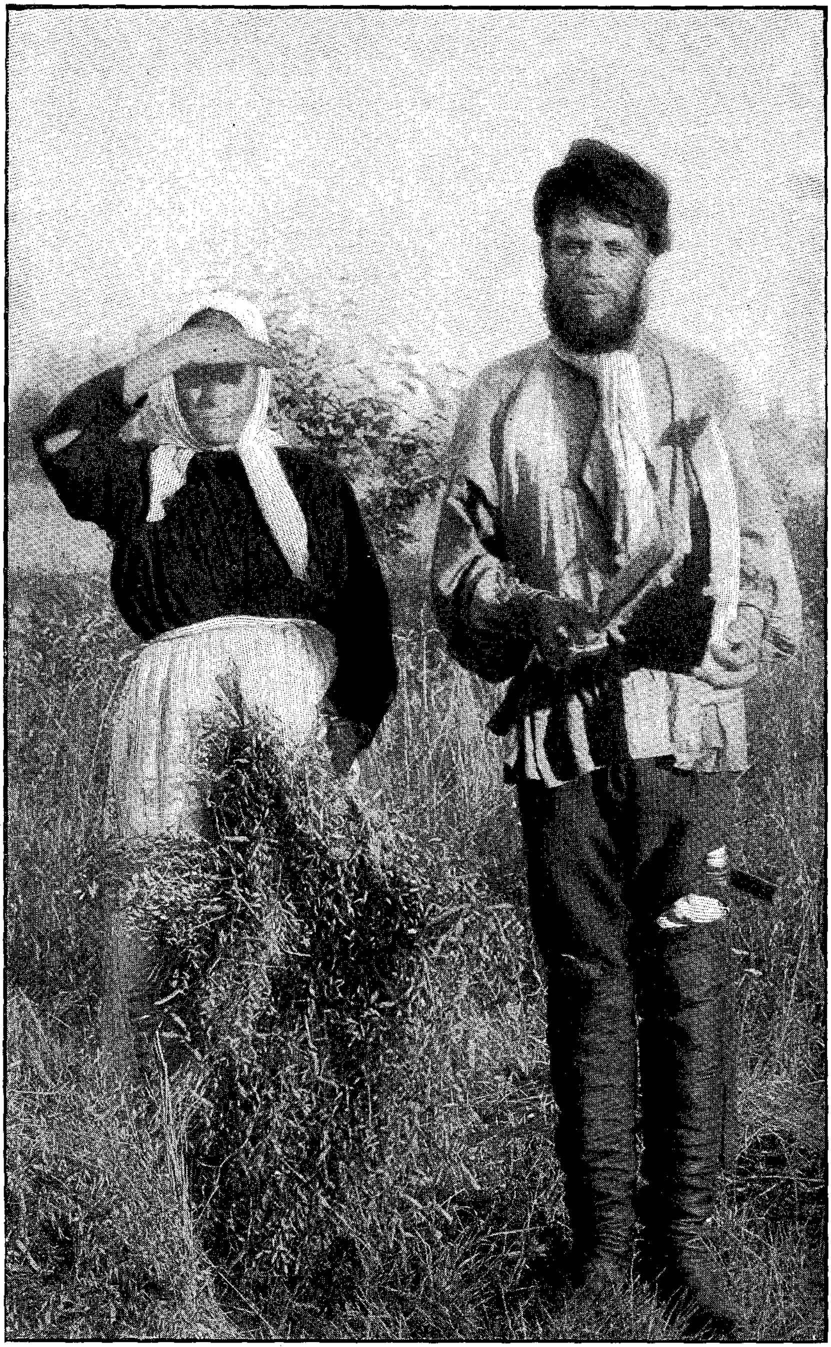
When the Spectator had got this far in telling what his friend thought about drivers and driving, it was necessary for him to leave his desk and go out into the street. As he was going over Fourth Avenue, though his mind was perfectly alert, he got wedged in a group of vehicles traveling at different rates of speed. A newspaper wagon struck him slantingly, threw him in front of a grocery cart, which knocked him down, when he was run over by a truck. The next thing the Spectator knew he found himself on a cot in a hospital. As no very serious damage was done, he was back home in a week; but he had lost a week of time, while he had undoubtedly suffered much pain. Bruises and contusions get well, but they are not pleasant when they are green. While the Spectator was lying in the hospital, he could not help wondering whether those drivers who ran him down had not in some occult way known of what he was doing before he ventured out into the street. If they did know, they had their revenge in advance of the offense. The only satisfaction the Spectator possibly has is that his painful mishap supplies a personal illustration of the truth of what his horse-loving friend had told him some time before. This, then, may be properly called a personally conducted excursion into an old field.

RUSSIAN
TYPES and SCENES



A PEASANT PATRIARCH

THIS SIGNIFICANT GROUP OF PICTURES WAS COLLECTED BY ERNEST POOLE, WHO WENT TO RUSSIA LAST YEAR AS THE SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE OUTLOOK

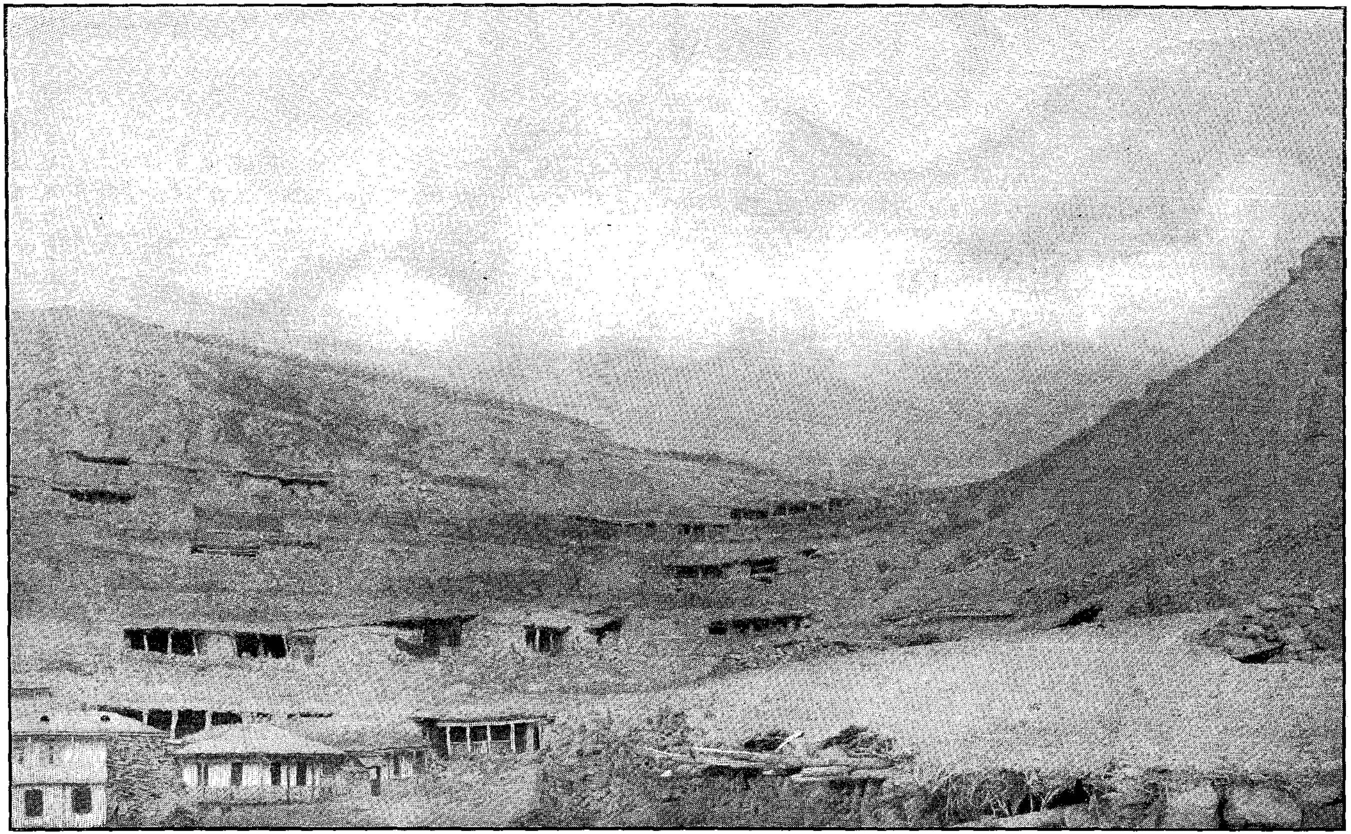


PEASANTS OF THE NORTH

They are vigorous, intelligent, keen. For fifty years they have fought the Government by ceaseless obstruction. The local police, tax collectors, and judges are thwarted and outwitted at every step

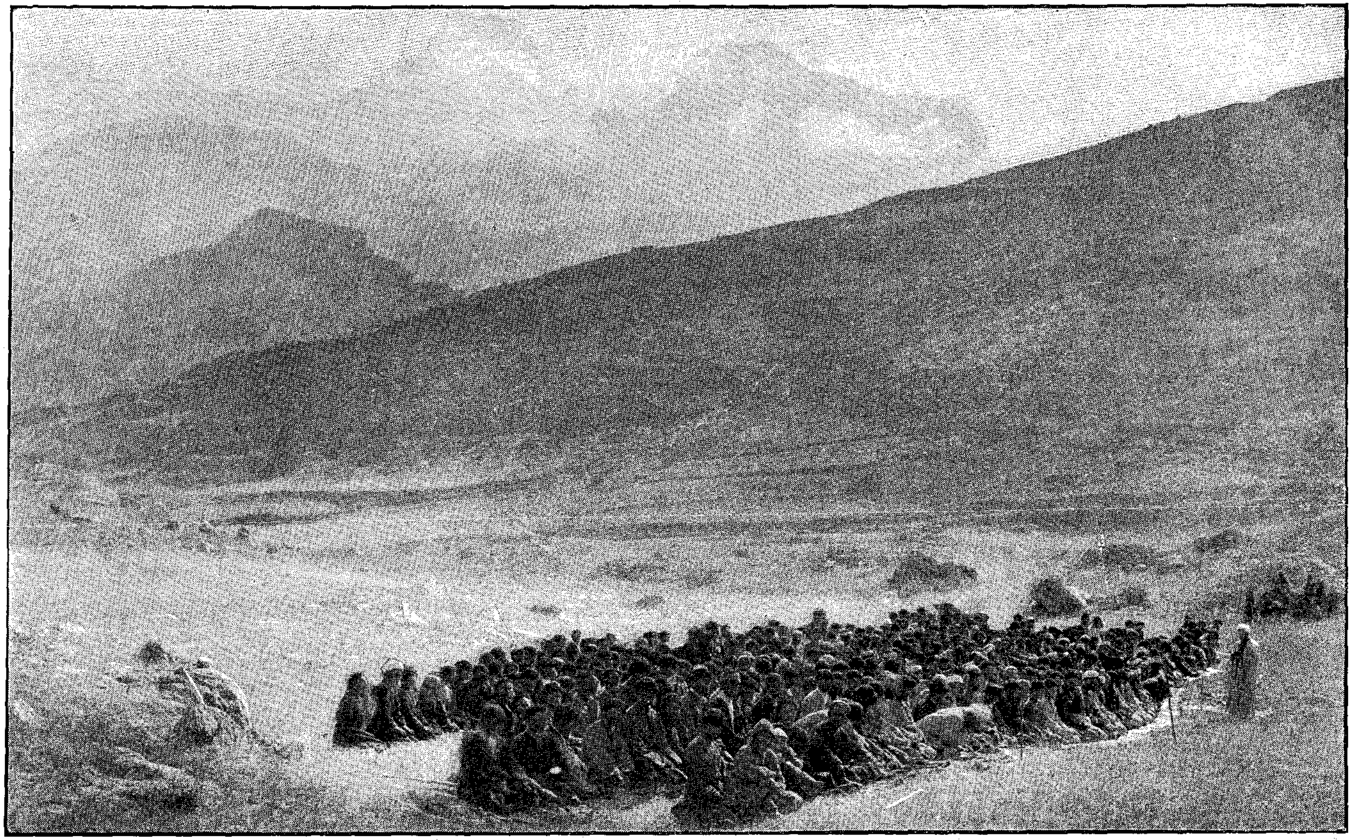
PEASANTS OF THE SOUTH

They are physically, mentally, and morally degraded, starving and toiling for years in sullen silence, then rising in a frenzy to riot and burn and kill



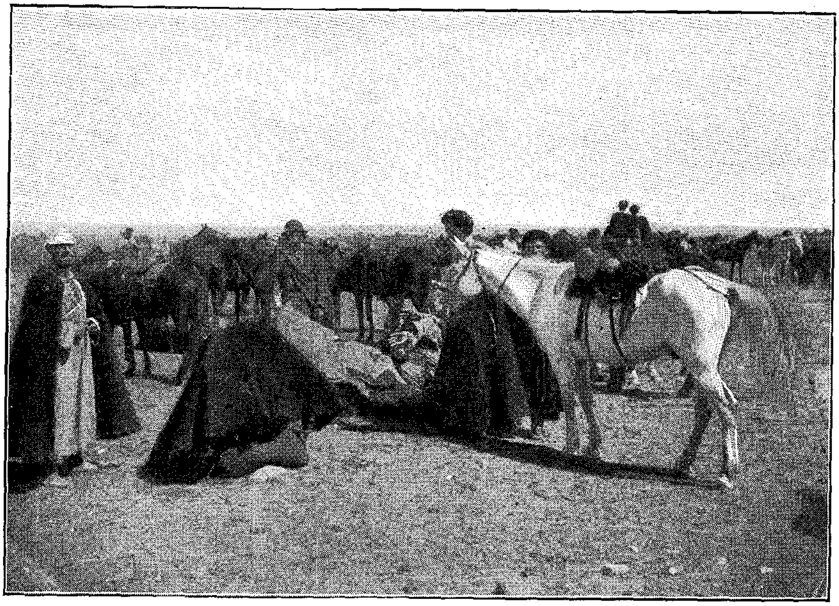
THE GATEWAY FROM ASIA INTO EUROPE

The Caucasus—three times as large as Switzerland—has been for thousands of years the mixing-bowl for the races of the world. It holds now ten million people—Armenians, Tartars, numberless Caucasian tribes, and a sprinkling of Greeks, Persians, and Turks



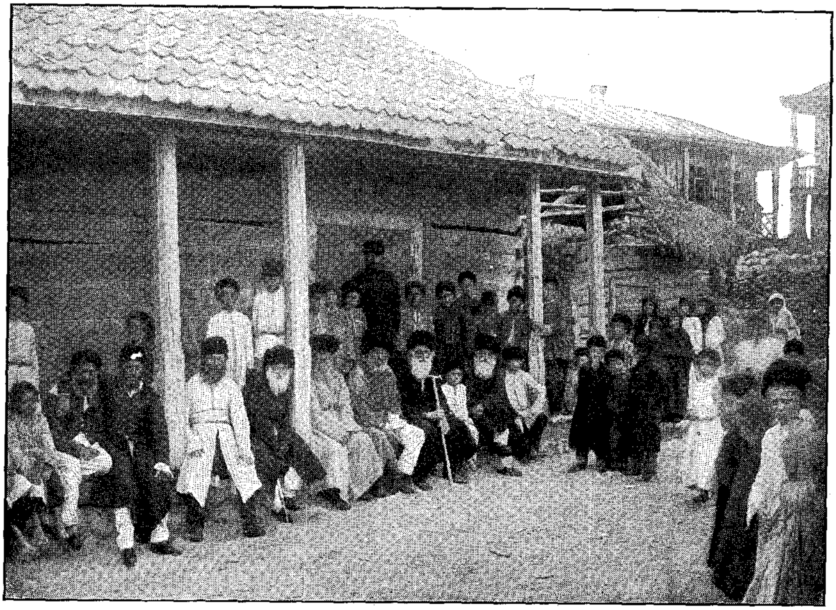
TARTARS—MOHAMMEDANS—WORSHIPING AT SUNDOWN

It is by stirring up the hatred of Mohammedans against Christians and Christians against Jews that the autocracy has caused the recent massacres. It constantly strives to keep the people divided.



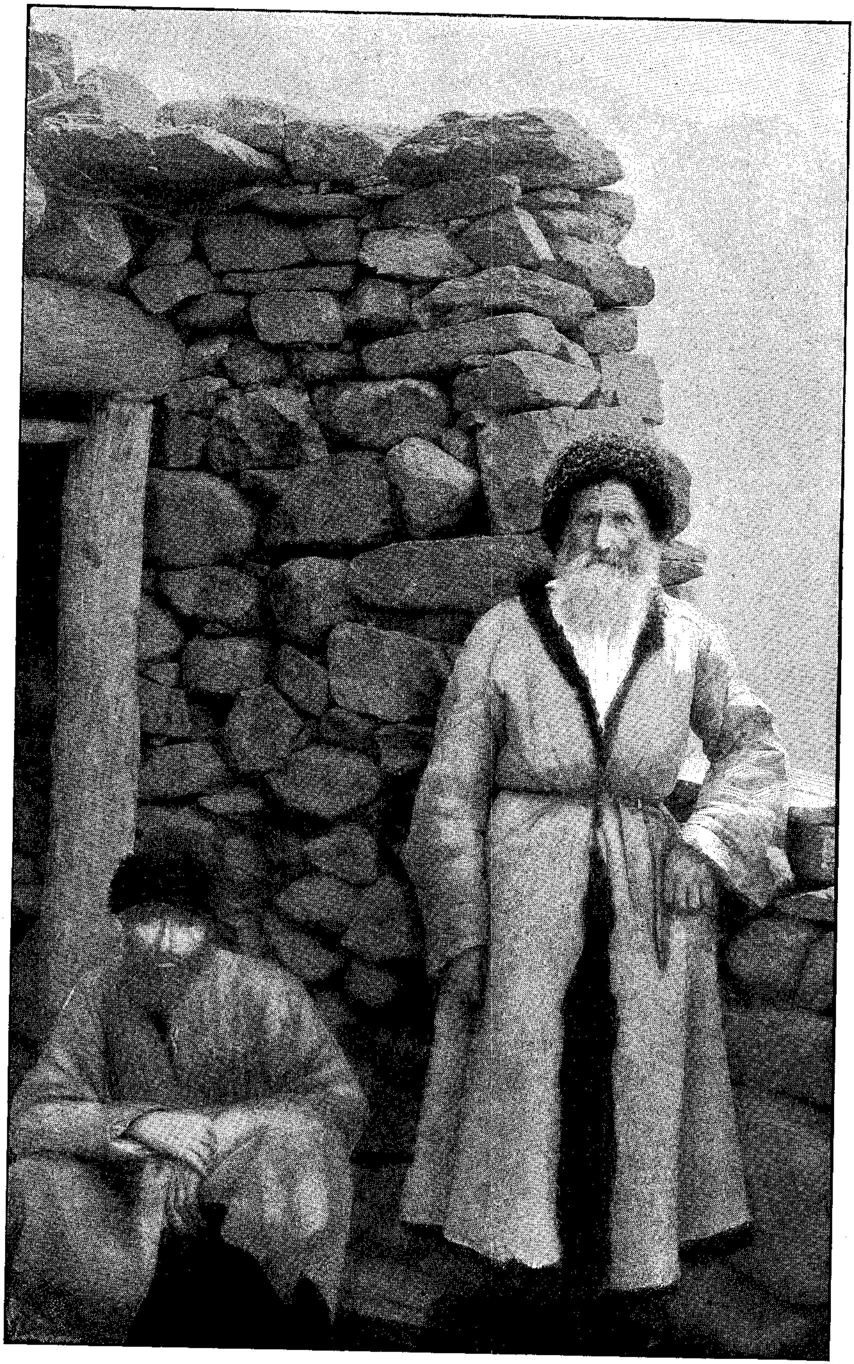
THE COSSACKS

The Czar's mounted police, four hundred thousand strong. Centuries ago they were planted in the southeast—on the steppes and in the mountains—as a bulwark against the hordes of Asia. Savage, reckless, unmoral, superstitious, they are the mightiest weapon of the Czar to hold his people down.



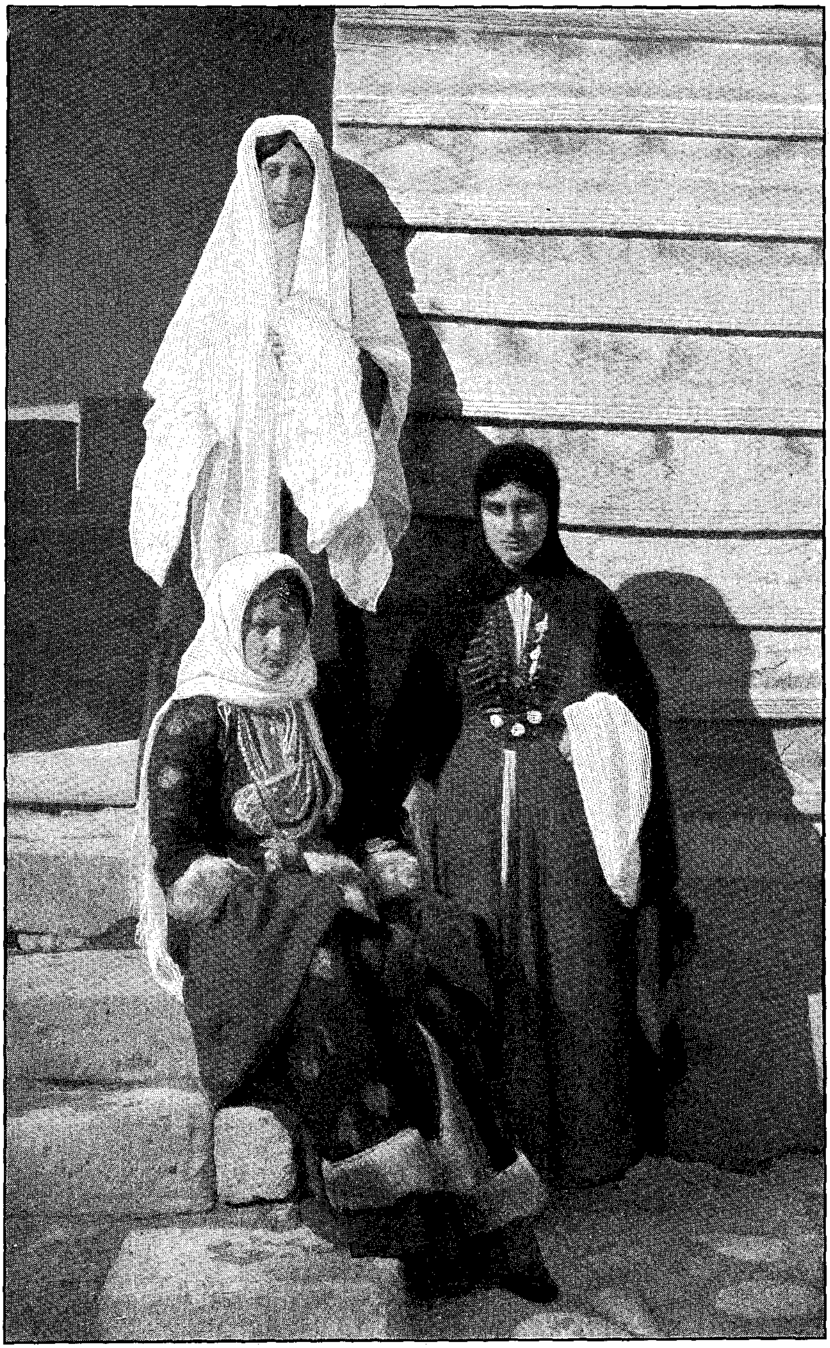
A CAUCASIAN VILLAGE

Driven by sixty years of oppression, by the Japanese War in which fifty thousand of their young men were killed, and now by the unceasing outrages of the Cossacks, these people are everywhere uniting in secret meetings in forests and on mountain sides, making ready for the struggle to be free.



A CAUCASIAN VILLAGE LEADER

Seventy years ago at his birth his mountains were free. He is one of the most dangerous of the Czar's countless enemies



PERSIAN PEASANTS ON THE SOUTHERN BORDER OF THE CAUCASUS
The Caucasian women are often called "The Diamonds of Russia"

EVERETT COLBY, THE MAN WHO "GOT MAD"

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

I.

IT so happened that about the first thing I ever heard Mr. Colby say seemed to explain in a sentence why he is succeeding where so many men of his own sort have failed—though that was not the intention of his remark.

I was asking him to tell me just how he happened to go into the now famous fight last year which smashed the machine, busted his boss, and, best of all, frightened the boss's bosses so thoroughly that within the last few weeks they have actually surrendered (shrewdly enough—pending the expected reaction!) and are preparing legislation in accordance with the demands of the platform on which he won his place as the youngest State Senator of New Jersey.

Now, I had warned him that The Outlook had asked me to write something about him, and here was a good chance for him to intimate delicately that, "recognizing the sovereign right of the people, perceiving how they were being misrepresented, he considered it his sacred duty, at the sacrifice of time and money, to throw himself into the breach," or something of that sort. Moreover, this could have been backed up, for I knew that in his fight against the railroad and allied corporate interests which owned the government of New Jersey he had spent about thirty thousand dollars of his own money inherited from a railroad-builder. His father was the late Charles L. Colby, of the Wisconsin Central Railroad. I knew, too, how hard he had worked all last summer, giving up his plans for fun and absenting himself almost entirely from his young wife, which he probably considered a greater sacrifice.

However, this was his answer: "Well, you know," he said, with a smile very different from that of a self-satisfied reformer, "I'd like to think I saw a vision or got religion over night, but as a matter of fact it was because I got *mad*."

This is not a mere illustration of Mr. Colby's engaging candor, which pleases the people, who nine times out of ten know a real man when they see one—though few of the bosses and fewer reformers seem to understand this—the unexplosive kind of candor which appeals to voters as much as it perplexes the bosses and annoys their employers, including both the hypocritical kind and the "honest grafters" who would feel so much surer of "getting him eventually" if he only took the high and holy purpose pose. This reply tells much more than that this firm-jawed, blue-eyed young man of thirty-one is a good fellow, with common sense and an adequate sense of humor, though that is important enough, especially since "they" are doing their best at the present moment to give him a big head—which again illustrates their shrewdness.

In the first place, Mr. Colby did not go into public life from an abstract sense of duty; if he had, the chances are that he would have gone out long since from a concrete sense of failure. He went into politics very much as he went in for football at Brown University not many years previously; he liked the game, he wanted to make the team, and also doubtless had a normal human desire to run with the ball. He is charged with ambition. I, for one, hope he is guilty of that terrible crime. But as he became captain of the best eleven his college ever turned out, and is now leading the most successful reform movement his State has ever known, and as it requires team-work to advance the ball in both these games, it looks as if he knew how to keep this normal human trait from developing abnormally.

But the chief reason Mr. Colby is making a success of reform is that he is not a Reformer. He was caught young, and did not go into the game with preconceived notions to work out. He played as he was coached from the side lines—as long as he could play clean. Then he got mad and played his own game. The trouble with so many reformers is not that they do not know enough, but that they do not feel enough. They are working for abstract principles academically derived from the outside. Contrary to the popular notion, they often have a clearer and more comprehensive understanding of the situation than the bosses themselves, and can write books about it which serve as useful manuals for those who wish to become Complete Grafters. But reformers so seldom get all the way into the game. The reason is that it does not matter enough to them personally.

It matters so much to the bosses. They are there for business, "for my own pocket every time." It does not mean mere principle to them, it means interest. Likewise with railroads and other corporations whose very existence devolves on legislation. They are not always so much wickeder than we are; they are in politics for the same reason that keeps out most of us who yell at them—namely, blind absorption in their own affairs, the trait which makes the success of Americans and has been threatening the failure of America.

II.

It has been related how Mr. Colby's political ambition was lighted by the torches of political parades which used to stop at the Colby curbstone. The youngster told himself that when he grew up to be a man like his father, he, too, would make speeches. Most healthy American boys get about that far along in a political career. In this case, however, the flame was kept lighted, although nearly quenched by a period of yearning to become a stage-coach driver. So, while at college—he was in the class of '97—he went in not only for athletics, but for speaking and writing. He was a debater; he was one of the editors of the "Brown Magazine." Accordingly, after studying law and making a trip around the world, he "went into politics." He was led in by the hand of the great Major Lentz, the boss whom he afterwards overthrew.

It is unnecessary to repeat here the intermediate details. It has already been done by a master hand. I can't help feeling, however, that Mr. Colby began to see what kind of game he was up against a little earlier than he is given credit for by Mr. Steffens. The trouble was that he did not get mad for some time, which was a good thing for him and the cause. His enemies, who are trying to make the most of everything, are now spreading the report that he is stupid. Incidentally, I may mention that each member of his cabinet—for he has adopted that team-work idea of Mayor Fagan's, the righteous and lovable Mayor of Jersey City—has been mentioned to me with great positiveness as being the real "brains" behind the movement. Mr. Colby is warm in his praise of all of them, each one supplying an entirely different quality—which shows his long head in the choice of a cabinet. But one of his best advisers has not been mentioned at all, and that is Mrs. Colby. She is not only interested in what her husband is doing—which is rare enough, Mr. James says, in this country—but is of real use to him with her instinctive judgment of men and things.

But it really does not matter about where the brains behind the movement are kept so long as it continues to move in the right direction. Thus far it has done so, despite occasional bad advice from the inside as well as from the out. This is due in great part to the fact that "Colby is not a brilliant man," but cool, clear-headed, and capable, which is so much better. The conservative way in which he conducted a radical campaign shows that. The quiet, sagacious manner in which he is going about his job since indicates it, too—so convincingly that some of the friends he lost during the fight because he would not employ wild-eyed, yellow methods have since come back to him.

Every one grants that he has determination, but recently there have been signs to indicate that he has developed resourcefulness as well. He has grown a good deal during the past year. For instance, the adroit way in which he met the difficult question of bolting the caucus the other day when he took his seat in the Senate. He had had experience

EVERETT COLBY

From a new portrait made for The Outlook by Arthur Hewitt in caucus-bolting already when he was in the Assembly. Moreover, he saw what a costly and dangerous thing it had proved for his friends this season in the House who got there on his ticket and had bolted at his advice. So when it came his turn to do the same trick in the Senate, he improved on it by simply putting the rest of the party on the defensive. He said in his quiet way that he didn't want any hard feeling, but as they knew as well as he did the platform on which he had been elected, and as he had asked in vain for an expression of an opinion on those points from the man proposed for Speaker, he thought that he had better quietly withdraw. He was about to do so; in fact, his hand was on the knob of the door when he was called back. They knew how important to the people Colby's platform looked by this time, and they knew how it would make them look if Senator Colby were forced out of the caucus on account of those issues. So they passed a resolution to the effect that Mr. Colby should remain and vote only on such questions as he saw fit to vote upon. This is a new wrinkle in caucus-bolting and ought to prove a powerful political weapon when properly wielded; better yet, perhaps, it will help to do away with the caucus evil entirely. Contrary to his expectations, they turned over to Senator Colby the full amount of patronage due the gentleman from Essex.

It may be that Mr. Colby's modest manner has misled some of his friends, as it has his enemies. However that may be, he had not been in the political game many months before he saw that the cards were stacked. He wanted to be appointed to the Committee on Railroads and Canals. His father had been a railroad man, and he was interested in that sort of thing. He carried a pocketful of letters from men whose opinions he guilelessly thought ought to convince the powers of his fitness for the position. But it was not a question of fitness with the powers. His uncle, Gardner R. Colby, had once wanted the nomination for Governor of the State, and had clashed with Sewell, the Pennsylvania Railroad's man. Therefore they feared young Colby might not have the proper attitude toward the Pennsylvania Railroad, chief owner of the State. This opened his eyes not a little. It is an excellent example of the consistent thoroughness of the great, omniscient, sleepless System which during the past decade has implanted itself upon our entire Government, with the petty local bosses at the bottom of the unseen but weighty pyramid on up to the powerful apex in the United States Senate. If we on the outside can catch glimpses of this thing through the chinks of the cracking shell of representative government, it would be strange indeed if those inside could not see it. They are brought face to face with it every day; their every movement is hindered by it unless prompted by it. See it? Of course they see it, but what good does that do! It is not a question of knowledge, but of power. Colby saw it, and it "made him tired."

Now, if he had been a Reformer he would no doubt have tried to "do something" right away, before either he or the time was ripe, with the result that he would have become discouraged and quit like many another nice young man who goes into politics in order to reform it according to theories learned in college. But he did not want to quit. He liked the game, even though it was not all it was cracked up to be, and he kept on playing as he was coached—when he could. He declined to break his word, which they told him did not count "to a Democrat," in that matter of the Excise Bill. The bosses knew he could not be bought, so they tried bullying—it would not work. Then cajolery—it had no permanent effect. But they fooled him more than once. He was on the wrong side of the movement for equal taxation of the railroads, which was later one of the planks of his own platform. (There was great political capital for the opposition in this!) He made the average amount of mistakes, but he would not play double. He was showing signs of his future fight. They should have taken warning and got rid of him. But they liked him, wanted him, and had hopes of licking him into shape. It had been done so often before with others.

Even Mayor Fagan's historical letter

to the Governor, accusing the Republican party (which included Colby, and Fagan himself) of betraying the people who had elected them, did not make him try to do something. He was House leader at the time. He says he sat there stunned and ashamed. "But," he adds, to quote from Mr. Steffens's story, "even then, the truth falling like that didn't kill, didn't even change things essentially." He was not yet mad clean through, and it was not up to him personally. He, like Mark Fagan himself, supported the Republican party again that fall. What else could he do? Vote the Democratic ticket? His hands were tied, and nothing had happened as yet to make him mad enough to break loose and strike out with his fists, risking the consequences.

III.

The chief trolley system in New Jersey, and one of the joint owners of the government of the State along with the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Fidelity Trust Company, and the Prudential Life, is the "Public Service" corporation, which some people in our State consider a smugly humorous name for it. Now, to build trolley lines you must have franchises, and to hold franchises you must hold town councils in the palm of your hand. Of course it is easy enough for those of us who devote our energies to other lines of endeavors to call corporations names; but as long as we give away the rights to monopolize industries which are so remunerative, and as long as human nature remains as it is, there will always be plenty of shrewd men willing to take the necessary steps to have such gifts "given" to and retained by themselves; there will always be plenty of men in local governments willing to have the necessary steps made in their direction. No amount of reform, religion, or even social ostracism will eliminate this sort of thing; the prizes are too big. We do not allow the Government to go into business of this kind, which might be bad, so business gets into the Government, which is undoubtedly worse. If the Government does not own the monopolies, the monopolies will own the Government. This principle is at the bottom of nearly all our corruption. It is not mere "big business" which makes the trouble, but specially privileged business—privileged by those who are the losers.

The Public Service is no worse and no better than many similar corporations throughout the country. They recognize their business necessities and comply with them with the cheerful capacity for self-deception which we all share to a greater or less degree. They believe in their trolleys and they believe in themselves. They look straight along the track of success, and thereby cultivate for other objects within their mental and moral range of vision a blind spot, which should be considered and treated not so much as a crime, but as a disease. They are "more to be pitied than scorned."

The Public Service commendably desired to extend the civilizing influence of their trolley system. They got up through East Orange, but they struck a snag when they came to Orange proper. So they decided that, as certain coy suburbs of Newark could not be seduced—which was more gentlemanly—it would be necessary to abduct them. That is, they turned to the Legislature, of which they are large owners, to create a "Greater Newark." Thereupon the Orangemen in self-defense also decided to go to Legislature, and got up a modest little bill merely to forbid the granting of franchises for a period longer than twenty-five years. They did not wish to appear too presumptuous about their own streets, so they went about it politely, as it seemed to them. Their own legislators, however, seemed disinclined to back any such measure as that. Perhaps to them it seemed audacious. So Colby was asked to take it up, since he seemed to be an independent sort of a fellow. He heard that they were about to come to him, and he wanted to get both sides of the case before he did anything. So he took the first opportunity that presented itself of speaking to the president of the Public Service about the matter. "But he turned on me," says Mr. Colby, "as if my proposition merely to talk the matter over were a presumptuous impertinence. He declared angrily that his company would not touch anything but perpetual franchises with a ten-foot pole, and turned his back on me."

"That was amazing enough," Mr. Colby says, but it was the next meeting with the trolley president that made him really mad. This was at a large luncheon at Trenton. The Public Service had heard that "young Colby" had not dropped the franchise matter, and it seems to have made the president furious. "You introduce that bill," he cried, in a voice which attracted the attention of the entire room, although Mr. Colby had not asked his advice in the matter at all—"you introduce that bill, and you lose every friend you have in Essex County!"

Now, the president of the Public Service Corporation has two elder brothers. The elder of these is the Attorney-General, who enjoys the confidence and warm esteem of the entire State, including Mr. Colby, who speaks in no uncertain terms of the Attorney-General's sympathetic and generous attitude towards him in the delicate position brought about by the ensuing fight against the trolley interests. Towards the Public Service president's other brother his feelings are different. On the way home from that luncheon this brother, he says, took him in hand and tried to pour the oil of flattery on the troubled waters. "We think you have a great political future," he said, "and we don't want to see you throw it away." But it was not water now, but fire, the oil fell upon. He says it was such palpable flattery that it amused him even while it filled him with wrath and disgust.

That was all that was needed by this time to make him want to introduce it more than any bill in the world. He went home mad clean through.

The rest is now a well-known chapter in the political history of New Jersey. But from that day dated the reform movement now quietly spreading throughout every county of the State. It is an up-hill fight, and the future cannot be forecast. But this shows how a real man with the right stuff in him came to the parting of the ways, how the primitive man was aroused within him to help sweep the civilized man into the right path. He not only saw but *felt* now to what a farcical climax representative government was tending, when not only the will of the people was ignored, but their representatives, elected by them, presumably to carry out their own desires, were used for bringing about measures against them—and then were insulted and threatened for merely suggesting the consideration of their point of view! His fighting blood was up now; he did not care what it cost or whether it offended some of his friends or not. He no longer considered his friends, his future, or his own preferences. He was stirred to the depths. He wanted to break something. He wanted to get out into the open and stand up and fight in man-fashion. And that is how he found himself; he will fight to a finish now.

QUEEN WILHELMINA

THE HOME LIFE OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND

BY HENRIETTE S. S. KUYPER

Mademoiselle Kuyper, who contributes this article about the Queen of Holland, is the daughter of his Excellency Dr. A. Kuyper, who for four years was Prime Minister of Holland, and before that for a score of years Professor of Theology and Literature in Amsterdam, and who is the author of many well-known books. Mademoiselle Kuyper knows Queen Wilhelmina personally, and what she says concerning the domestic relations of the Queen and her husband is worthy of the most implicit confidence.—THE EDITORS.

DURING the three months that I have spent in this delightful country I have been most thoroughly impressed with the interest the Americans take in my native country—Holland—and Queen Wilhelmina, a fact which contributes in no small degree to make the visiting Hollander feel at home. But this most agreeable sensation is at the same time tempered by the discovery that almost every American believes in our Queen's unhappy domestic relations.

Wherever I have set my foot, sooner or later, often in evident concern, the question has been asked, "Is Queen Wilhelmina happy with her husband?"

I have always been glad to answer with an enthusiastic affirmative, and to state the origin of the slander. This has been about my chief occupation while here—a "twice-told tale" in private and public, at dinners, receptions, and calls.

But what are drops removed, when an ocean has to be emptied? For this big wave of slander seems to have swept this whole country. We Netherlanders have always been famous for building dikes to free our country from invading waters. May I try, in a foreigner's limited vocabulary, to build a dike against this invading slander, which has absolutely no *raison d'être*?

HET LOO, QUEEN WILHELMINA'S COUNTRY SEAT

From a photograph made by the Queen herself

Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Henry are perfectly devoted to each other. Our Queen has the same high ideals of marriage and home life that I have found in this country. A greater compliment I could not give either to her Majesty or to the American Nation. Born of a very happy marriage, brought up amidst the environment of affectionate family life, she has no other wish than to profit by so noble an example, and conduct her own life in accordance. The marriage was a love match; nothing short of this would have been worthy of her or of the splendid education given to her by her mother.

The slander started with the dismissal of a coachman in the employ of the Queen Mother. To revenge himself he crossed the Channel to England and told the English press he had Dutch court scandal to sell. It was at the time of the Boer War. Neither our country nor our Queen had hidden their sympathy for the Boer cause. I fear that the English press was only too glad to purchase, and so "hurt two birds with one shot."

It became a "shot heard round the world." Are not we apt to pity those we love? The rapidity with which the false report spread, the ease with which it was believed, tell in a very pathetic way of our young Queen's popularity.

Especially so in this country. In Holland, however, the slander has never been credited.

Though my task is finished, I know my readers will feel disappointed if I do not tell something personal of our "little Queen," as she is mostly called here. "Little" she is, indeed—but we don't think this to her disadvantage. She belongs to her country; a little Queen of little Holland. And yet a *Queen*—aye! every inch a queen! She shows to the best in evening dress at one of the court functions. Though moving about among stately gentlewomen and proud matrons, no one would for a moment mistake the little lady of beautiful complexion, wearing such magnificent diamonds, to be other than the Queen. Hers is, indeed, the wonderful mystery of majesty—in her look, in her voice, in her attitude. And yet, with it all, she combines the freshness of buoyant youth. This combination gives a wonderful charm to her personality, which no one who has the honor to meet her can fail to be impressed by.

As to our Queen's character and talents, I could not better picture her than to say that she is thoroughly Dutch. She shows all the characteristics of our nation in her simplicity, sense of duty, love for the home life, instinctive dislike of display and society. Her manifold social duties are faithfully performed, but as a duty, not as a pleasure. Her happiness begins when she leaves, with the Prince, The Hague and court demands to take up the informal life at Het Loo, her lovely country seat in the province of Gelderland. Here they drive together without any attendance through the beautiful woods, and at picturesque points the Queen will leave her carriage to paint some lovely bit of landscape. She is very clever with her brush, and expert at amateur photography. She is not particularly musical. In sympathy with her nation, her chief talent lies, not in the world of sound, but in the world of color—a talent combined with a passionate love of the Dutch landscape.

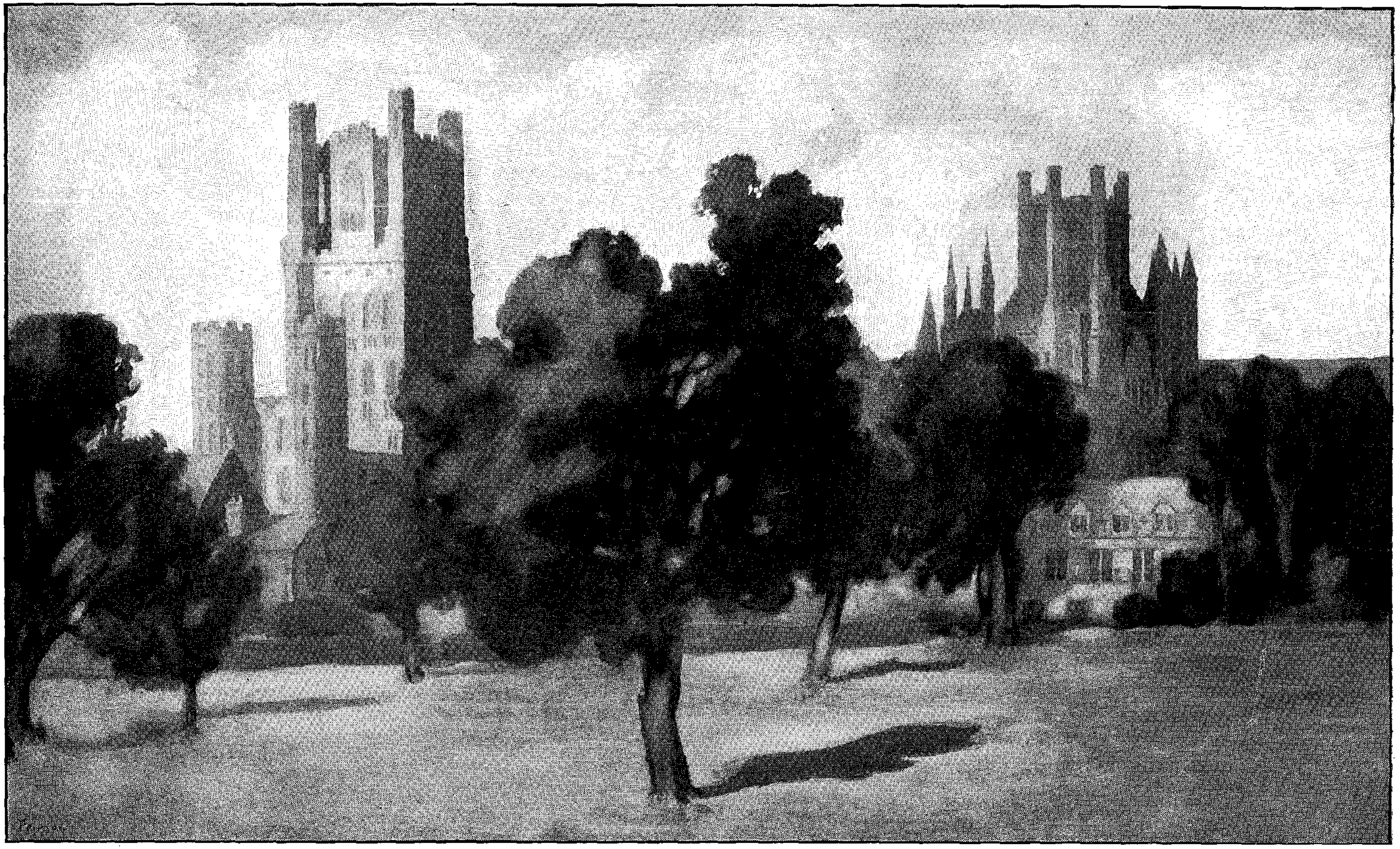
Like the average Hollander, our Queen cares little for travel. Neither the grandest mountain scenery nor the wealthiest world city compares in her eyes to the unique charm of one Dutch windmill reflecting in the quiet little canal, or of one typical village half asleep between its horizon of green meadows.

The Queen has a decided taste for Dutch language and literature. She has a musical voice, and is a remarkable speaker. Her wise mother, knowing that one of her principal duties would be public speaking, had her trained accordingly, and it is a sincere pleasure to hear her deliver a speech, in a voice clear and melodious and in perfect style. She makes a special point of preparation for these speeches.

Her strong sense of duty is perhaps nowhere better shown than in the difficult task of reigning over her independent little country. To be a sovereign, and yet bound at almost every step to an elaborate democratic constitution; to be conservative with the conservatives, progressive with the radicals; to have a mind for art, an eye for science, an ear to the social needs; to please all, to harm none—be the country great or small, the task of the modern sovereign is a difficult one, requiring talent, force of character, and the well-balanced conception of mature age.

Our Queen had just passed her eighteenth birthday when the regal symbols were laid in her hands. Yet I have more than once heard her Ministers say that she entered into the detail of law and administration in a way "most admirable."

I hope that it may be my American mission to Europe to correct a part of the Old World of some of its prejudices against America. If I may have corrected a part of America's false impression concerning our Queen's marriage, I shall feel that my European mission to America has not failed in its highest aim.



ELY CATHEDRAL

To the Robin in Ely Cathedral

(St. Bartholomew's Day, 1905)

By Charles W. Stubbs

Dean of Ely

"Beati qui habitant in domo tua, Domine! in sæcula sæculorum laudabunt te."—Ps. lxxxiv. 5.

I.

O blithesome brother Robin,
God bless thy scarlet breast,
So joyously proclaiming
Thy merry heart's behest!
What hast thou here to tell us,
Here in God's sacred place,
That thou hast donn'd red cassock,
A chorister of grace?

II.

Thou singest, singest, singest,
High on the lofty screen,
Till all the nave roof-spaces
Echo thy plaintive keen.
And when out peals the organ
Its deepest, fullest chord,
Thy flute-like treble answers,
"Let all men praise the Lord!"

III.

And now before the altar
Crooning thy sweetest notes,
Thy "Gloria in excelsis"
Soft o'er the stillness floats.
O merry, happy Robin,
Tell me what thou wouldst say
To these good minster people,
What means thy pious lay?

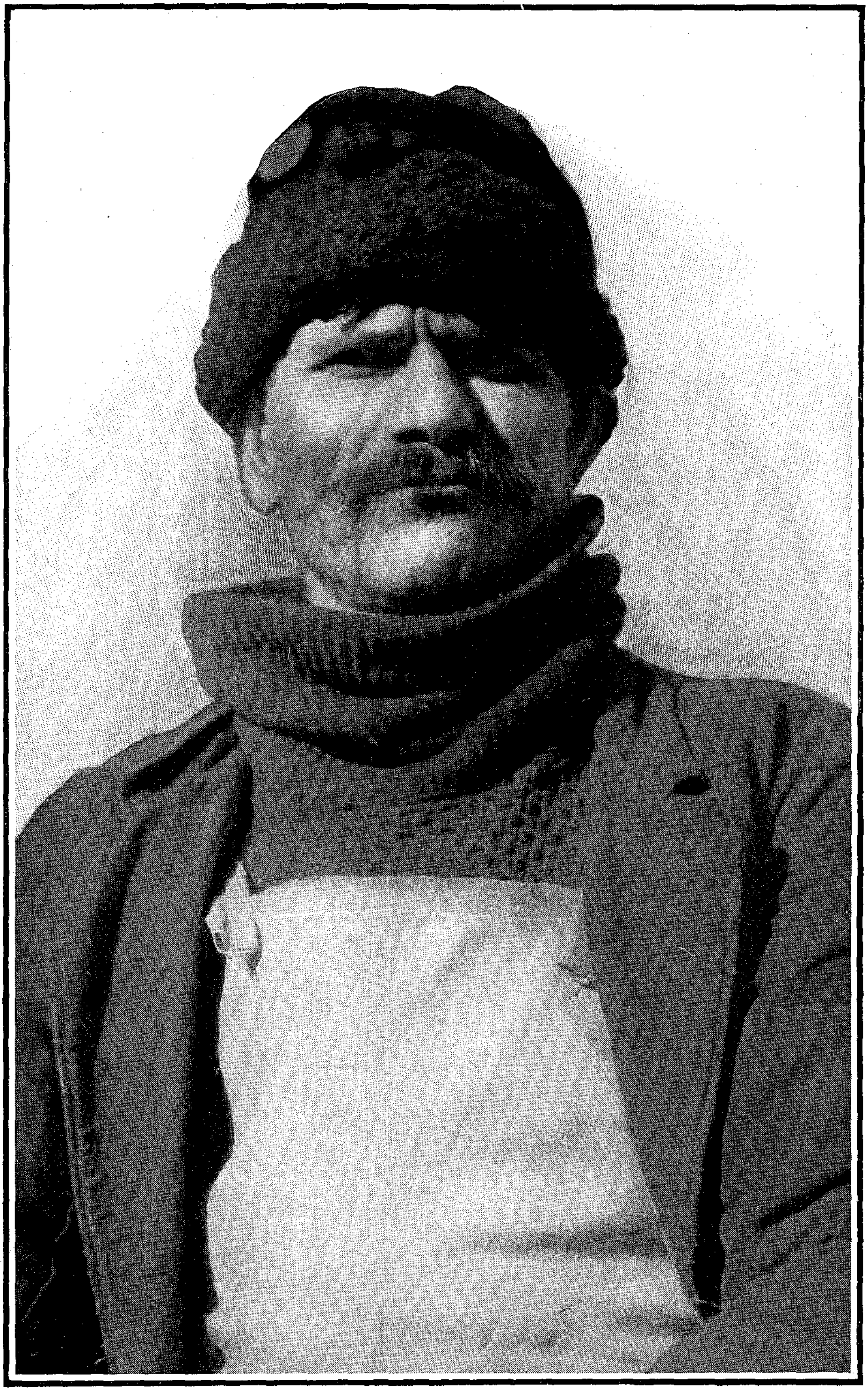
IV.

"I mean, I mean men should be
As bright and blithe as I,
And learn the heart of gladness
In all things to descry.
Be merry, merry, merry,
Is all that I would say.
The sad heart soon grows weary,
The glad goes all the day."

V.

O happy brother Robin,
Uplift thy pious song.
Thy brave voice echoes gayly
Our minster aisles along.
Pour out thy notes, sweet singer,
Thou bird that man loves best,
Thrice welcome to our choir-place,
God bless thy scarlet breast!

The Deanery, Ely.



THE MAN WHO IS DIGGING OUR SUBWAYS

THE COMING OF THE ITALIAN

BY JOHN FOSTER CARR

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT

"NEVER judge a ship from the shore," say the Tuscans, and the *contadino*, who is fond of proverbs, often quotes this bit of traditional wisdom when he finds that his wolf was only a gray dog after all. Hamlet's cloud is not a camel; nor is an honest workman a shiftless beggar buffoon. The laborer and not the organ-grinder now represents the Italian in America; but the popular idea mistakes the one for the other. Thanks to the secluded ways of Italians, the actual facts of their life among us are almost entirely unknown. In common with Mexicans and Jews, they are pilloried by insulting nicknames. They are charged with pauperism, crime, and degraded living, and they are judged unheard and almost unseen. These short and sturdy laborers, who swing along the streets with their heavy stride early in the morning and late at night, deserve better of the country. They are doing the work of men, and they are the full equals of any national army of peasant adventurers that ever landed on our shores.

To brand an Italian immigrant with the word "alien" is to curse him for being unlike ourselves. But when we know who and what he is, and why he comes to the United States, and what he becomes after he gets here, we recognize human kinship, and see what we ourselves should be with different birth and breeding. One serious misconception starts in a name. It is as misleading to dub a nation "Latin" as "Anglo-Saxon." Italians differ from one another almost as much as men can differ who are still of the same color. Ethnography now makes its classifications according to cranial formation. Most northern Italians are of the Alpine race and have short, broad skulls. All southern Italians are of the Mediterranean race and have long, narrow skulls. Between the two lies a broad strip of country, in northern and central Italy, peopled by those of mixed blood. History has a less theoretical story to tell, and explains the differences that separate near neighbors, in the north as in the south. If a single race ever inhabited Italy to form an original parent stock, it has borne the grafts of so many other races that all sign of it is lost. For prolonged periods sometimes one part of the land, sometimes another, and sometimes the whole peninsula and the islands, have been held in the power of Phœnicians, Greeks, the countless wild hordes of the North, the Saracens, the Spanish, French, and Germans. They all came in great numbers and freely married with native women. In the northeast there is a Slav intermixture, and a trace of the Mongol, In appearance the Italian may be anything from a tow-headed Teuton to a swarthy Arab. Varying with the district from which he comes, in manner he may be rough and boisterous; suave, fluent, and gesticulative; or grave and silent.

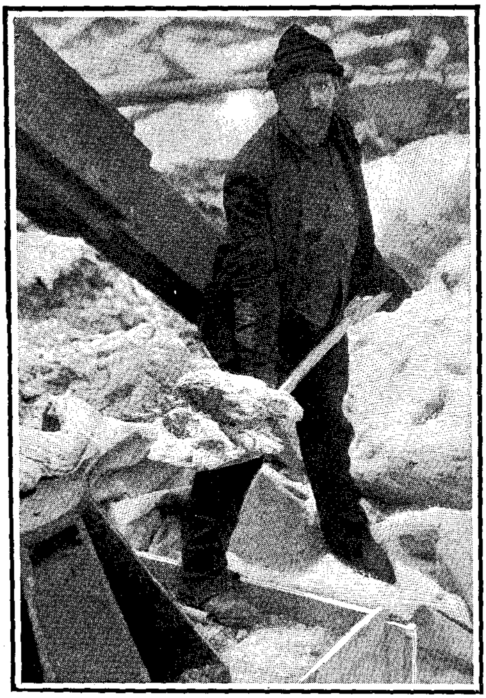
These differences extend to the very essentials of life. The provinces of Italy are radically unlike, not only in dress, cookery, and customs, but in character, thought, and speech. A distinct change of dialect is often found in a morning's walk, and it would probably be impossible to travel fifty miles along any road in Italy without meeting greater differences in language than can be found in our English anywhere between Maine and California. The schools, the army, and the navy are now carrying the Italian language to the remotest province, but an ignorant Valtellinese, from the mountains of the north, and an ignorant Neapolitan have as yet no means of understanding each other; and, what is more remarkable, the speech of the unschooled peasant of Genoa is unintelligible to his fellow of Piedmont, who lives less than one hundred miles away. A Genoese ship's captain can understand his Sicilian sailors, when they are talking familiarly among themselves, about as well as an English commander of a "Peninsular and Oriental" liner can follow the jabbering of his Lascar crew. Nor can ignorant men from some of the provinces understand the pure Italian. Two classes were recently held in the Episcopal Church of San Salvatore, in Broome Street, New York, to teach Sicilians enough Italian to enable them to use their prayer-book.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER IS NO LONGER OUR REPRESENTATIVE ITALIAN

The age-long political division of Italy into a number of petty States preserved all differences and inspired an intense local patriotism; nor did the narrow belfry spirit wholly vanish with the political union of 1870. Relics of it are still found. Ask a Roman peasant if he is an Italian, and he is as likely as not to say "No," that he is a Roman; and so with a Genoese or a Neapolitan. In dislike or indifference toward those from other parts of the country, the Italian abroad usually seeks those of his own city or province. In the same way, little circles of friends are formed in the Italian army and navy. Question a group of sailors on shore leave from an Italian man-of-war, and you will probably find that, with perhaps a single exception, they are all of one place. Ask them how this happens, and they may tell you, as they have told me, laughing: "Friendship is for those from the same *fatherland*."

These profound dissimilarities make sweeping generalities about Italians impossible. Yet in one point every province is alike. The poor everywhere are all crushed by heavy taxes for maintenance of the large army and navy which make Italy a first-class European power. More serious than the exactions of the tax-gatherer is the long-continued agricultural depression that has reduced a large part of the South to poverty. Nor is this all. The peasant's lot is made infinitely worse by an Irish question that is the blight of nearly all southern Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia. There are the same huge entailed estates and the same lazy, reactionary, and absentee landlords. Throughout large sections great tracts of fertile soil support only one shepherd or one farmer per square mile. To these idle lands must be added the vast stretches of barren mountains, and the malaria-infested fifth of the entire surface of the peninsula. No new territory has been added to the kingdom, while the population has been increasing within twenty years from twenty-eight and one-half to thirty-two and one-half millions—an average density for the whole country of 301 per square mile. And the excess of births over deaths amounts to nearly 350,000 a year—the population of a province. Through whole districts in this overcrowded land Italians have to choose between emigration and starvation.

A definite economic cause drives the poor *Meridionale* from his home, and a definite economic cause and not a vague migratory instinct brings him to America. He comes because the country has the most urgent need of unskilled labor. This need largely shapes the character of our Italian immigration, and offers immediate work to most of the newcomers. Almost eighty per cent. of them are males; over eighty per cent. are between the ages of fourteen and forty-five; over eighty per cent. are from the southern



THE MAN WITH THE SHOVEL IS OUR REPRESENTATIVE ITALIAN TO-DAY

provinces, and nearly the same percentage are unskilled laborers, who include a large majority of the illiterates. These categories overlap, so that the bulk of our Italian immigration is composed of ignorant, able-bodied laborers from the South. They come by the hundred thousand, yet their great numbers are quickly absorbed without disturbing either the public peace or the labor market. In spite of the enormous immigration of Italians in 1903 and 1904, the last issue of the United States Labor Bulletin shows that the average daily wage of the laborer in the North Atlantic States—the "congested" district at the very gates of Ellis Island—had increased within the year from $1.33 to $1.39. And 1904 was not a particularly prosperous year. Equally significant, in view of the unprecedented Italian immigration of the first six months of this year, is the announcement in the last number of the Bulletin of the New York State Department of Labor that the improvement in the conditions of employment has been so marked, and "the proportion of idle wage-earners has diminished so rapidly, that the second quarter of 1905 surpasses that of 1902, the record year."

The demand of the East for labor is first heard by the new arrival who needs to look for work, and probably a majority of Italian *braccianti* never go more than a hundred and fifty miles away from New York. Immediate work and high wages, and not a love for the tenement, create our "Little Italies." The great enterprises in progress in and about the city, the subways, tunnels, water-works, railroad construction, as well as the ordinary building operations, call for a vast army of laborers. For new and remodeled tenements alone, authorized by the Building Department between April and June, 1905, the estimated cost was over $39,000,000. This gives one measure of the demand. A labor leader has furnished another. At a recent conference, arguing that restriction of immigration would benefit American labor, he said that an authority in the building trade had calculated that with immigration suspended, common labor in New York would be receiving $3 within a year. He had not calculated the paralysis that such a wage would inflict upon industry.

Of all that come in response to our National invitation to the worker, the educated Italian without a manual trade is the Italian who most signally fails in America. He is seen idling at the cheap restaurants everywhere in the Italian colonies. But the illiterate laborer takes no chances. He usually has definite knowledge of precisely where work is needed before he leaves home. Fifteen thousand immigrants sometimes reach Ellis Island in a single day. Yet each Italian must earn his living in some way, and that at once, for he brings no more than eight or ten dollars with him.

This same inborn conservatism that risks nothing makes of southern Italians the most mobile supply of labor that this country has ever known. Migratory laborers, who come here to work during eight or nine months of the year, and return between October and December, are a very large part of the annual immigration. They form a stream of workers that ebbs and flows from Italy to America in instant response to demand; and yet the significance of the movement has gone almost entirely unnoticed. More than 98,000 Italians—laborers and others, but chiefly laborers—went back to Italy in 1903. In 1904, owing to a temporary lull in our prosperity and the general business uncertainty during a Presidential campaign, the demand slackened. The common laborer, who ordinarily pays a padrone fifty cents as a fee for employment, was offering as high as five dollars for a job in the summer of 1904. In the end, more than 134,000 Italians returned to Italy within the year, and we were saved the problem of an army of unemployed.

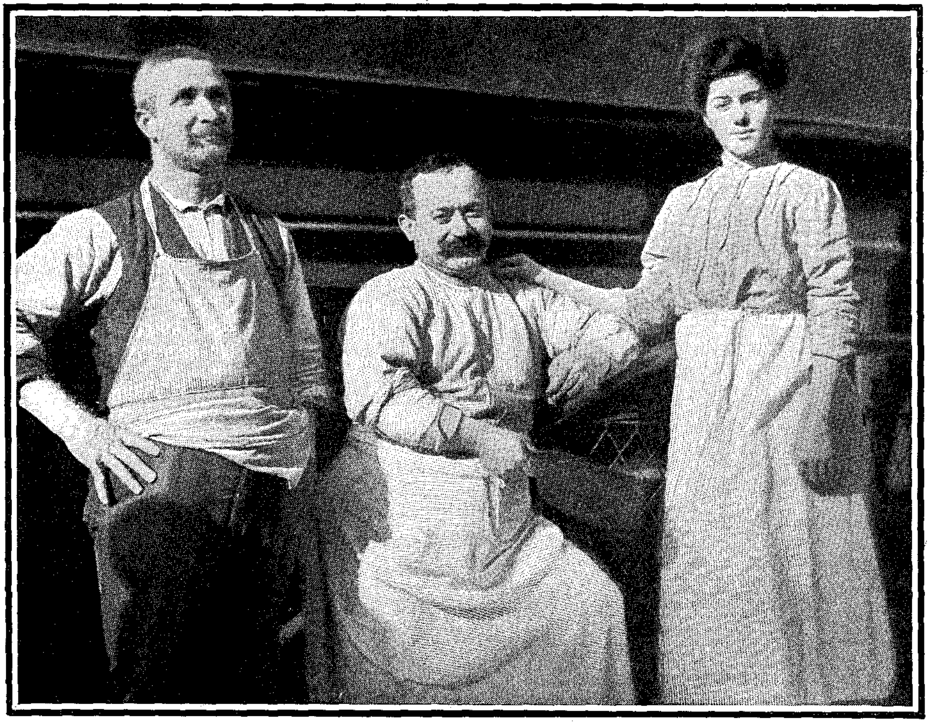
If the ignorant immigrant is a menace, the mobility of Italian unskilled labor has conferred another blessing upon us, for it is the very element that contains a large majority of the dreaded illiterates. The whole number of them who enter the community thus gives no indication of the number who are permanently added to our population, and the yearly percentage of their arrivals since 1901 has fallen from 59.1 per cent. to 47 per cent., and is likely to fall still lower. But there is something to be said on behalf of the illiterates who remain among us. They are never Anarchists; they are guiltless of the so-called "black hand" letters. The individual *bracciante* is, in fact, rarely anything but a gentle and often a rather dull drudge, who still has wit enough to say that he knows he cannot be Cæsar, and is very well content to be plain Neapolitan Nicola. Knowledge is power, but an education gives no certificate of character, and still less does ability to read and write afford any test whatever either of morals or of brains. A concrete instance gives a practical proof. There are more than four times as many illiterates in the general population of the United States as were found, according to the last published report, among those arrested in Greater New York between January 1 and March 31, 1905: 44,014 persons were arrested: of these, only 1,175, or a little over 2.6 per cent., were unable to read or write. The percentage of illiteracy for the entire United States is 10.6 per cent., and for that of the native whites alone 4.6 per cent.

The very success of American schools goes far in explaining the mystery of our exorbitant demand for unskilled labor. In proportion as they fulfill their mission they are depriving us of the rough laborer. The boy who is forbidden by the New York law to leave school until he is fourteen years old and has reached the fifth grammar grade, later in life does not join a gang that digs sewers and subways. Such laborers are recruited from the illiterate, or nearly illiterate—those who have failed in the beginning of the struggle in which brains count. For our future supply of the lower grades of labor we must depend more and more upon countries with a poorer school system than ours.

Lies have short legs, the Florentine tag has it, but the Italian is still accused of being a degenerate, a lazy fellow and a pauper, half a criminal, a present danger and a serious menace to our civilization. If there is a substantial basis of truth in these charges, it must appear very clearly in Greater New York, which is now disputing Rome's place as the third largest Italian city in the world. Moreover, New York contains nearly two-fifths of all the Italians in the United States, and in proportion to its size it is the least prosperous Italian colony in the country, and shelters a considerable part of our immigrant failures—those who cannot fall into step with the march of American life.

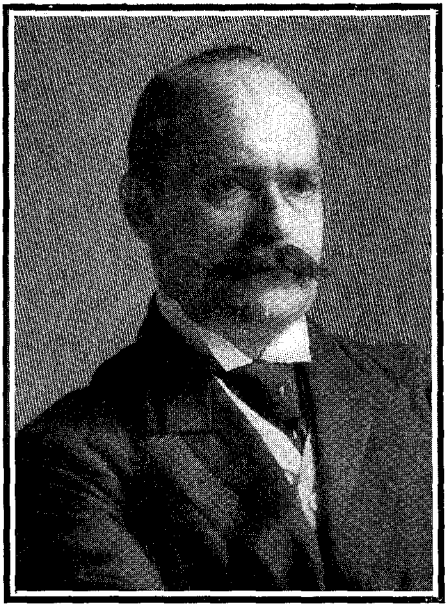
First, as to the paupers. The Italian inhabitants of New York City number nearly 450,000; the Irish, somewhat over 300,000. In males—the criminal sex—the Italians outnumber the Irish about two to one. Yet by a visit to the great almshouse on Blackwell's Island and an examination of the unpublished record for 1904, I found that during that year 1,564 Irish had been admitted, and only 16 Italians. Mr. James Forbes, the chief of the Mendicancy Department of the Charity Organization Society, tells me that he has never seen or heard of an Italian tramp. As for begging, between July 1, 1904, and September 30, 1905, the Mendicancy Police took into custody

IN THE BLEECKER STREET COLONY



A GENOESE RESTAURANT KEEPER, HIS COOK AND WAITRESS

The cook, who comes from Parma, only seventy-five miles from Genoa, has had to learn Genoese as a new language



SIGNOR ANTONIO STELLA

A prominent physician and philanthropist

SIGNOR ANTONIO FRANCOLINI

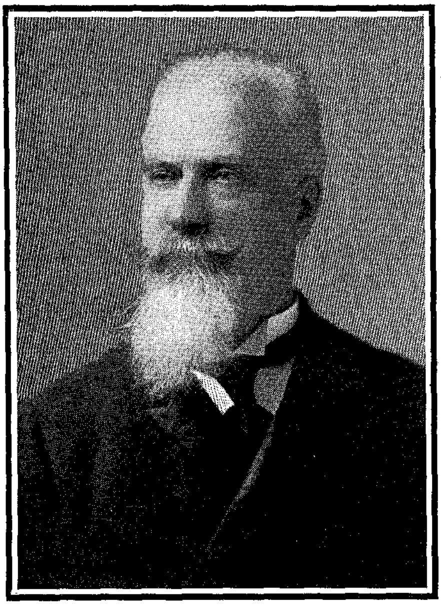
President of the New York Italian Savings Bank, prominent in reform movements and philanthropy

REPRESENTATIVE ITALIAN

519 Irish and only 92 Italians. Pauperism has a close relation with suicide, and of such deaths during the year the record counts 89 Irish and 23 Italians. The Irish have always supplied much more than their share of our paupers; but Irish brawn has contributed its full part to the prosperity of the country; and the comparatively large proportion of Irish inmates in all our penal institutions never justified the charge that the Irish are a criminal race, or Irish immigration undesirable. That was the final answer to the Know-Nothing argument!

Nor do court records show that Italians are the professional criminals they are said to be. Take the city magistrates' reports for the year ending December 31, 1901—the latest date for which all the necessary data are available. At that time, using Dr. Laidlaw's estimate of additions by immigration to the population of the city to May 1, 1902, there were about 282,804 Irish and 200,549 Italians in Greater New York. If the proportion of the sexes remained unchanged from the taking of the census, there were 117,599 Irish males, and 114,673 Italian. This near equality of the criminal sex in the two nationalities makes possible a rough measure of Italian criminality.

In these columns of crime the most striking fact in the Italian's favor is a remarkable showing of sobriety. During the year, 7,281 Irish were haled into court accused of "intoxication" and "intoxication and disorderly conduct," while the Italians arrested on the same charge numbered only 513. With the exception of the Russian Jews, Italians are by far the most sober of all nationalities in New York, including the native born. Next, noticing only offenses committed with particular frequency, the Italians again appear at a pronounced advantage in: Assaults (misdemeanor), 284 Irish and 139 Italians; disorderly conduct, 3,278 Irish and 1,454 Italians; larceny (misdemeanor), 297 Irish and 174 Italians; vagrancy, 1,031 Irish and 80 Italians. Insanity is here listed with crime, and there are 146 Irish commitments to 35 Italian. Irish and Italians are nearly at an equality in: Burglaries, 63 Irish and 57 Italians; and larceny (felony), 122 Irish and 94 Italians. On the other hand, Italians show at the worst in: Violation of corporation ordinance (chiefly peddling without a license),



SIGNOR ANTONIO ZUCCA

President of the New York Italian Chamber of Commerce, prominent in politics

SIGNOR ROSSATI

An Italian agricultural expert

196 Irish and 1,169 Italians; and assault (felony), 75 Irish and 155 Italians. In homicides, quite contrary to the popular impression, the Italians are only charged with the ratio exactly normal to their numbers after taking the average per 100,000 for the whole city, while the Irish are accused of nearly two and one-half times their quota: Irish 50, Italians 14. The report for 1903, the last published, after important changes effected by almost two years of immigration, shows an unchanged proportional variation: Irish 59, Italians 21.

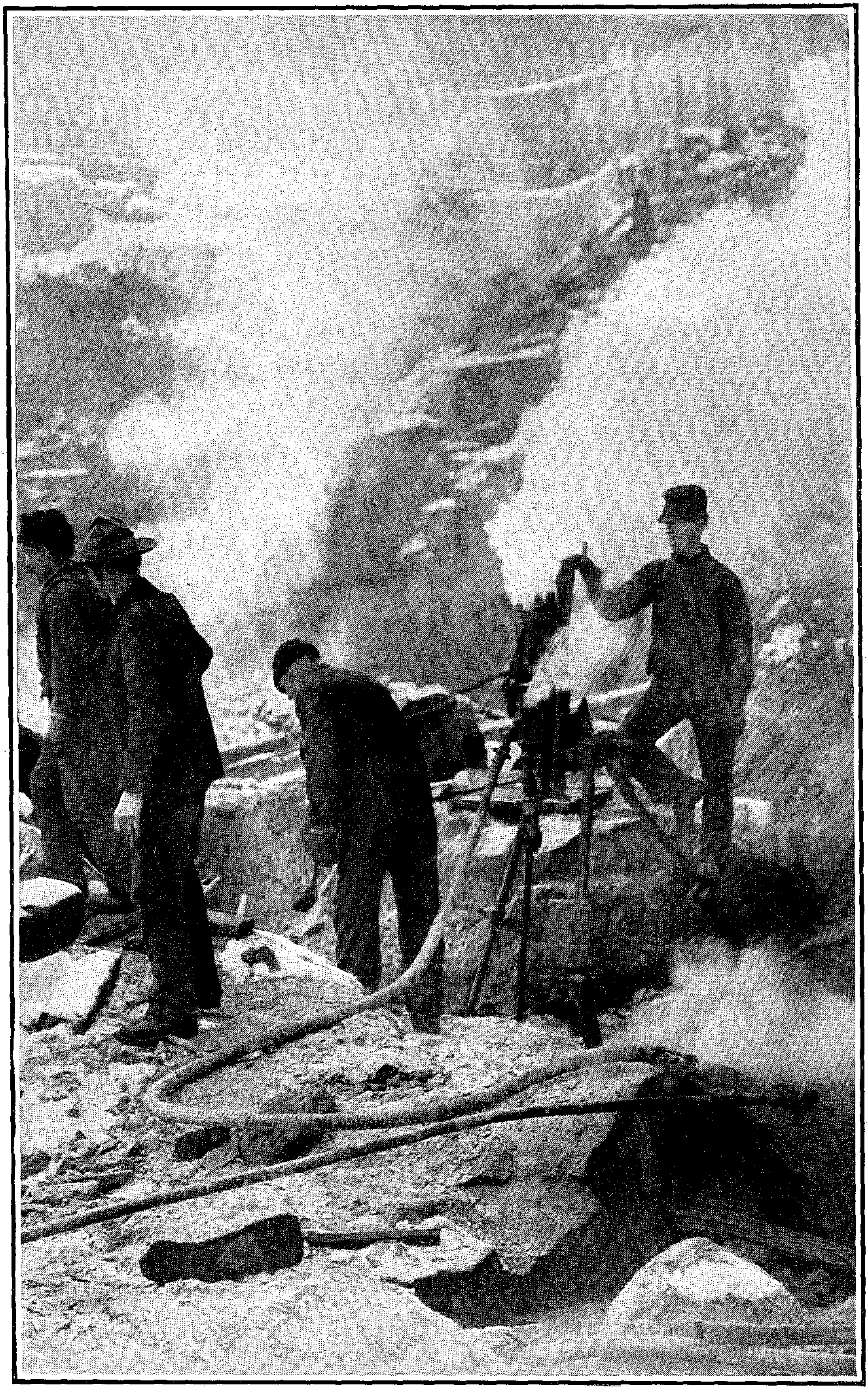
The one serious crime to which Italians are prone more than other men is an unpremeditated crime of violence. This is mostly charged, and probably with entire justice, upon the men of four provinces, and Girgenti in Sicily is particularly specified. It is generally the outcome of quarrels among themselves, prompted by jealousy and suspected treachery. The Sicilians' code of honor is an antiquated and repellent one, but even his vendetta is less ruthless than the Kentucky mountaineer's. It stops at the grave. Judged in the mass, Italians are peaceable, as they are law-abiding. The exceptions make up the national criminal record; and as there is a French or English type of criminal, so there is a Sicilian type, who has succeeded in impressing our imaginations with some fear and terror.

The Mafia is the expression of Sicilian criminality, and here, as in Italy, the methods of the Sicilian criminal are the same. For some of his crimes he is more apt to have an accomplice than most other criminals. But there is no sufficient reason for believing that a Mafia, organized as it often is in Italy, a definite society of the lawless, exists anywhere in this country. No one who knows the different Italian colonies well will admit the possibility of its existence. The authorities at police headquarters scout the idea. As with the Mafia, so with the Black Hand. I went to Sergeant Petrosino, who is said to know every important Italian criminal in New York. He disposed very summarily of the bogey: "As far as they can be traced, threatening letters are generally a hoax; some of them are attempts at blackmail by inexperienced criminals, who have had the idea suggested to them by reading about the Black Hand in the sensational papers; but the number of threatening letters sent with the deliberate intention of using violence as a last resort to extort money is ridiculously small."

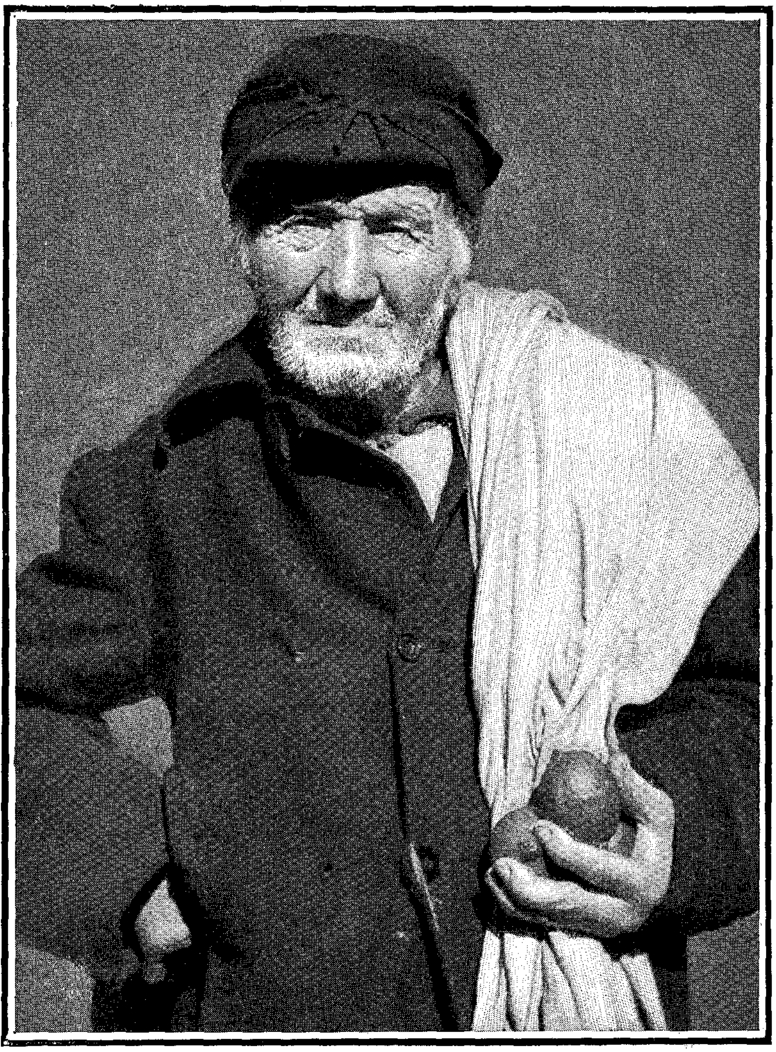
It is important that two or three other truths about the Italian should be known. Like all their immigrant predecessors, Italians profess no special cult of soap and water; and here, too, there are differences, for some Italians are cleaner than others. Still, cleanliness is the rule and dirt the exception. The inspectors of the New York Tenement-House Department report that the tenements in the Italian quarters are in the best condition of all, and that they are infinitely cleaner than those in the Jewish and Irish districts. And the same with overcrowding. One of New York's typical "Little Italies" is inhabited by 1,075 Italian families—so poor that only twenty-six of them pay over $19 monthly rent—and yet, when a complete canvass was made by the Federation of Churches, the average allotment of space was found to be one room to 1.7 persons. Like the Germans and Irish of the fifties, our Italians are largely poor, ignorant peasants when they come to us. But by the enforcement of the recent law our present immigrants are greatly superior physically and morally to those of the Know-Nothing days. The difference in criminal records is partly the proof of a better law. The worst of the newer tenements are better than the best of the old kind, and every surrounding is more sanitary. Better schools, recreation piers, public baths, playgrounds, and new parks are helping the Italian children of the tenements to develop into healthy and useful men and women.

To understand our Italians we need to get close enough to them to see that they are of the same human *pasta*—to use their word—as the rest of us. They need no defense but the truth. In spite of the diverse character that all the provinces stamp upon their children, our southern Italian immigrants still have many qualities in common. Their peculiar defects and vices have been exaggerated until the popular notion of the Italian represents the truth in about the same way that the London stage Yankee hits off the average American. Besides, as the Italian Poor Richard says, "It's a bad wool that can't be dyed," and our Italians have their virtues, too, which should be better known. Many of them are, it is true, ignorant, and clannish, and conservative. Their humility and lack of self-reliance are often discouraging. Many think that a smooth and diplomatic falsehood is better than an uncivil truth, and, by a paradox, a liar is not necessarily either a physical or a moral coward. No force can make them give evidence against one another. Generally they have little orderliness, small civic sense, and no instinctive faith in the law. Some of them are hot-blooded and quick to avenge an injury, but the very large majority are gentle, kindly, and as mild-tempered as oxen. They are docile, patient, faithful. They have great physical vigor, and are the hardest and best laborers we have ever had, if we are to believe the universal testimony of their employers. Many are well-mannered and quick-witted; all are severely logical. As a class they are emotional, imaginative, fond of music and art. They are honest, saving, industrious, temperate, and so exceptionally moral that two years ago the Secretary of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in San Francisco was able to boast that the police of that city had never yet found an Italian woman of evil character. Even in New York (and I have my information from Mr. Forbes, of the Charity Organization Society) Italian prostitution was entirely unknown until by our corrupt police it was colonized as scientifically as a culture of bacteria made by a biologist; and to-day it is less proportionately than that of any other nationality within the limits of the greater city. More than 750,000 Italian immigrants have come to us within the last four years, and during that entire time only a single woman of them has been ordered deported charged with prostitution.

So far from being a scum of Italy's paupers and criminals, our Italian immigrants are the very flower of her peasantry. They bring healthy bodies and a prodigious will to work. They have an intense love for their fatherland, and a fondness for old customs; and both are deepened by the hostility they



ITALIANS EXCAVATING FOR THE FOUNDATIONS OF A SKY-SCRAPER meet and the gloom of the tenements that they are forced to inhabit. The sunshine, the simplicity, the happiness of the old outdoor ways are gone, and often you will hear the words, "Non c'é piacere nella vita"—there is no pleasure in life here. But yet they come, driven from a land of starvation to a land of plenty. Each year about one-third of the great host of industrial recruits from Italy, breaking up as it lands into little groups of twos and threes, and invading the tenements almost unnoticed, settles in the different colonies of New York. This is a mighty, silent influence for the preservation of the Italian spirit and tradition.


A LEMON PEDDLER FROM CAMPO BASSO

But there are limits to the building of an Italian city on American soil. New York tenement-houses are not adapted to life as it is organized in the hill villages of Italy, and a change has come over every relation of life. The crowded living is strange and depressing; instead of work accompanied by song in orangeries and vineyards, there is silent toil in the cañons of a city street; instead of the splendid and expostulating *carabiniere* there is the rough force of the New York policeman to represent authority.

There is the diminished importance of the church, and, in spite of their set ways, there is different eating and drinking, sleeping and waking. A different life breeds different habits, and different habits with American surroundings effect a radical change in the man. It is difficult for the American to realize this. He sees that the signs and posters of the colony are all in Italian; he hears the newsboys cry "Progresso," "Araldo," "Bolletino;" he hears peddlers shout out in their various dialects the names of strange-looking vegetables and fish. The whole district seems so Italianized and cut off from the general American life that it might as well be one of the ancient walled towns of the Apennines. He thinks that he is transported to Italy, and moralizes over the "unchanging colony." But the greenhorn from Fiumefreddo is in another world. Everything is strange to him; and I have repeatedly heard Italians say that for a long time after landing they could not distinguish between an Italian who had been here four or five years and a native American.

Refractory though the grown-up immigrant may often be to the spirit of our Republic, the children almost immediately become Americans. The boy takes no interest in "Mora," a guessing match played with the fingers, or "Boccie," a kind of bowls—his father's favorite games. Like any other American boy, he plays marbles, "I spy the wolf," and, when there is no policeman about, baseball. Little girls skip the rope to the calling of "Pepper, salt, mustard, vinegar." The "Lunga Tela" is forgotten, and our equivalent, "London bridge is falling down," and "All around the mulberry-bush," sound through the streets of the colony on summer evenings. You are struck with the deep significance of such a sight if you walk on Mott Street, where certainly more than half of the men and women who crowd every block can speak no English at all, and see, as I have seen, a full dozen of small girls, not more than five or six years old, marching along, hand in hand, singing their kindergarten song, "My little sister lost her shoe." Through these children the common school is leavening the whole mass, and an old story is being retold.

Like the Italians, the Irish and the Germans had to meet distrust and abuse when they came to do the work of the rough day-laborer. The terrors and excesses of Native Americanism and Know-Nothingism came and went, but the prejudice remained. Yet the Irish and Germans furnished good raw material for citizenship, and quickly responded to American influences. They dug cellars and carried bricks and mortar; they sewered, graded, and paved the streets and built the railroads. Then slowly the number of skilled mechanics among them increased. Many acquired a competence and took a position of some dignity in the community, and Irish and Germans moved up a little in the social scale. They were held in greater respect when, in the dark days of the Civil War, we saw that they yielded to none in self-sacrificing devotion to the country. Thousands of Germans fought for the Union besides those who served under Sigel. Thousands of Irishmen died for the cause besides those of the "Old Sixty-ninth." "Dutch" and "Mick" began to go out of fashion as nicknames, and the seventies had not passed before it was often said among the common people that mixed marriages between Germans or Irish and natives were usually happy marriages.

From the very bottom, Italians are climbing up the same rungs of the same social and industrial ladder. But it is still a secret that they are being gradually turned into Americans; and, for all its evils, the city colony is a wonderful help in the process. The close contact of American surroundings eventually destroys the foreign life and spirit, and of this New York gives proof. Only two poor fragments remain of the numerous important German and Irish colonies that were flourishing in the city twenty-five or thirty years ago; while the ancient settled Pennsylvania Dutch, thanks to their isolation, are not yet fully merged in the great citizen body. And so, in the city colony, Italians are becoming Americans. Legions of them, who never intended to remain here when they landed, have cast in their lot

A GROUP OF SCHOOL CHILDREN, ALL ITALIANS

"Through these children the common school is leavening the whole mass"

definitely with us; and those who have already become Americanized, but no others, are beginning to intermarry with our people. The mass of them are still laborers, toiling like ants in adding to the wealth of the country; but thousands are succeeding in many branches of trade and manufacture. The names of Italians engaged in business in the United States fill a special directory of over five hundred pages. Their real estate holdings and bank deposits aggregate enormous totals. Their second generation is already crowding into all the professions, and we have Italian teachers, dentists, architects, engineers, doctors, lawyers, and judges.

But more important than any material success is their loyalty to the nation of their adoption. Yet with this goes an undying love for their native land. There are many types of these new citizens. I have in mind an Italian banker who will serve for one. His Americanism is enthusiastic and breezily Western. He has paid many visits to the land of his birth, and delights in its music, art, and literature. He finds an almost sacred inspiration in the glories of its history. Beginning in extreme poverty, by his own unaided efforts he has secured education and wealth; by his services to the city and State in which he lives he has won public esteem. Perhaps no other Italian has achieved so brilliant a success. But as a citizen he is no more typical or hopeful an example of the Italian who becomes an American than Giovanni Aloi, a street-sweeper of my acquaintance.

This honest *spazzino* of the white uniform sent a son to Cuba in the Spanish War; boasts that he has not missed a vote in fifteen years; in his humble way did valiant service in his political club against the "boss" of New York during the last campaign. And yet he declares that we have no meats or vegetables with "the flavor or substance" of those in the old country; reproaches us severely for having "no place which is such a pleasure to see as Naples," and swears by "Torqua-ato Ta-ass" as the greatest of poets, though he only knows four lines of the *Gerusalemme*. Side by side over the fireplace in his living-room are two unframed pictures tacked to the wall. Little paper flags of the two countries are crossed over each. One is a chromo of Garibaldi in his red shirt. The other is a newspaper supplement portrait of Lincoln.

A man like Giovanni Aloi, yearning for the home of his youth, sometimes goes back to Italy, but he soon returns. Unconsciously, in his very inmost being, he has become an American, and the prophecy of Bayard Taylor's great ode is fulfilled. Their tongue melts in ours. Their race unites to the strength of ours. For many thousands of them their Italy now lies by the western brine.

THE "SPAZZINO"

NIAGARA

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

THE WATER TALKED TO THE TURBINE
AT THE INTAKE'S COUCHANT KNEE:
Brother, thy mouth is darkness
Devouring me.

I rush at the whirl of thy bidding;
I pour and spend
Through the wheel-pit's nether tempest.
Brother, the end?
Before fierce days of tent and javelin,
Before the cloudy kings of Ur,
Before the Breath upon the waters,
My splendors were.

Red hurricanes of roving worlds,
Huge wallow of the uncharted Sea,
The formless births of fluid stars,
Remember me.
A glacial dawn, the smoke of rainbows,
The swiftness of the cañoned west,
The steadfast column of white volcanoes,
Leap from my breast.

But now, subterranean, mirthless,
I tug and strain,
Beating out a dance thou hast taught me
With penstock, cylinder, vane.
I am more delicate than moonlight,
Grave as the thunder's rocking brow;
I am genesis, revelation,
Yet less than thou.

By this I adjure thee, brother,
Beware to offend!
For the least, the dumbfounded, the conquered,
Shall judge in the end.

THE TURBINE TALKED TO THE MAN
AT THE SWITCHBOARD'S CRYPTIC KEY:
Brother, thy touch is whirlwind
Consuming me.

I revolve at the pulse of thy finger.
Millions of power I flash
For the muted and ceaseless cables
And the engine's crash.
Like Samson, fettered, blindfolded,
I sweat at my craft;
But I build a temple I know not,
Driver and ring and shaft.

Wheat-field and tunnel and furnace,
They tremble and are aware.

But beyond thou compellest me, brother,
Beyond these, where?
Singing like sunrise on battle,
I travail as hills that bow;
I am wind and fire of prophecy,
Yet less than thou.

By this I adjure thee, brother,
Be slow to offend!
For the least, the blindfolded, the conquered,
Shall judge in the end.

THE MAN STROVE WITH HIS MAKER
AT THE CLANG OF THE POWER-HOUSE DOOR:
Lord, Lord, Thou art unsearchable,
Troubling me sore.

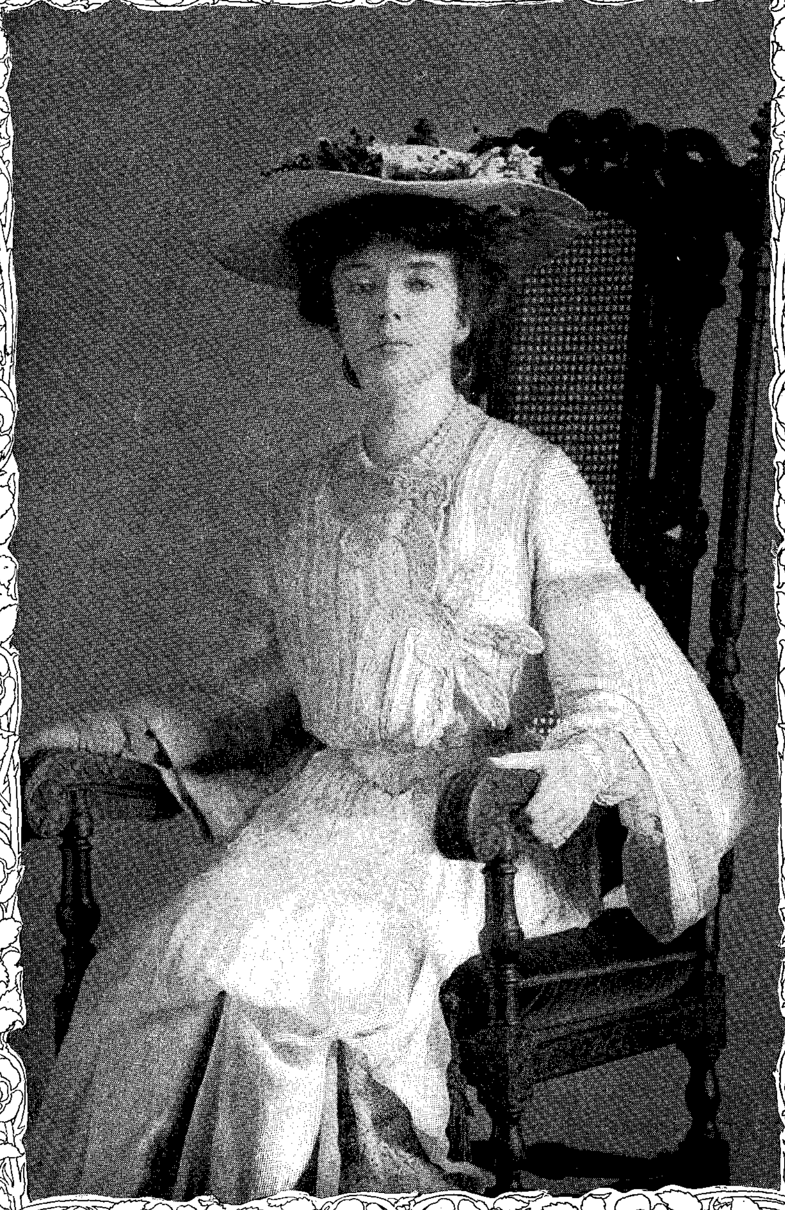
I have thrust my spade to the caverns;
I have yoked the cataract;
I have counted the steps of the planets.
What thing have I lacked?
I am come to a goodly country,
Where, putting my hand to the plow,
I have not considered the lilies.
Am I less than Thou?

THE MAKER SPAKE WITH THE MAN
AT THE TERMINAL-HOUSE OF THE LINE:
For delight wouldst thou have desolation,
O brother mine,
And flaunt on the highway of nations
A byword and sign?

Have I fashioned thee then in my image
And quickened thy spirit of old,
If thou spoil my garments of wonder
For a handful of gold?
I wrought for thy glittering possession
The waterfall's glorious lust;
It is genesis, revelation,—
Wilt thou grind it to dust?

Niagara, the genius of freedom,
A creature for base command!
Thy soul is the pottage thou sellest:
Withhold thy hand.
Or take him and bind him and make him
A magnificent slave if thou must—
But remember that beauty is treasure
And gold is dust.

Yea, thou, returnèd to the fertile ground
In the humble days, to be,
Shalt learn that he who slays a splendor
Has murdered Me.
By this I adjure thee, brother,
Beware to offend!
For the least, the extinguished, the conquered,
Shall judge in the end.



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT

From a photograph, copyright by Pach Brothers, New York

R. WEIR CROUCH

A WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE PHILIPPINES

BY MABEL T. BOARDMAN

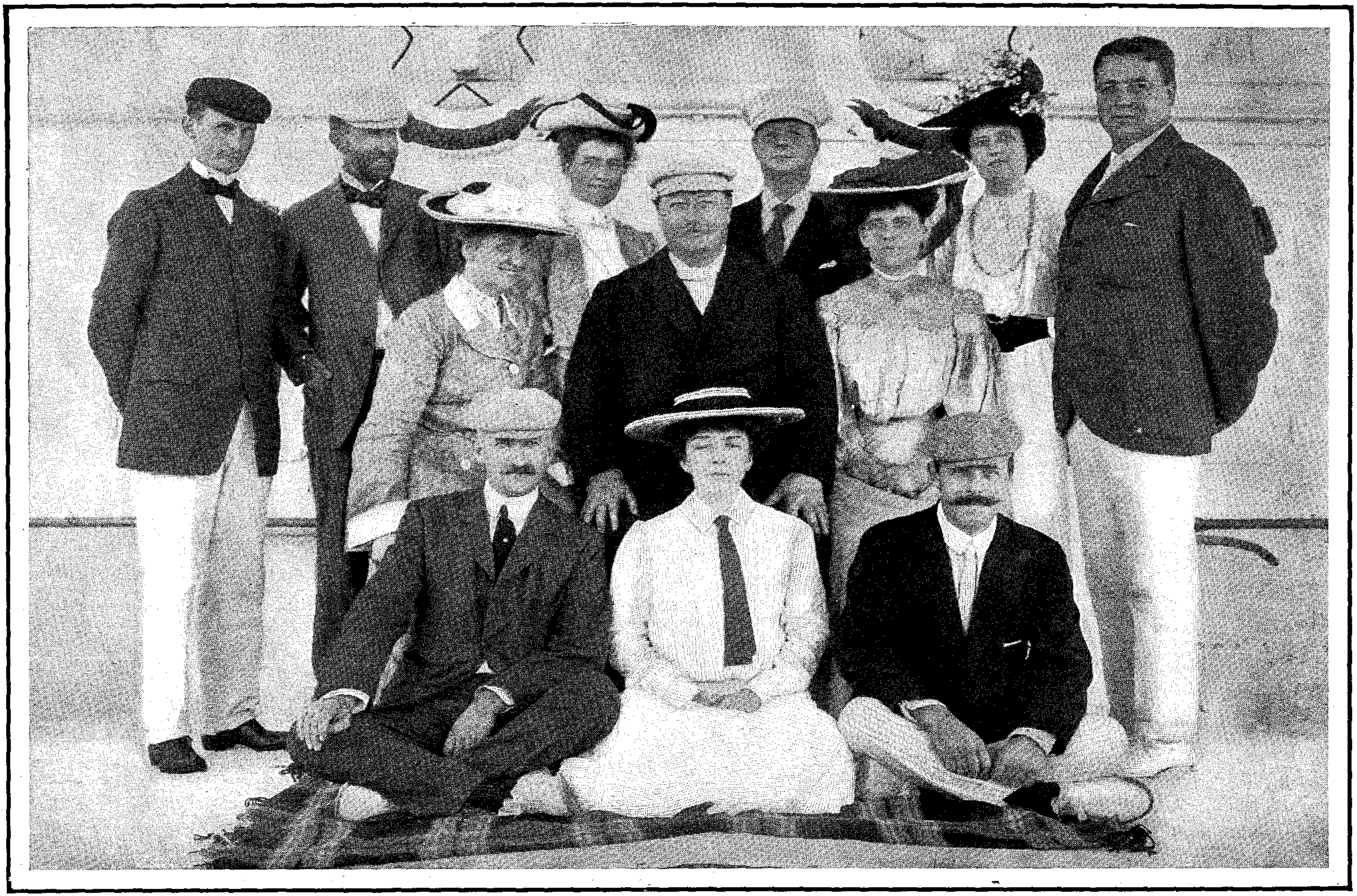
Miss Mabel Boardman was a prominent member of the party of Government officials and others under the charge of Secretary Taft which visited the Philippines last summer. In response to a request from The Outlook for a woman's impressions of the Philippines, Miss Boardman has written the following account of her observations there. Miss Boardman is a resident of Washington, and has been active and efficient in the reorganization of the American National Red Cross.—THE EDITORS.

TO find so far in the East, with such Oriental surroundings, a city like Manila, with its many traces of Western civilization, convinces any one who stops to think, that in the Philippines exist conditions which are not to be found in the neighboring countries. It is true that in the ports of China and Japan many of the streets and houses may have European aspects, but this is entirely due to the encroachments of Western commerce.

As we drove from the dock on the Pasig River, where we landed on Saturday morning, August 5, up through the streets of the old walled city to the Ayuntamiento, the Government building, I was immediately impressed with the Spanish appearance of the houses, the convents, and the churches that we passed. The light-colored two or three storied buildings, some with overhanging galleries, were a marked contrast to the long rows of low, black houses that line so many of the streets of Tokyo. After the jinrikishas we had seen in Japan, and the chairs we were to use in China and Korea, the scores of little native carriages, with occasionally a large victoria of some American or foreign resident that rattled along beside us, brought again a sense of European civilization. An attempt was once made to introduce jinrikishas into the islands, but the Filipinos were so opposed to their fellow-men being transformed into beasts of burden that it had to be abandoned.

Spanish again is the fine Government building, the Ayuntamiento, which fronts on the Plaza McKinley, and crowded was its great marble hall with Filipinos and Americans when we arrived. On the dais sat the Governor-General of the Islands, the Philippine Commission, and the Secretary of War. Behind them on the wall hung high the portraits of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, and in close juxtaposition, on carved wooden medallions, were the heads of the Spanish Queen-mother and the little boy-King. All that such a scene typified aroused in me, and I think in many others, a new and intense emotion. First the soil of that mysterious East, then the foundation of Spanish Christian civilization; and now, what manner of structure are we, the American people, to build thereon?

Here, at this meeting of welcome, the freedom of the city was presented to the Secretary of War by the Mayor of Manila; and I noticed there, as on other like occasions, the eager interest with which the Philippine people of all classes listened to the speeches. These had always to be translated either into Spanish or into English, so that even brief addresses became somewhat lengthy affairs; but the standing crowds at the sides and back of the room never thinned, nor did the eyes of the listeners turn away from the speakers. How many of them comprehended the import of what was said? How many listened, as children will listen, to a story they do not understand? These are questions I cannot answer, for nowhere did we come in such touch with the *tao*, the man of the people, as to have an opportunity to learn his point of view. But is it probable that he differs from the great majority of the rest of mankind, contented if he has enough to live comfortably according to his



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURR MᶜINTOSH

SOME OF THE TAFT PARTY ON SHIPBOARD

Hon. Herbert Parsons Hon. F. H. Gillett Miss McMillan Senator Newlands Mrs. Parsons Captain Thompson
Mrs. Newlands The Secretary of War Miss Boardman
Colonel Edwards Miss Roosevelt Hon. Nicholas Longworth

wants, and discontented if conditions are otherwise?

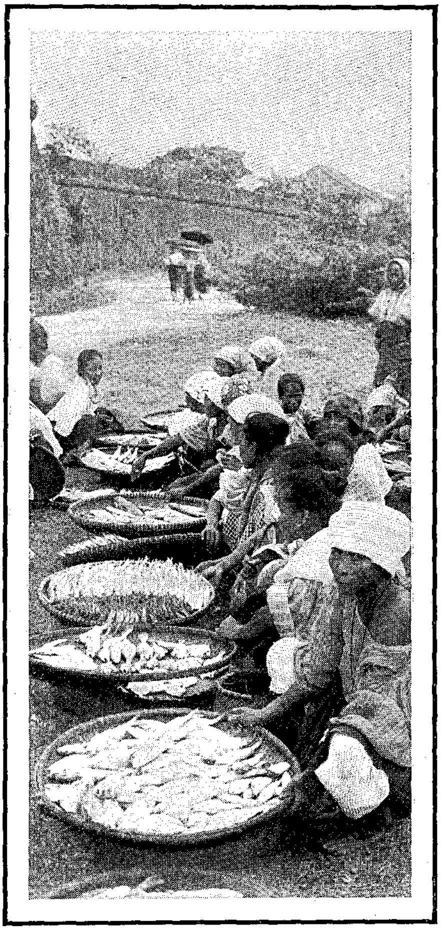
After the welcome at the Ayuntamiento we were driven to the houses of the various hosts, most of them being American officials. There had apparently been some friction between the Americans and the Filipinos in regard to the entertainment of the Commission. On the one hand, we were told that the Filipinos had not shown any energetic anxiety to entertain the party, and that when asked what nights should be reserved for any of their hospitality few responses were received, so that the Americans took the matter in hand and planned many dinners, receptions, and other entertainments. The other side of the story, for there was another side, was not so easily to be learned. To a people brought up on the *mañana* principle the direct and energetic questions, "Whom will you entertain?" or "What evenings do you wish for a dinner or a ball?" are much too startling for a prompt response. Furthermore, inquiries had been made as to whether or not Chinese cooks, those *cordons bleus* of the East, were kept, or horses and carriages for their guests' convenience. These questions had made them hesitate to proffer such hospitality as they felt they were able to offer. The few members of the Commission who did stay in Philippine families could have received no greater kindness and hospitality than were shown them by their hosts.

Monday was the day of the great civic, industrial, and military parade. After a shower or two came a bright, sunny day, the temperature no higher than an average summer day at home, though the humidity takes the starch out of one's energy as well as one's clothes. For two hours or more the procession passed—regiments of United States soldiers, native constabulary, thousands of school-children, floats representing municipal and governmental departments, the various trades and manufactures, the manual training school, and bands by the score. Bands before and after everything! and at one time, when nothing more could be found to precede and follow, they preceded and followed each other, marching happily along, fourteen strong, each serenely playing a different tune. And finally came the end, the fire department of the past, an ancient and for once subdued Filipino pony dragging slowly a small water-cart, beside which walked a dozen men carrying pails. Then, like whirlwinds from the high bridge up the street, came tearing down and thundering by, one after the other, the great American fire-engines—the East and the West again.

But if we try to rush our Western ideas into the stolidity of the East with the same chariot-race speed, we may learn that patience is a greater virtue in the Oriental march of human progress than a superfluity of American "hustling." It was all very interesting, but the sight that had left the deepest impression was that of the thousands of school-children marching along under the American flag. With them rests the future of their country.

One morning the Secretary, Miss Roosevelt, and some of the rest of us gave to a visit to the Manual Training School—now full of pupils—and to the Normal School. The young Philippine woman at the head of the girls' dormitory of the latter school told me that among those girls, many of whom speak different tongues, English is now used as the general language. After a tour of inspection we found about two hundred of the Normal School young men and women assembled in a large hall. Watching the faces as the Secretary spoke to them most earnestly of their great responsibilities—no interpreter was needed, so well did they understand English—I noticed among the young men one or two whose expressions seemed to warn us of days of future mistaken patriotism on their part, but the majority of them looked happy and contented. The faces of the young women were especially bright and responsive. Another morning Miss Roosevelt and four or five other women of the Commission's party went to a meeting of the Women's Club, whose President, Miss Felix, read a well-written paper in Spanish on "The Philippine Woman, Past and Present," a translation of which was afterwards given by one of the American teachers. A women's club in the tropical Orient, in the midst of the Eastern subjugation of women—what a flavor of the West!

A Philippine entertainment came at last—a musicale in a private house. We drove through a small garden, and under a porte-cochère. A broad stairway led from the lower hall to the main hall above, where we were received by Señor and Señora Limjah. Off from this hall, as is usual in these houses, opened the various rooms of the house, including most of the bedrooms, and in the hall the musicale was held. The Philippine people are exceedingly fond of music, but it seemed to me their playing and their singing lacked expression.



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THE FISH MARKET AT MANILA

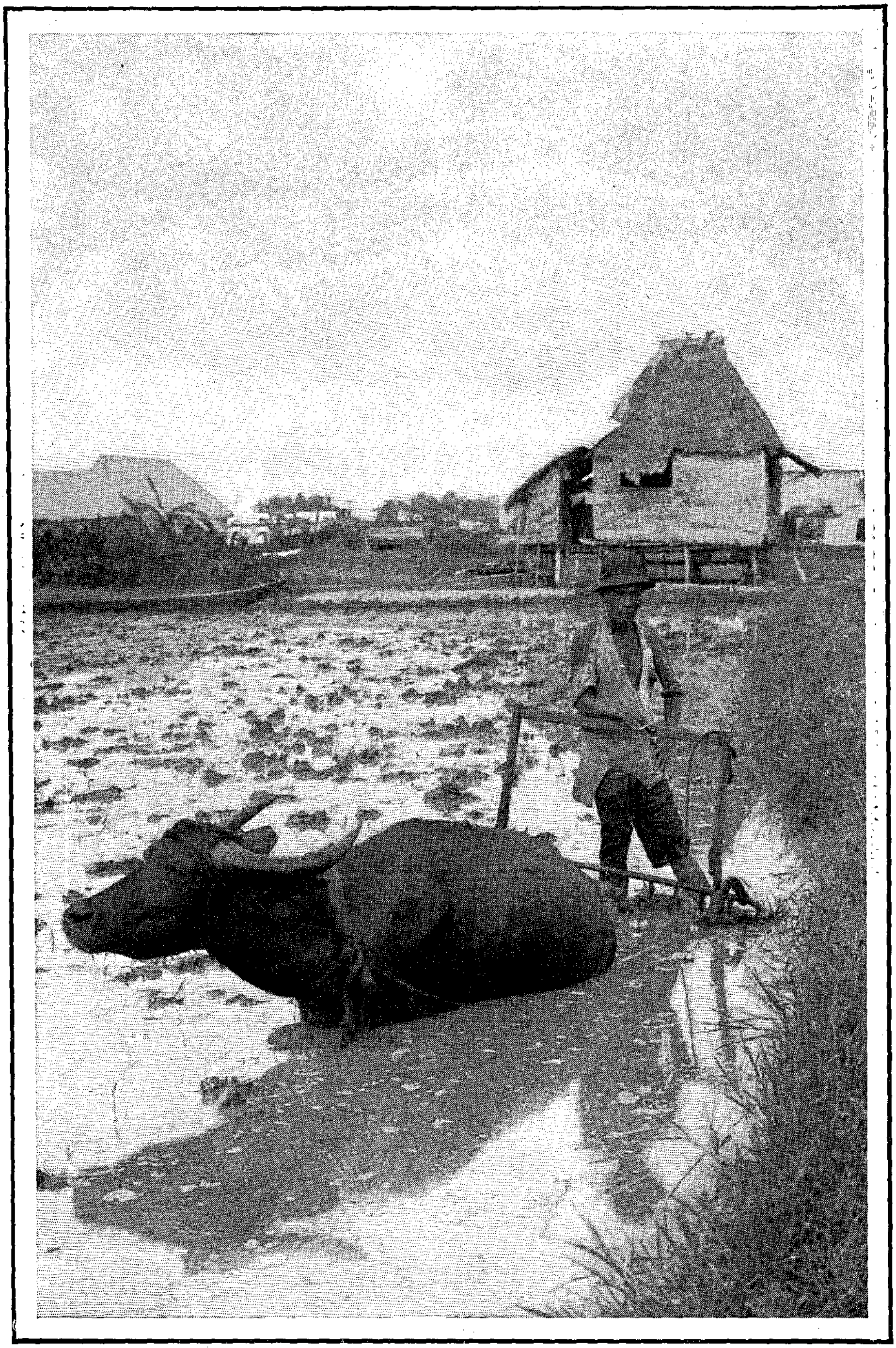
Fortunately, that evening I had the opportunity of meeting a number of Philippine women.

Only a very few of them spoke English, and my conversation was somewhat restricted by the limitations of those who did. There was a certain pathos in a remark one of them made: "We have talked and talked for months of your coming, and when you do come we have seen so little of you. Now you go away so soon you cannot come to see us in our homes."

Saturday night, at the Ayuntamiento, a ball was given by the Filipinos for Miss Roosevelt. Here, as at all other balls, came again the West with its social life. Waltzes and two-steps were danced, and a square dance called the rigadon. This Miss Roosevelt and some of us had learned on the steamer, tutored by the Secretary and some young Philippine fellow-voyagers, so that we could dance it without being reduced to the hopeless confusion that generally ends our own lancers. A sympathy in pleasures and amusements goes a long way in cementing a friendship.

Sunday we sailed away from Manila on the transport Logan for a two weeks' tour of the islands, and on Tuesday morning our first stop, Iloilo, on the island of Panay, brought us into the heart of the sugar-growing country. We ran up the river in a procession of little boats to near the municipal building, in whose upper hall were assembled a number of the ladies of the town to welcome us, brave in their mestizo dresses and many diamonds in spite of the early morning hour.

In the afternoon carriages were provided for a sugar-mill visit and a tour of the surrounding country. It fell to my fortunate lot to be taken on this drive by a young Miss Lacson, daughter of a prominent sugar-planter of Occidental Negros. Miss Lacson, having been educated in a Hongkong convent, spoke both French and English. We tagged on behind the long procession of army wagons in a small victoria drawn by a pair of diminutive ponies, whose erratic actions occasionally snapped some part of the harness. The readiness with which the driver produced string to repair damages, and the absolute unconcern of my companion, proved the commonness of such experiences, and



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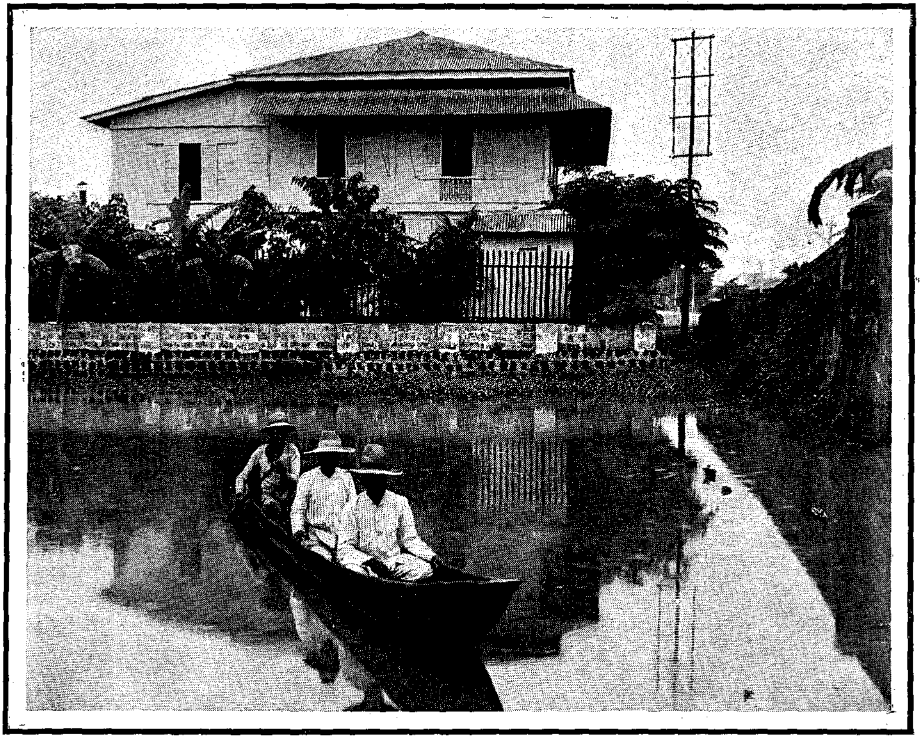
PLOWING A RICE-FIELD WITH A WATER BUFFALO reminded me of Mr. Kipling's description of his departure after a visit to some Indian rajah, when he drove away in a victoria "which the horses dragged by a few pieces of string and the grace of God." As the army wagons held together better than did we, we were soon left behind, and thus escaped the sugar-mill, visiting instead a fine old Spanish house. In the lower hall or court stood an array of family carriages. The walls and doors of the large upper hall and salon were of beautiful old carved mahogany, and especially attractive were the delicate arches that separated the rooms from the gallery that surrounded them. The outer sides of this gallery consisted mainly of the great sliding windows that opened towards a picturesque but unkempt plaza. Not content with the ancient splendor, the good dame of the house had draped the beautiful mahogany walls with festoons of crinkled flower-printed paper in honor of this festive occasion, and the tables of the salon were filled with rolls of *jusi*, left there in hopes of a sale. The house swarmed with children, Señora Jalandones having nine of her own, and, with their patriarchal way of living, cousins innumerable seemed to be part of the household.

My little companion, Miss Lacson, was most eager to have the tariff on Philippine sugar removed, so I gladly presented her to several of the Senators and Representatives. It is to be hoped that her gentle plea in broken English, "Please take off the sugar Dingley tariff, then I can have a little money to go to Washington to thank the Senators and Representatives for helping us here," will not be without results.

While we were walking through the picturesque old cathedral of Jara she slipped away from my side and knelt for a moment before the shrine of a transept chapel. How could one doubt the nature of that silent little prayer that the Blessed Virgin would soften the hearts of the Senators from the beet and sugar growing States!

At the banquet in the evening the tables formed the letters I L O I L O.



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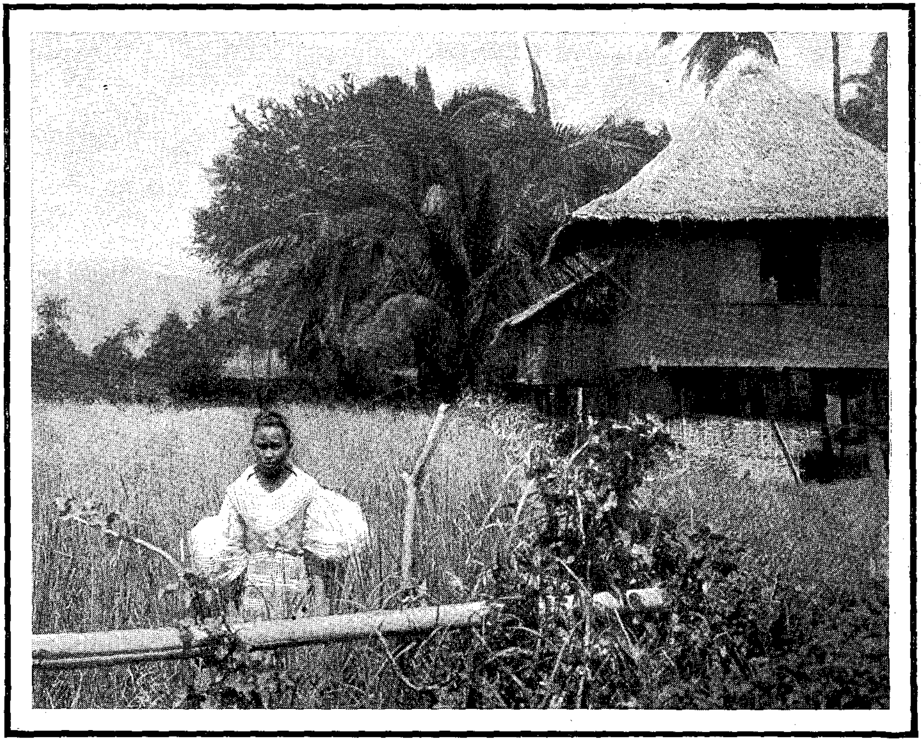
IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA

The menu, as at all other banquets, was that of a European dinner, save that such fruits as mangoes, lanzones, chicos, etc., were unfamiliar to the most of us. The Philippine women appear very fond of fruits and sweets, and the orderly course of a menu is not always to their liking, so that I was not surprised to see some of my neighbors at table partake of fruit or cake whenever the fancy seized them, rising up from their chairs to reach for some distant sweetmeat. If I glanced in their direction, it was immediately interpreted as a like desire, and a hospitable hand was promptly extended to deposit beside my plate a share from the plundered dish. Affairs were not prosperous in the sugar-growing provinces, and the resulting discontent showed itself in several of the speeches; but have not hard times in our own country had a tendency to arouse dissatisfaction with the party in control and a desire for a change of administration?

The trip next day in small coast boats across to Bacolod on the island of Negros was not undertaken by many of the women, as there was a chance of rough water. Even the small coast boats could not go within a mile or two of the shore, and we were transferred to a most remarkable raft of bamboo, constructed for the occasion, with an elaborately decorated pavilion top. While the men were listening to sugar hearings, we went for a drive, escorted by the Governor's wife, whose victoria boasted two pink satin-covered pillows. At the Governor's home were assembled a number of the ladies of the town, one or two of whom spoke a little English, and we were ushered into a salon where most of them were seated in two long rows of chairs that were placed facing each other down the center of the room, and here we were entertained by a small girl of ten at the piano, and then by a young woman who recited a Spanish speech of welcome in which we were called "the fair flowers of America." I felt then, as at other times, that in spite of our Anglo-Saxon smile over the flowery Spanish metaphor we ought to appreciate the spirit back of it.

On our drive to the large pavilion



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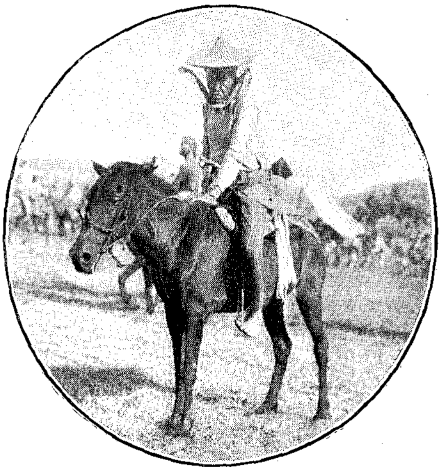
A FILIPINO HOME AND RICE-FIELD ON THE ISLAND OF CEBU built for the banquet near the quaint old Spanish church our driver and the ponies had the usual differences of opinion, in which, as usual, the ponies came off victorious, so that, in spite of a few mild remonstrances from the Governor's wife and many hopeless efforts on the part of our native jehu, we drove several times round the plaza before the ponies consented to stop at the pavilion in the center. Here the many expected speeches had to be cut out because of the lateness of the hour, and, as every Filipino is an orator, many a disappointed Demosthenes or Cicero must have gone home with bitterness in his heart against the men of the West who had spent so many hours in the morning gathering facts that they had no time left for eloquence. However, it is deeds, not words, that count, and to talk of independence to a people in no way fitted for such freedom can only do harm; but to lower or abolish the tariff on their products will be of practical benefit to them and prove an honest desire to aid in their progress and prosperity.

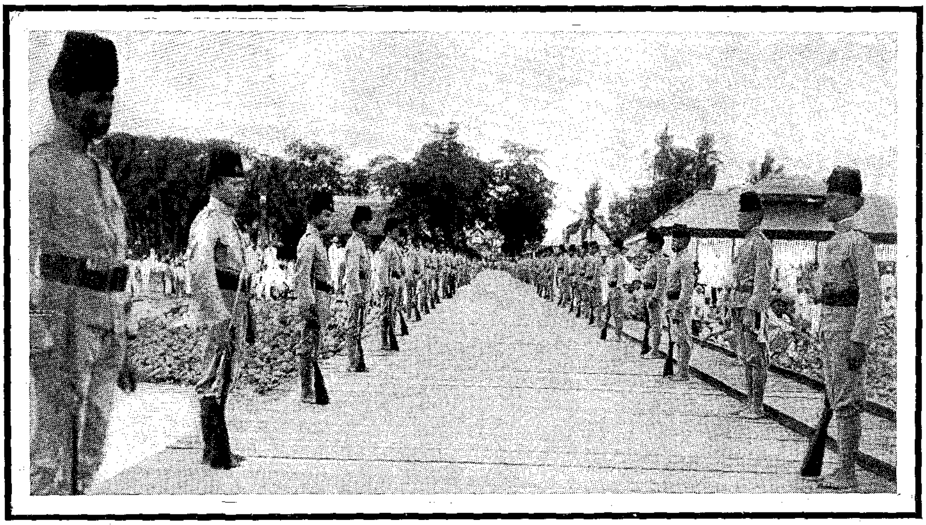


FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURR M'INTOSH

A DATTO

Onward to the south we sailed from Iloilo, leaving the complex problems of the Filipinos for the more picturesque and less perplexing questions of the Moro country. Here is more virgin soil—rocky perhaps, but not so sown with weeds and tares, and simpler in the cultivation. Around us, as we lay off the pretty harbor of Zamboango, swarmed the small native canoes with their broad outriggers extending on either side.

The native constabulary, in khaki, barefooted, and on their head that sign of the Moslem, the fez, lined the dock where we landed, and on the pretty parade-ground of the post, bordered by rows of palms, were scores of prominent dattos brilliant in their many-hued costumes, of which red was the predominating color. Many of them, accompanied by their parasol-bearers and betel-nut carriers, were presented by Colonel Mans to Miss Roosevelt, and one old datto, as he gazed at the slight, girlish figure carrying her own parasol, inquired, with some suspicion, "Is that



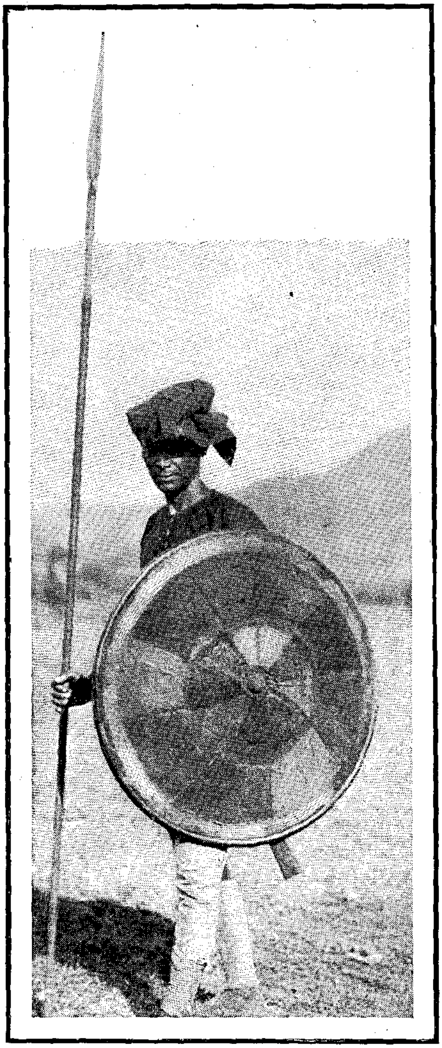
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURR M'INTOSH

NATIVE CONSTABULARY

the one?" Governor Finley, the military Governor of the province, has established a Moro exchange to encourage them in peaceful pursuits, and there we bought mainly bolos, trusting that by so doing we might indirectly assist in this effort to "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks." Watching the sale of a bolo, one of the Moros, standing by, volunteered the advice to the purchaser to buy a rough-hilted one, as the handle of smooth silver became slippery as soon as covered with blood—a counsel that I thought might easily have come from one of our own red men at home.

Sulu or Jolo, like Zamboanga, has a most picturesque harbor. There we were entertained by Moro sports of a primitive nature. Back of the stand on which we sat stretched a most beautiful tropical scene, a view of greensward under groves of cocoanut-trees, dotted with bright-colored Moro groups, and the blue sea with its scattered islands glistening beyond in the sunlight.

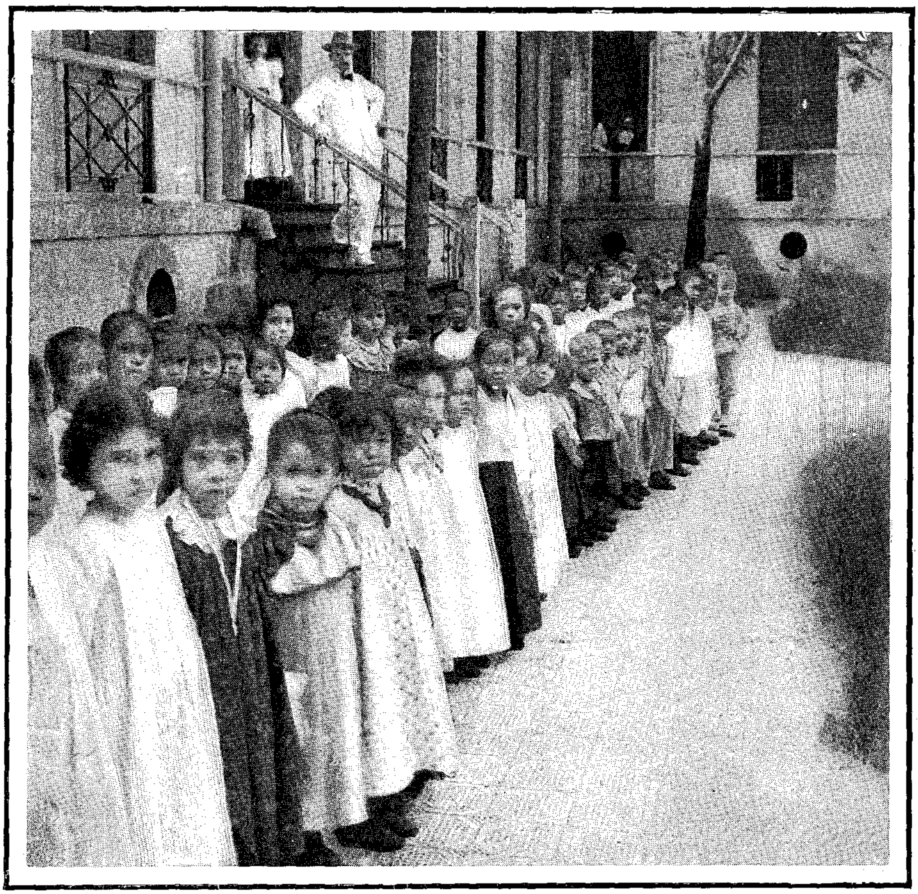
In the Moro country no question of social equality vexes conditions, and though at the dance at the Army Club the stout little Sultan in a uniform resplendent with gold lace, and many of the dattos in their native dress, were present, yet, save when presenting Miss Roosevelt with a Moro saddle, a bolo, or a baroque pearl, they sat in a little group near the door gazing with mild interest upon the dancers.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURR M'INTOSH

A MORO SPEARMAN

Except for a day's excursion through a rice-growing country from Manila to San Fernando, our only interior view of any of the islands was in Mindanao, where we crossed a narrow neck of land from Malabang on the south to Camp Overton on the north. The narrow road wandered up much of the way through a forest jungle, great ropes of vines binding the unfamiliar trees and enormous ferns together like huge twisted serpents. Here and there, swinging in the branches, we caught glimpses of some bold monkey that our advance guard of cavalry had not frightened away. Only once did we pass a cluster of little native grass houses, and hardly a Moro was met on the way, yet we had a large guard, for the jungle presses close on the roadway, and could easily shelter any unfriendly datto whose bolo thirsted for prey. The black volcanic soil through which the road was often cut holds promises of great future wealth when the island is developed, and on the rolling plains around Camp Vickars and Camp Keithley it produced a dense growth of grass eight or ten feet high. Leaving the wagons beyond Camp Vickars late in the afternoon, we climbed down a mile or two of steep and muddy trail to the beautiful Lake Lanao. All around it were the mountains fading away under a black storm-cloud in the



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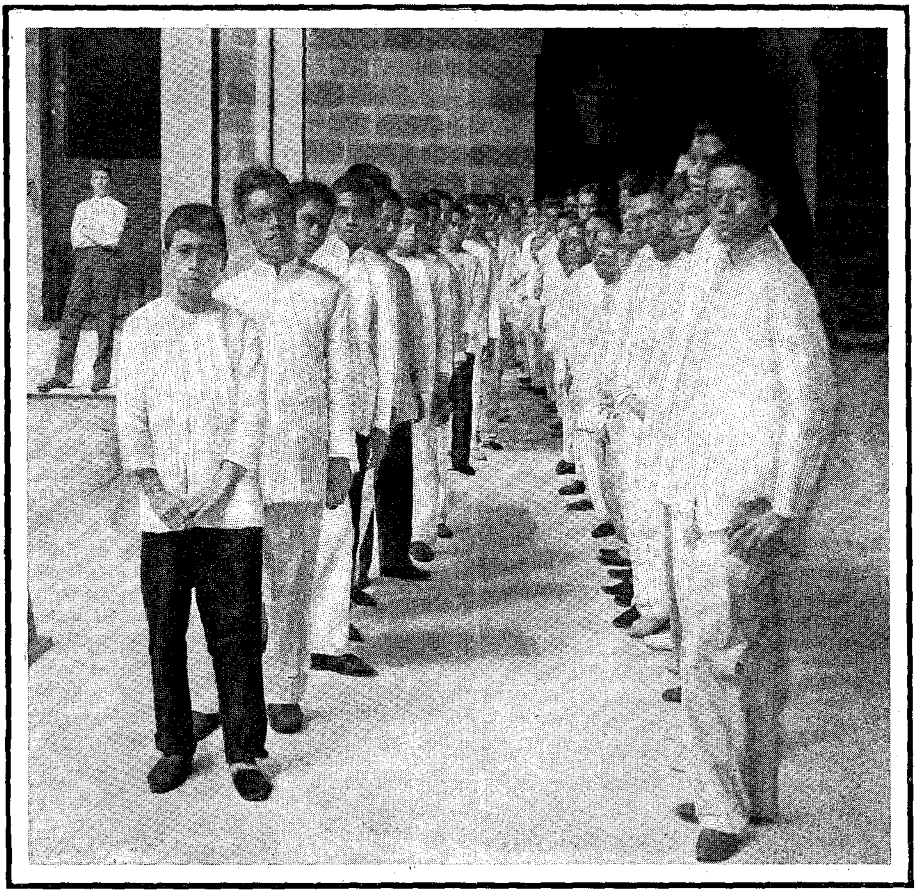
PRIMARY PUPILS IN THE MUNICIPAL SCHOOL AT MANILA

distance, and down to its very borders crept the forest. Clusters of cocoanut-trees with little groups of grass-huts were scattered along the eighteen miles of shore by which we sailed before night and the storm shut down upon us. Camp Keithley was reached in a deluge of tropical rain, and we shivered under our mackintoshes with a thermometer not up to seventy that August evening.

We stayed with the officers' families in their little houses of bamboo and grass, and when in the morning the light shone in through the chinks in the outer walls of our room, and we pushed up with long poles the thatching that hung down over the glassless windows, Miss Roosevelt and I felt ourselves in quite a Robinson Crusoe atmosphere. There was hardly time before we left in the morning for a glimpse on our side of the camp of the beautiful lake still under the haze of early dawn, and, on the other, of the distant sea. Eighteen miles of road led down to Camp Overton, twelve of which no vocabulary can be found to describe—mud to the horses' knees, ruts to the hubs of the wheels, and miles of bamboo corduroy that consisted mainly of holes.

On Cebu the rice crop had been damaged by an early drought, and back of the decorations, parade, banquet, and ball there was some discontent of a political nature and some real suffering from lack of food. Illness had followed in the wake of famine, and two American women had established a small hospital for the sick women and children—a hospital without any nurses except themselves, and with such medical attendance as they could secure. The expenses of this hospital of fifty or more patients, and the feeding of three or



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A CLASS IN THE NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL AT MANILA

four hundred other persons, had cost only about ten dollars a day. Twenty thousand doctors, I was told in Manila, are needed throughout the islands, and it is fortunate that a number of young Filipinos, who are studying in the United States, intend to pursue that profession.

To reach Taclogan we had a most beautiful sail on small coast boats through the picturesque, river-like Straits of San Juanico, often not a third of a mile broad, which separate the islands of Samar and Leyte. Conditions were different here. We were in the hemp-growing provinces, and with prosperity came contentment that manifested itself in the speeches, and the hope was expressed by some that the Philippines might one day be a new star on the flag of the United States.

Albay, whose seaport is Legaspi, and Sorsogon, being likewise in the hemp country, were prosperous, and so there also we found contentment. As we sailed that early morning up to Legaspi, who that saw it still unveiled by clouds can ever forget that wonderful volcano of Mayon, rising a perfect cone nearly nine thousand feet out of the sea? Could it borrow from Fuji the white cap of snow, it would outrival in loveliness and grandeur that famous volcano of Japan.

Our last three days in Manila the Secretary of War, Miss Roosevelt, and I spent as the guests of Señor Benito Legarda, one of the three Philippine members of the Civil Government Commission. The house was as large and generous in its proportions as the hospitality we received there. The broad stairway led into a great square hall in front of which was an equally spacious salon, and off of the hall and salon opened the bedrooms. At the end of an extended part of the hall stretched the dining-room, the width of the house, that could easily have held twoscore or more of dinner guests. The house of the Philippine gentleman is apparently the house of his friends, for all day long the great hall was occupied, the men sitting by the open windows disposing of one long cigar after another, while occasionally some one drifted to the grand piano, or a special group disappeared into the Secretary's room to discuss Philippine conditions.

After the return to Manila the Commission devoted a day to a hearing of the malcontents, who desired immediate independence; one among them stating that if this was granted they would do away with all taxation. Upon being questioned by a member of Congress as to how he could support the government, he promptly replied that that was a mere detail he had not yet considered. A sufficient answer, it seemed to me, as to the Filipinos' present fitness for self-government.

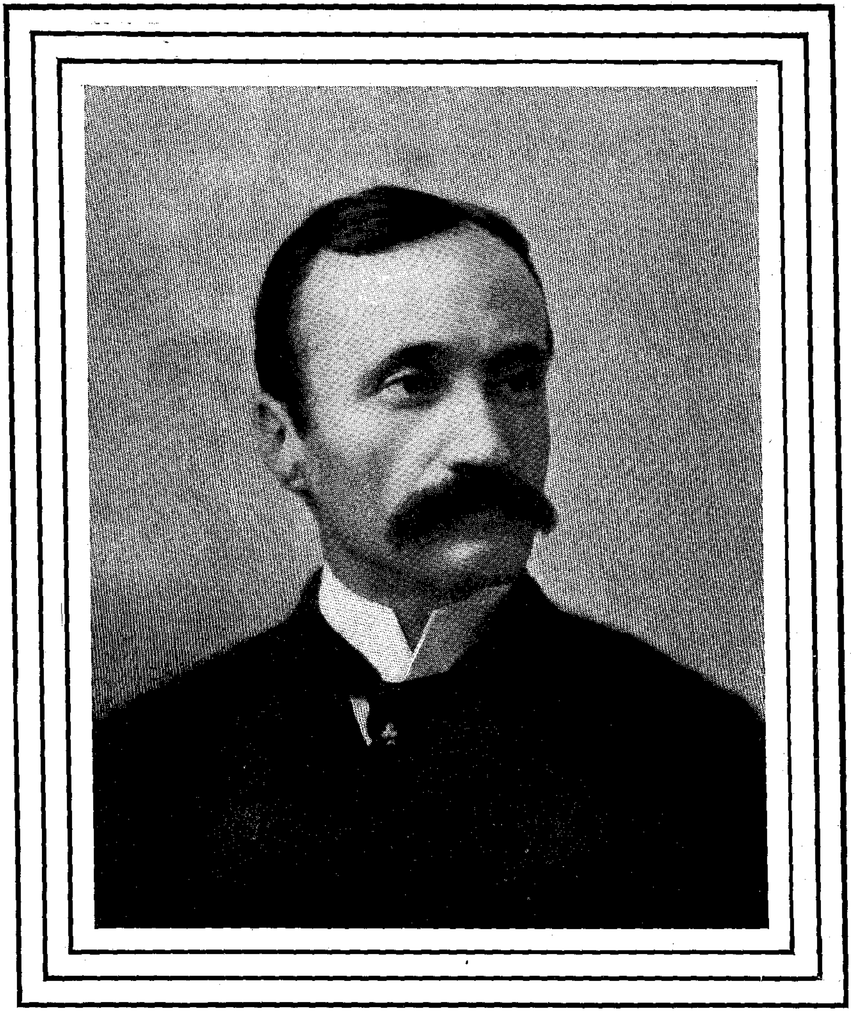
On Thursday, August thirty-first, I, for one, reluctantly sailed away from the Philippines. We had seen much, yet all too little, of these intensely interesting islands.

And what of final impressions? I can speak only for myself. The problem is a great one, but therefore the more interesting, the more worthy of a great people, and, if it is eventually solved, Manila will prove to the United States as valuable as Hongkong is to England, and the rich soil of the Philippines will bring back to us in manifold returns the bread now cast upon its waters. He who goes out to the islands in official capacity must study conditions not only from the American's but also from the Filipino's point of view, if he would understand and deal justly with this people. The man whom President McKinley appointed the first Civil Governor of the islands set the highest example of what a colonial official should be—strong but sympathetic, progressive yet patient; and to-day no one has so great an influence with the people there, because of their trust and confidence in him.

The small social courtesies mean much more to a race educated under Spanish tutelage than to the Anglo-Saxon, and in such matters our American women can play an all-important part if they will. The Philippine women are sensitive, but quickly and warmly responsive to a true courtesy that is without condescension.

There rests an equally grave duty to the Philippines upon certain of our officials and legislators here at home—a duty of the strong towards the weak. To give them independence now would be as great a crime as to turn a child out into a winter night. Rather out of our plenty let us grant them a little by such wise legislation as will aid their productions and increase their prosperity.

For my part, I do not think the question is whether or not the problem can be solved, but whether or not we are capable of rising to the high plane of patience, sympathy, and unselfishness that such a solution requires.



ARRIGO BOITO

ARRIGO BOITO, POET AND COMPOSER

BY DR. ENRICO FONDI

I HAVE just met Boito again. As always, his giant figure was a bit curved. He was clad in a black suit. His face was clean-shaven, save for his gray-sprinkled mustache, becoming more and more like his whiter hair. His blue eyes were as expressive as ever, and under his stiff hat his head gently moved with the movement of his body.

Boito is doubtless the greatest living Italian musician. He is so, first, because he is the most erudite as well as the most inspired of present-day Italian composers, and, second, because he is also a poet, pure and simple. Like some of the ancients, he unites in himself two departments of art. But, it may be added, Boito represents another double asset, that of race. He is the son of an Italian, the Cavaliere Silvestro Boito, and of a Pole, the Countess Giuseppina Rodolinska. Born in 1842, in Padua, Arrigo Boito has always given some evidence of this double racial nature, Latin and Slav. He knows how to be as ardent as a vagabond of the steppes and as calm as a pagan philosopher. From this union emanates the double essence of his art. With his Slav blood he can keenly appreciate northern poetry, with its peculiar romantic characteristics, the cavalcades of specters, the languishing virgins, the dæmonic angels (images which, after 1815, also invaded Italian literature), together with the crunching of the bones of the dead, the sighs and tears of countless mourners, the grimaces of the demented, and the delirium of the fevered, all marking a grotesque passion in poetic imagination. This kind of romanticism, this distortion of vision, this dolorous antithesis of life, did not have its Italian poet, *par excellence*, until after 1860, and then he appeared in the person of Arrigo Boito. With this late comer all these romantic ingredients were by no means mere incumbrances and rubbish, as they had been with many other European poets; with him they became a living force because they found a sympathetic and truly appreciative interpreter. In him the romantic form, however, is quite the contrary from that which had distinguished the so-called Italian romanticists; his is far more completely worked out and concentrated, as it is also fuller of imagery and sensation. He has been Italy's one latter-day romantic poet, even if he did appear a long time after our so-called romanticists, those who bore in reality, however, only the mask of romanticism.

His poetic genius had a precocious development. Among his lyrics the masterpiece is the fable of King Bear, in which the narration borrows much theatrical make-up from old-time romanticism (dwarfs, headsmen, enslaved Hebrew maidens, cruel princesses, troubadours, devils masquerading as monks, serpents, hyenas, wolves, lapwings, the mixture of wedding scenes with serenades by enamored poets, with apparition flights, with banquets, with burials—and all this in very varied form which hides harmonious verse, a verse which now dances, now trembles, now lulls us, now even terrifies us. King Bear represents Evil, not that of manhood, but that of mere angry Nature, the Evil represented by ferocious wild beasts, by atmospheric storms, by oceans in tempests, by volcanoes in eruption. Opposed to Evil stands the Worm, death. We thus are in the presence of poetic symbols such as popular fantasy creates, or, in accord with it, the fantasy of a sympathetic artist. Boito's lyrics arouse in us a real sense of musical emotion. The tragico-humoristic "vision of King Bear" was followed by the very original "Dualism," "The Mummy," "The Merry Mothers"—composed with his friend the poet Emilio Praga—and the libretto of "Hamlet," written for another friend, Franco Faccio, the composer.

From that time to the present Boito's literary work, known by his name or by that of the clever anagram, Tobia Gorrio, or given forth anonymously, was chiefly that of the libretto—the necessary transformation for the Italian lyrical stage of the texts of "Rienzi," "Tristan and Isolde," a version of Wagner's songs, "Hero and Leander" (put into music first by himself, and then, destroying his notes, given to his friend Bottesini and then to Mancinelli) (1879), "La Gioconda" for Ponchielli (1884), "Othello" (1885) and "Falstaff" (1893) for Verdi, not to mention a "Pierluigi Farnese" for Palumbo, a "Zoroaster," "Iran," and "Eclogues" for Coronaro, and "The Sickle" for Catalani.

Before the composition of "Mephistopheles"—"Mefistofele" in Italian—the union of Boito's poetic and musical activity is represented by "The Fourth of June" (1860) and "The Sisters of Italy" (1861); but they represent also a collaboration with Faccio, Boito's companion at the Milan Conservatory. These achievements were presented at the closing exercises of the scholastic term at the Conservatory; they gained for each student the sum of two thousand francs, with which the young Italians were able to make a foreign tour. They visited Germany and France. At Paris they presented a letter of introduction to Verdi, which had been given to them by the Countess Clara Maffei. From this dated the memorable friendship of Boito with the great master—a friendship so fecund for the art of music as interpreted by Verdi that Boito produced the words for the elder composer's "Hymn to the Nation," "Simone Boccanegra," "Othello," and "Falstaff." These libretti make us regret that our poet Boito had not been born two decades earlier in order that he might have united his worth-while co-operation with Verdi's muse. For Boito's libretti are true works of art. Wherever delicacy of thought is allied to sincerity of sentiment, wherever the supreme law of rhythm dominates all, wrapping ideas and actions in a sweetly sonorous wave, Boito's libretti are to be mentioned. Moreover, I would say that, as we have noted with Boito's lyrics, they arouse in us a sense of true musical emotion. The composer has been an efficacious reformer of the libretto; he has brought new life to it.

Up to the present the only work of poetry and music which exhibits to us Boito's entire soul is "Mefistofele," created when Boito was but twenty-six years old, and now one of the corner-stones of the Italian stage. Having returned from the Garibaldi expedition of 1866, Boito devoted himself to the completion of this work, words and music. It is certain that the words cost him the greater labor, and also cost him a characteristic and more tormenting hesitation than did the music. Gounod had contented himself with taking a simple, amorous episode from Goethe's "Faust." But Boito, following a more comprehensive plan, condensed the poem, admirably coloring it, into six pictures, and with such a clearness that with a glance we are all able to understand them. This is the first reason for the superiority of "Mefistofele," which was first produced at the Scala, at Milan, on the 5th of March, 1868. Alas that one must chronicle its memorable failure! It is true that the Prologue and the Scene in Greece were applauded, but these were alone exempt from the tempest of howl. At the third representation of "Mefistofele" the noise was so deafening that Faust could not even hear the orchestra, and hence was unable to sing in tune. The orchestra was directed by Boito himself—tall, thin, pale, fair, imperturbable, and serene as a statue which would await from the future its consecration of glory. At the close some friends, with the principal men of the orchestra, pressed about him, congratulating and embracing him. The bitterest polemical discussion arose, however, in which all Milan took part. It lasted several days, and even caused duels. No work of art ever aroused such a warlike spirit, I believe. Some newspapers called Boito's music "not music at all, but pedantry," and called Boito himself "a blockhead." Let it be added, however, parenthetically, that Beethoven's famous "Kreutzer Sonata" was dubbed by a Leipsic paper "all that is most grotesque."

Beyond anything, the public could not pardon Boito the frankness with which he had shown himself to be an innovator. At that time it would not admit as worth while anything new since Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, with the exception of Verdi; and if this was true in general, in particular was it true that the public deemed it unpatriotic to accept any reforming influence which an Italian, with such antecedents as Boito's, might draw from foreigners. With these sentiments, on the first night of "Mefistofele," many went to the theater armed with huge keys with which to make the utmost hissing and noise. A crowd of men in the adjoining Caffé Martini awaited the result, and rejoiced, as for a piece of national good fortune, when they knew that the opera had been hissed.

Times and tastes soon changed. On October 4, 1875, "Mefistofele" came back to the stage and appeared at the Teatro Comunale of Bologna—that noble city which, first of all in Italy, opened wide her gates to "Lohengrin" and the art of Wagner. Thenceforth "Mefistofele" never left the Italian stage. The enthusiasm which it awakened spread to the Milanese, who in 1881 changed their first judgment. But his failure in Milan in 1868 had taught Boito to have some regard to certain exigencies of the theater; he had recast the orchestration of "Mefistofele;" he had eliminated an entire act and also a symphonic intermezzo; but he had added certain other features, among them the exquisite serenade of "Sabba classica." As has justly been said, "Mefistofele" cannot be called an opera in the sense that its predecessors were operas, because it is constructed on new ideas, gigantically ample in form and outline; because it represents a thoroughly modern treatment, whether we consider rhythm, harmony, melody, or instrumentation. "Mefistofele comes to us as a grandiose conception, the revelation of a vast prospect, created by a new and audacious apostle of the divine art of sound, who sees the world in his own way, and thinks, musically, as few have thought before him.

For over thirty years Boito has been working on another opera, "Nero," or, in the Italian, "Nerone." Taking into consideration the permanent success of "Mefistofele," no one doubts that "Nerone" will be the consummate work of art of Boito's later years, crystallizing his maturer experiences.

To the many accusations from the public that Boito has not produced enough, he is accustomed to reply, "You accuse me of indolence and of little love for work. Very well. Let me tell you that 'Nerone' has fully occupied many years of assiduous labor. Why, I have not had time even to write a symphony."

It is true that Boito might seem averse to work were we only to see him of an evening when, with his friends at the Caffé Savini, he is amusing himself with his pet diversion of solving the various puzzle problems printed in the papers. This passion comes, I think, from Boito's fancy for the strange, the hidden, the esoteric. One notes it in his verses, which are often bizarre in rhythm, have queer conceptions, eccentric meters, and words of double significance. Boito's thought, whether expressed by sound or by the printed word, was born in him complex and profound. Before he gives it birth, it passes through a minute work of revision. This probably accounts for the delay in the production of "Nerone," continually remade and re-fused. Such is Boito's fastidious criticism when applied to himself that I should not be surprised to learn of his displeasure at having published "Mefistofele" at all, so great would be his delight in retouching it, and perhaps remaking it from beginning to end.

Another impression of sloth is given by Boito, unconsciously, because he is apt to receive one in dressing-gown and slippers. Moreover, he never lets you suspect what he has done and what he is doing. He is entirely unostentatious. He has many decorations, Italian and foreign, but he always hides them.

In 1893, together with the composer Saint-Saëns, he was made Doctor of Music by the University of Cambridge.

Boito has long lived in Milan, in the Via Principe Amedeo, No. 1. His reception-room is furnished in gray, but his workroom is specially inundated with sunlight. Like Goethe, Boito adores the sun. There is little furniture—a piano, of course, on which the works of his "divine John Sebastian Bach" are apt to rest; a high writing-desk, where the composer must stand to write; then another writing-desk, which is also a safe for the treasure produced by his brain. On the bookshelves may be seen Boito's favorites in prominent array—the Bible, Dante, Petrarch, Tacitus, Horace, Rabelais. Among the portraits bearing dedicatory inscriptions which hang on the wall one notes those of Rossini, Verdi, and Wagner. Finally, four large figures in statuary look down upon the Italian composer—those of Dante, Raphael, Bach, and Beethoven. In their varied spirits, meditative and interpretative, these giants of art seem to watch over the genius of our latter-day giant; they are there to greet the coming of that masterpieee of Boito for which the beginning of the twentieth century is waiting.

TARRY AT HOME TRAVELS

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

"My mind impels me to write on places where I have been and on some of the people whom I have seen in them"

SEVENTH PAPER

New York

THIS series of papers began in the counsels of Mr. and Mrs. Gentle Reader. As it happens, they end in the same counsels.

They go to bed at 9:30. It was now five minutes before nine. He had just been reading to her Mr. Hale's paper about Connecticut in The Outlook. She said, "The trouble about Mr. Hale is that he always supposes that other people can do what he does. He has been at the top of Katahdin and at the top of Mount Washington and at the top of Mansfield and at the top of Wachusett. He has been on Ingham Peak in Rhode Island and on West Rock in Connecticut, and so he writes as if I had been there or as if we could go there as easily as we can go to bed."

"Well," said Mr. Reader in reply, "I do not see why he should not say so. You and I are younger than he is, and we have this very summer before us. What do you want to do most?"

She said that she should forget everything that she had been told about New England, and that she wanted something like what her old schoolmistress called a "review." She would like to take that review, and at the same time she would like to see something in her tarry at home travels which had not been described or represented in The Outlook.

"Very good," said he. "Mr. Hale begins by saying that New England is a peninsula with an isthmus not two miles wide at its western end. How should you like to go round by Bar Harbor and the end of Nova Scotia, see the Bells at Baddeck, and then go down to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and make a call at one of Grenfell's hospitals at Newfoundland, take the steamer up to Montreal, and then go by rail to St. John's above the Lake; there meet Ransom with our house-boat, and so go by the house-boat near Burgoyne's line to Saratoga? You shall arrive at Saratoga on the day of the anniversary of the battle of Bennington. I, meanwhile, will have my canoe painted. The day you start I will start, and I will go down the Connecticut and then paddle along the Sound from Saybrook to New York and put the canoe on the deck of the steamer which shall take me to Albany. Then I will paddle up to Cohoes and make a carry at the falls there, and so, on the eleventh of August, I will get on the house-boat and I will find you all there. And at the spot where General Gates received General Burgoyne's sword, I will fold you in my arms and kiss you, and after that you will remember that New England is a peninsula and that you and I have stood on the neck which separates it from the mainland."

These words were spoken in their bungalow near Windsor on the Connecticut River.

To all she agreed. Now you must know that they were at the omnipotent

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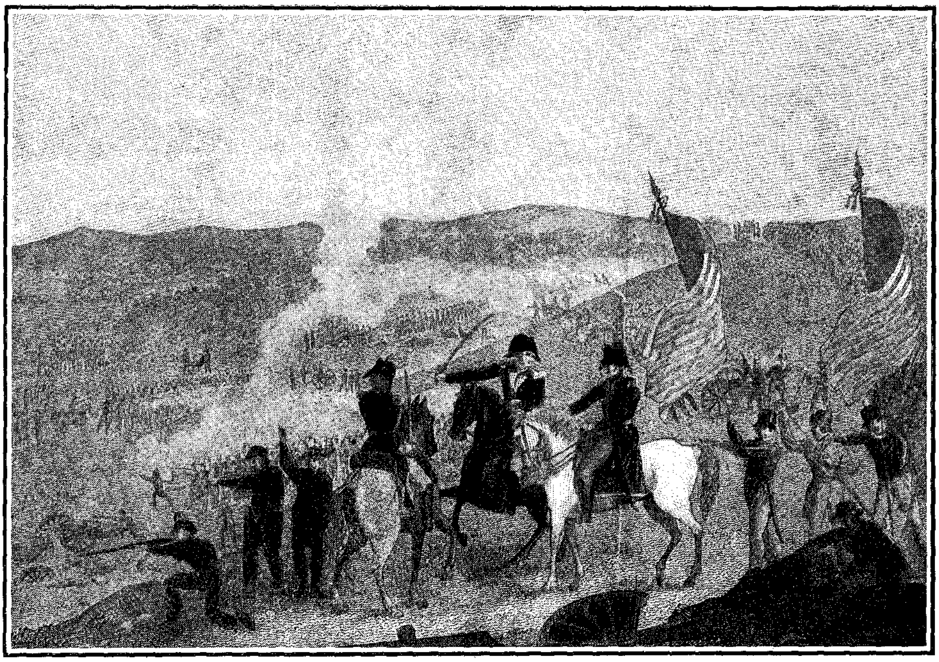

THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA
From an old print

age. This age is any age between fourteen and ninety-five, if only you be pure of mind, peaceable, and easy to be entreated. For then you can use omnipotent power if you want to. In this particular case these young people had been married twelve years. He did not drink, nor smoke, nor play at poker or other games of chance. He had no yacht, and he disliked the stock market. She loved him and her children. Her French and German were better than his. They lived in the open air every moment when they could escape "those prisons which we call homes." So they were always a little beforehand. He was always surprised that his bank balance was a few hundred dollars better than he thought it would be. She was constantly finding that her dividends from the Green Consolidated were larger than she expected they would be. On this occasion they parted from each other for nearly three weeks' time—the longest parting they had ever known. He told Ransom to have the house-boat well scoured out, painted where the paint was worn, he gave him the money to buy two mules with, told him he was to have the house-boat at Whitehall on the sixth of August. She told old Ruah,[1] who had had charge of the children ever since Nathan was born, that she was to put the children on the house-boat at Albany, and that Ransom would take them all to St. John's. Then she wrote Gertrude Ingham, the same who had been her literature teacher at Vassar College, and asked her to make the voyage to Nova Scotia, Baddeck, Newfoundland, and the St. Lawrence with her. Gertrude said she would come up and join her.

Meanwhile, Mr. Reader had done as he said. He had given orders to John Tintoretto, the Italian who presided over such things up the river, to paint the canoe, he had sent down to Cocknell's for three paddles—one long one and two short ones. He had provisioned the canoe for a short voyage down the Connecticut River and through the Sound, and on the fatal Monday which the gods provided, they started on their way. You see, when they had this talk of which you have heard, at nine o'clock in the evening, it was about the time when the days were the longest. Before July was well advanced all these preparations had been made of which you have been told.

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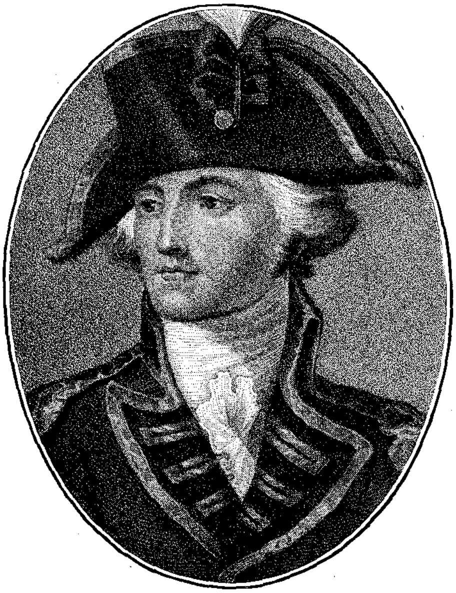
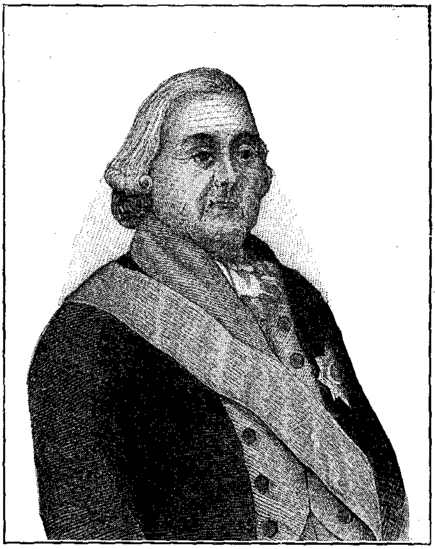
[1] Ruah is short for Lo-ruhamah.

So she went to White River Junction, and they rattled across the country to Portland, with their Outlooks in their hands. They refreshed the memory of Maine and New Hampshire as well as you can from an express train. They went to Bar Harbor by the Flying Yankee. They did not miss one connection at the New Brunswick St. John, or at Halifax, or at Baddeck. At Baddeck they saw some of Mr. Bell's wonderful kites at Le Bras d'Or, which is the name of that great shore loch where a bath is so charming. By means known to residents of that region, they went across to the Newfoundland St. John, and then by great good luck they joined Miss Merciful as she was taking round some supplies to a hospital in Anticosti. Fortune favors the brave, and the Strathcona came along, and carried them from that ship to another on the north side of the river, and then there was a Government steamer to go that very afternoon up the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and of course it happened that Dr. Abernethy was on board, to whom Dr. Grenfell had given them a letter.

When you are at Quebec, everything is easy sailing to Montreal. I do not know which of these young women is the better traveler. I know they always light on their feet. They always see whatever there is to be seen, and it does not surprise me, therefore, that on the appointed day and hour, as old Ransom stood on the front of the house-boat, scolding and advising and keeping an eye on all the children and instructing dear old Ruah on the points where she was doubtful, Gertrude and Abra looked out each from her own window of the cab which took them from the Prince Royal at Whitehall down to the canal. Great was the joy, as you may imagine. The children had been more than a fortnight parted from their mother. Ransom had nothing but success to announce. Dear old Ruah, with worthy pride, said she had not had to give anybody any medicine, and that they had been good boys and girls, all of them. Abra and Gertrude went round to see the mules, patted them and praised them. Without so much as turning the boat around, the mules were taken round on the tow-path and attached to the other end of the boat. The cabman was paid, with a shilling extra to buy candy for his babies, and before they were ten minutes older the reunited party were going south on the Champlain Canal, where the children had but just now, under Ransom's auspices, been traveling to the north. So they found the way ready for them, and so the mules, well pleased, led them step by step from "blue Champlain." Old Ransom sometimes, when they were


GENERAL JOHN BURGOYNE

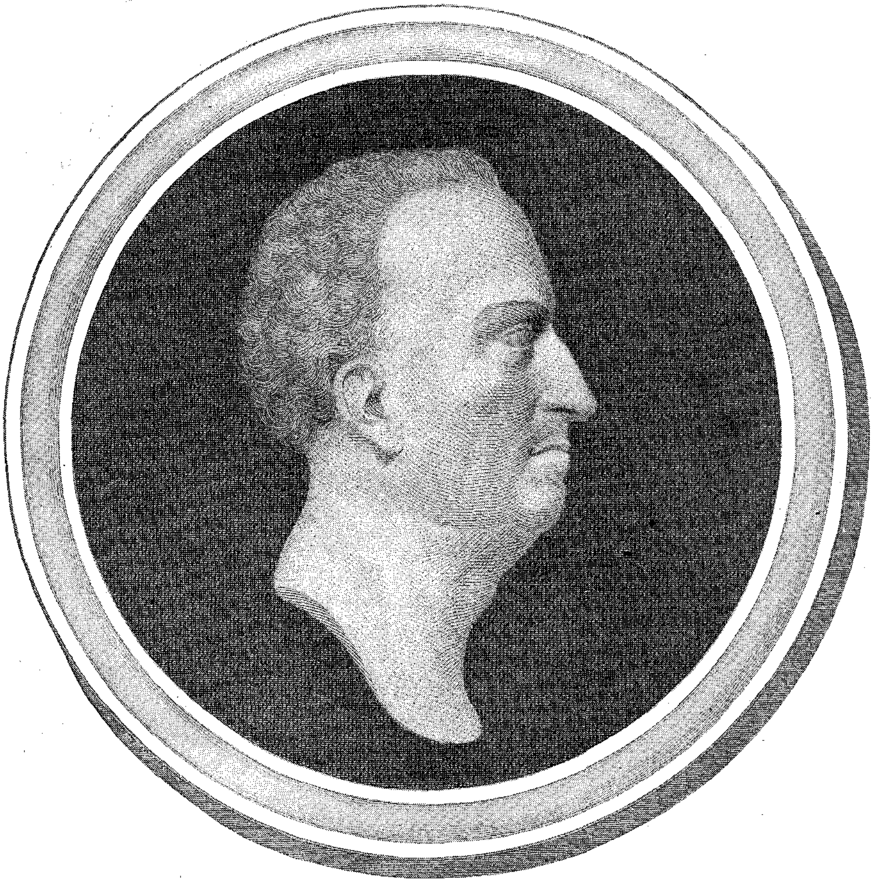

BARON FRIEDRICH ADOLF RIEDESEL

coming to a lock, let the boy Nathan run along with him on the shore finding wild roses and pond lilies for his mother.

Meanwhile, Mr. Reader had taken his own coat-box in his hand out to the express office, had given his instructions at the post-office, where he found Tintoretto, and walked down to the river, rolled up his duster and tucked it under the front seat of the canoe, had bidden Timothy good-by, and pulled out into the Connecticut.

"1905," he said to himself; "it was in 1774 that John Ledyard floated down here from Dresden College, as he would have called Dartmouth College. That was the beginning of the Nile and Congo for him."

And for a little relief he stretched himself out in the boat, with one paddle in the water, keeping her head to the south if the river flowed south, and east when it flowed east, and west when it flowed west. There were places where he could run in under the shade, but not many such places now. There were one or two long reaches where he had to paddle if he meant to keep up a good average day's work. Sometimes at nightfall he padlocked the canoe to a convenient post and walked up into the town. He did this at Springfield and at Hartford. But five times out of six he found some trees, where he could roll himself in a blanket and let the sun and morning birds waken him. At New York the Mary Powell people were glad to take him and the Water Witch on board, and as the passengers came down he met the Birdsells and the Havilands and the Schuylers and a dozen other of the


DE WITT CLINTON

From an engraving after the bas-relief by W. J. Coffee pleasantest people of the world, and they were early enough to pick out good front chairs on the upper deck, and so a very happy day was provided for.

At Albany he went up to see what there was left of dear Hunt's picture of Anahita; he uncovered his head reverently before the noble statue of Robert Burns; he wondered how that man in the public garden makes his lotuses and nymphæas grow so much better than his own do. He called on Mrs. McElroy, who told him good news, and an hour before nightfall he walked down to the landing to find that the Water Witch was ready for him. And then, under the strokes of his own paddle as he worked his way up the river, he should arrive quite on time to see the only house-boat on the Champlain Canal and to wave his handkerchief and to jump on board.

It is not part of this series of papers to give local direction to travelers, which they can obtain much more to the present point by the local guides and the local guide-books. Enough to say that he gave Abra the kisses which he had promised, that she did not refuse. Enough to say that he made the little boy ride with him from one of the streams which flows into the North River across to one of those which flows into Lake Champlain. Nathan is an intelligent little fellow who has lived in the open air, and was made to understand that this was the isthmus of the peninsula of New England.

They spent a whole day in going over the Burgoyne battle-grounds with a clever local guide, who had provided Baroness Riedesel's journal, and they read again her pathetic letters. He told them the story of the mysterious third Nathan Hale and perhaps mythical Nathan Hale. He made Nathan commit to memory, so that he could declaim it to his mother when they came home, the lines about the "great surrender," how the Brunswick colors

Gayly had circled half the world
Until they drooped, disgraced and furled,
That day the Hampshire line
Stood to its arms at dress parade,
Beneath the Stars and Stripes arrayed,
And Massachusetts Pine,
To see the great atonement made
By Riedesel and Burgoyne.

You see he tried to make the boy understand that the battles at Saratoga are among Colonel Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." The reader may go back in these papers to see what is said about this in the chapter on Vermont. Nathan, who understands a map, pointed out to him that the battles of Bennington were fought on the New York side of the Vermont line.

Possibly some enthusiastic German-American will write me a line to say just what the Brunswick colors and the Hessian colors were which were "furled" at Saratoga. We want replicas of those colors badly in the Old South Meeting-House in Boston, which is our museum of such things. But somehow no one in Frankfurt seems eager to send them to us.

(In a parenthesis let me ask if you happen to know how the Rothschild fortune began. It was when one Napoleon was driving the Elector of Hesse out of his palace, and the Elector had some ready money by him. He found a young Jewish banker and placed this money in his hands at a very low rate of interest. It happened that the Jewish banker had no opportunity to return it till the Elector came back in 1814, and on the profits on that silver money the Rothschild fortunes were already well begun. Now, if you please, that silver money which the Elector had in hand was the identical store of shillings and half-crowns which one George III. had paid this gentleman for the troops who were killed at Red Bank, who surrendered at Bennington and again at Saratoga, and who spent the rest of the war as prisoners of war in Virginia. Perhaps the House of Rothschild some day will be grateful enough for this acorn from which grew a great tree, to endow a university for the study of the metaphysics of war, in one of the Old Thirteen States. Saratoga would be a good place for it. There could be a long vacation in July and August, when visitors could reside in the college dormitories.)

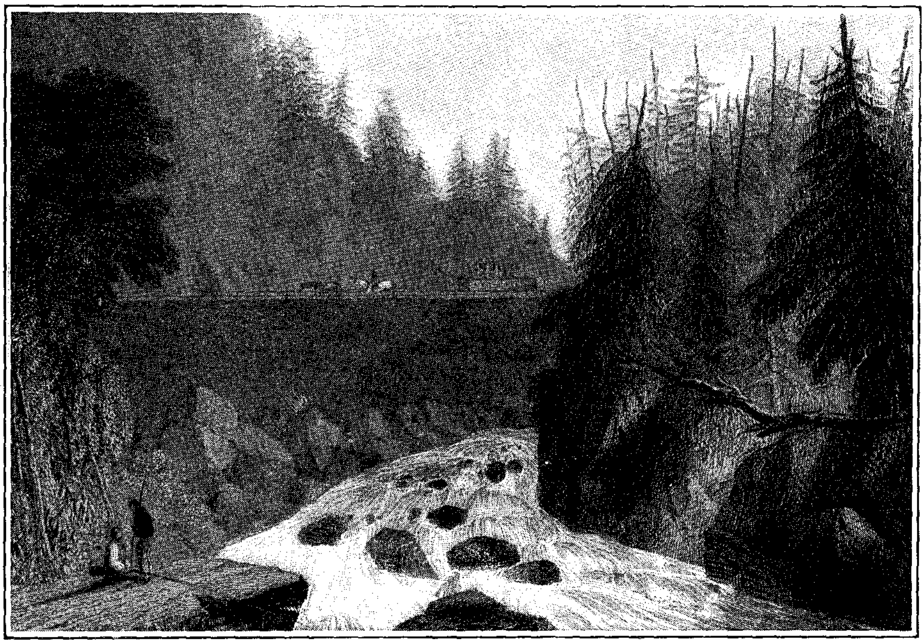
No American will go to see the battle-grounds of Saratoga or the place of the capitulation made by Burgoyne without remembering that, a hundred years after, a great American soldier died at Mount

McGregor. Yes, and if any one wants to spend more time than our young friends did, here is the McGregor House, and hard by Saratoga Springs, and not far away is Ballston.

I wish we could make room and had a right to print here the diary of Miss Edes, a pretty Boston girl who came to Ballston about a century ago with a great-uncle or somebody who was good to her; and she danced and perhaps joined in the flirtations of the infant watering-place. Recollect that "Ballston Spa" was a fashionable watering-place before Saratoga was. Ballston Spa, I think, is still the county seat. Not to go into geology or paleontology, for the present is more than we can handle, it will be enough to say that the different wells and springs both at Ballston and Saratoga to-day are what one may properly call bilge-water of the early world. Fortunately for us of this time, the waters of that day settled in some sort of underground lake at the bottom, and so we are able now to drink water like what the megalosaurus or the Carnegie-saurus and other creatures of those early formations drank. People who are old-fashioned enough to read the "Last of the Mohicans" and the "Pioneers" will find some nice allusions which Cooper made to the early outpour of the springs.

But Mr. and Mrs. Reader and the children had not time to study the geology or paleontology while they were in that region, and a day more saw them in their comfortable home, the house-boat, on their way to Niagara. They were quite careless whether the journey should last fifteen days or five-and-twenty days. In the open air, with God's sky overhead and all the time there is, and the good long days of August, and their own good company, with cardinal-flowers and pond-lilies, not to say an occasional sacred bean or water-chinquapin, there was enough to make a good large life of it, even if they did not pick up the morning newspaper.

Nine out of ten of the readers of these lines have no acquaintance with the house-boat but that which they got from Mr. Black's charming story of such a journey as this in England. But there are still left in America some of our old canals of the last century, where one can get away from cinders and smoke and dust, and have the comforts of his home and the joys of open-air life very



THE ERIE CANAL AT LOCKPORT

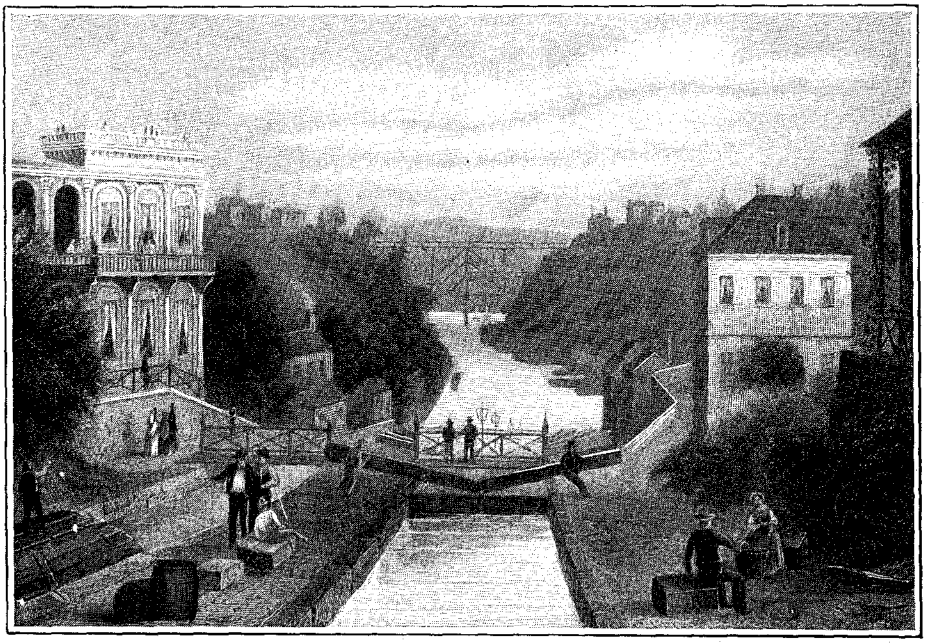
From an old print

closely knit in with each other. One of the very best of such opportunities is that given on the Erie Canal.

I have done my level best in the last few years to place the name of De Witt Clinton among the names of the American heroes in the New York University. I am sorry to say that the New Yorkers themselves hardly seem to be aware that there was such a man; but all the same there was. De Witt Clinton, of the great house of Clinton, one of the two great houses that fought each other in the early politics of the State of New York, was the leader of what was the Democratic party, which in those days was called the Republican party. In 1801 he became Senator of the United States. He left the Senate to be Mayor of the city of New York, was removed and reappointed in 1811, and continued Mayor till 1815. He took up early in life the policy of canal construction between the Hudson and Lake Erie and Lake Champlain. In 1817 a bill was passed authorizing the work at the expense of the State. In the same year he was chosen Governor, and in 1825 he had the "felicity of being borne from Buffalo to Albany in a barge, on the great work with which his name is identified."

With the construction of the Erie Canal the development of the States then called the Northwestern States, which are now the great Middle States of the country, became possible. The success of that canal was an incentive in every American State to what used to be called "internal improvement." For these reasons I should have been glad if the honor, for it is an honor, of a place among the heroes of America in the Hall of Fame could have been awarded to De Witt Clinton.

The valley of the Mohawk gives a line so convenient that the suggestion of a canal was made very early. There is a story, undoubtedly authentic, of Washington, who knew from his boyhood the lake country to the west, predicting a canal soon after the establishment of the Constitution. Between the Hudson River and the Lakes the highest summit which is surmounted by the lockage of the canal is 688 feet above the sea. The height of Lake Erie above the Hudson is 568 feet. There is the whole flow of the water eastward from the lakes, calculated, I think, on a plan of a



THE ERIE CANAL AT THE LITTLE FALLS, MOHAWK RIVER
From an old print

moderate descent of half an inch in a mile. I believe the engineers to this hour think that the original construction reflected great honor on those self-taught engineers who were engaged in that work. They managed to build it for seven million dollars—an investment repaid to the State again and again and yet again by the wealth, not to be calculated, which has made the city of New York what it is and the State of New York what it is.

Of course the cargoes which move from the West to the East on the canal-boats are much more bulky than those which pass from the East to the West. A dollar's worth of grain takes much more room and weighs more than a dollar's worth of jackknives. Of course, also, it takes longer for a barge-load of grain to float from Buffalo to Albany under the propulsion of some meditative mules than a car-load on a railway which travels by night as well as by day, with one of the giants of modern times leading the train. All the same, the transfer of the food of the West to the breakfast-tables of the East by the canal is very cheap, and the canal holds its own in face of railway competition. So you and I, dear Reader, if we live on a seaport, ought to be thankful for it that it settles for us a good many of the questions as to the cost of freight.

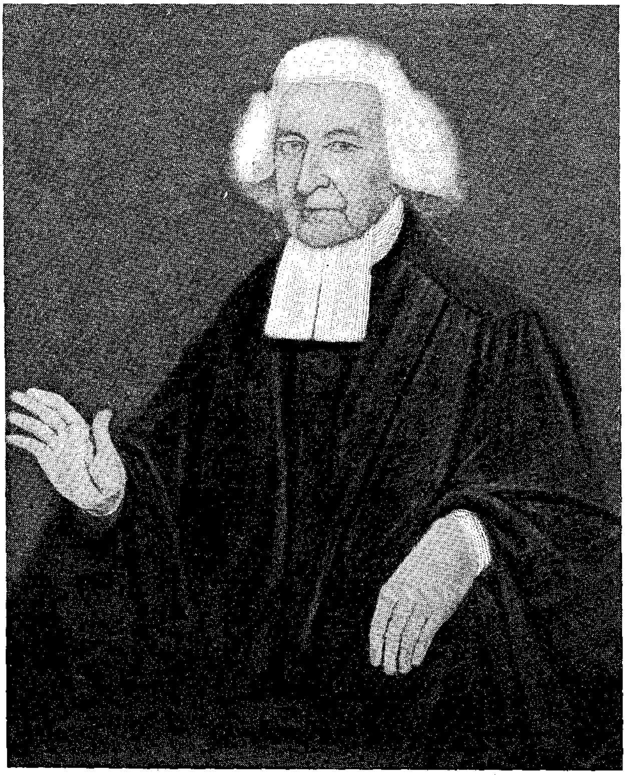
This is certain, that whoever prays for his daily bread in the morning owes a good deal to De Witt Clinton and his followers, as the years go by. In December, 1815, a barrel of flour of the best brand cost anybody in Boston nine dollars. The best flour he can buy now costs five dollars and twenty-five cents. We owe the difference to the Erie Canal. One goes nowadays from Albany to Buffalo at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. When the passenger service was well organized on the Erie Canal, the passenger boats went by day and night, and achieved eighty-five miles in twenty-four hours, on an average. But the traveler of to-day does not begin with Cohoes Falls. He does not see where Sam Patch made his celebrated leap, he certainly does not gather the sacred bean of India, nor does his little boy run along on the tow-path, and, if he capture a frog small enough, jump on board the boat with it and make mamma put it in her thimble. Such are the joys of such travelers as Mr. and Mrs. Gentle Reader. They do not, however, make eighty-five miles in the twenty-four hours, nor do they pretend to.

Dear Innocents, they had all the time there is. This is the phrase which Red Jacket used and which Mr. Emerson used to quote with so much humor. If anybody wants to know who Red Jacket was, he was an Iroquois Chief on the line of this same canal. And if anybody wants to know when he was, let him go ask my dear sister Julia Ward Howe, who told me that when she was six years old her mother introduced her to Red Jacket in his home. No, no, no, Abra and her husband were in no hurry, the children were in no hurry, nor were the mules in any hurry. From time to time old Ransom affected to be in a hurry, but really he was not in a hurry. I am painfully aware that this reader will not follow their example, but let us hope that he is not in such a hurry that he must cross the State in five hours, must "do" Niagara in five more, and must return to his brownstone house in New York by a night train.

Schenectady? Yes, of course they stopped in Schenectady. They had many pleasant people to see in Schenectady, they had to hear the traditions of Dr. Nott. It was vacation time, so that they could not see all the pleasant people, but they could refresh themselves on the historical centers. They shed the right number of tears over the grave of Miss McCrea; they saw the Glen House or the Saunders House. Reader called it the Glen House and Abra called it the Saunders House. Here are their notes on Schenectady:

"Have you not read up about the Schenectady massacre? It is high time you did. At all events, you will like to go down to the Saunders house, which stands as a sort of memorial to that massacre, although it was built afterwards. This is the family of the Glen. Perhaps you do not know that Saunders and Glen are the same word. This family of the Glen, I say, were always good to the Indians. They always had something to eat for the Indian tramp, and they never fooled him by giving him water too hot to wash his hands with. They were nice to him. What happened, then, when the massacre took place was that the Glen family or the Saunders family—have it as you like, though nobody called them Saunders then—were spared, and their house, too, was not destroyed."

"Now, if any student of the higher criticism wants to know why Saunders are sometimes Glen and Glens are sometimes Saunders, 'let him read,' as Mr. Browning says. Some of these people went down in Louisiana, and one of them, being named Alexander Saunders, used to be called Sandy and Sanderson there, and was then called Saunders of the Glen. When his children and his children's children grew up and came back to Schenectady, some of them thought they were Saunders and some of them thought they were Glens, and they chose their names accordingly."

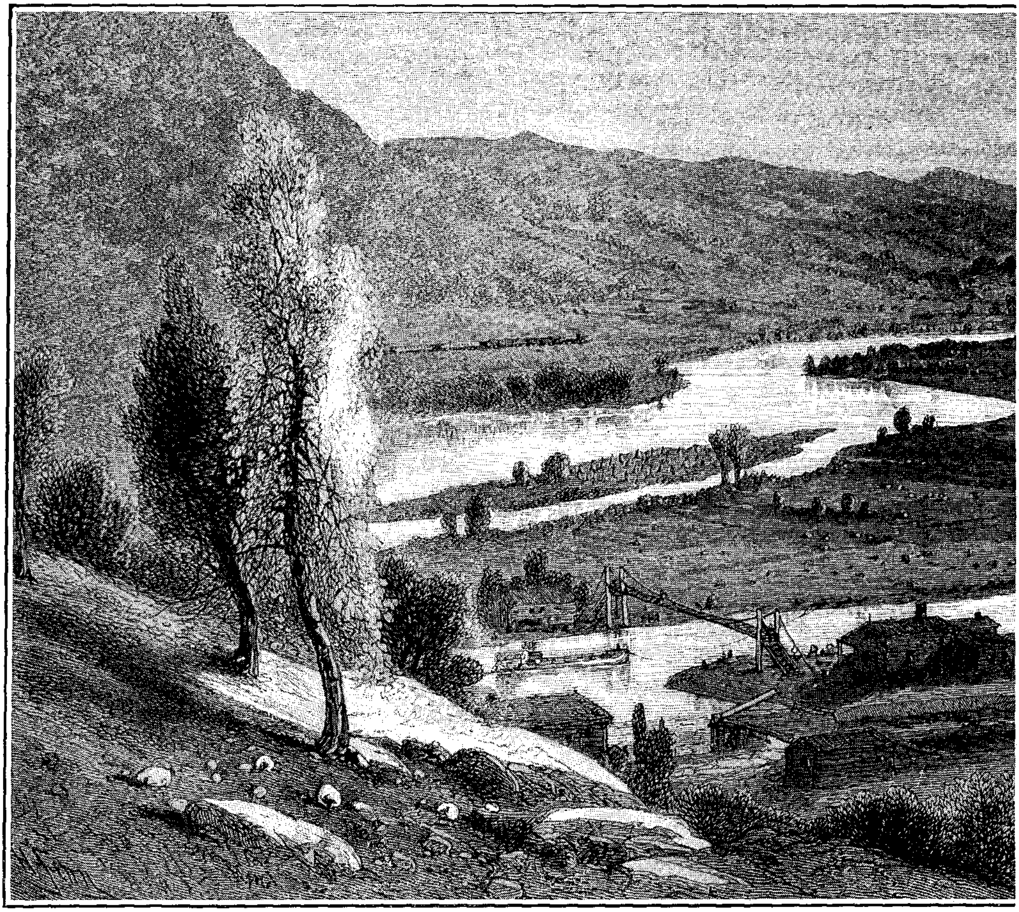


EZRA STILES
From a painting

"It was exactly as Lafayette had six names he could call upon, and if he did not want to be Lafayette he could be Motier. But you can find the Saunders House if you ask for the Saunders House. If you want memorials of the Glen, you can go over to Glen Falls."

As you go west as they went, or on either of the railways, you can see the pretty "chutes" where the Indians said the sun rolled down as he was approaching his setting. For the benefit of the New York Observer, I will say that in literal fact the sun does not roll down this mountain side; but there are periods of the year—trust me who have seen it—when the sun hugs the mountain range curiously close, and to the savages, who had not studied with Flamsteed, Langley, or Pickering, it did appear to roll down on that toboggan slide.

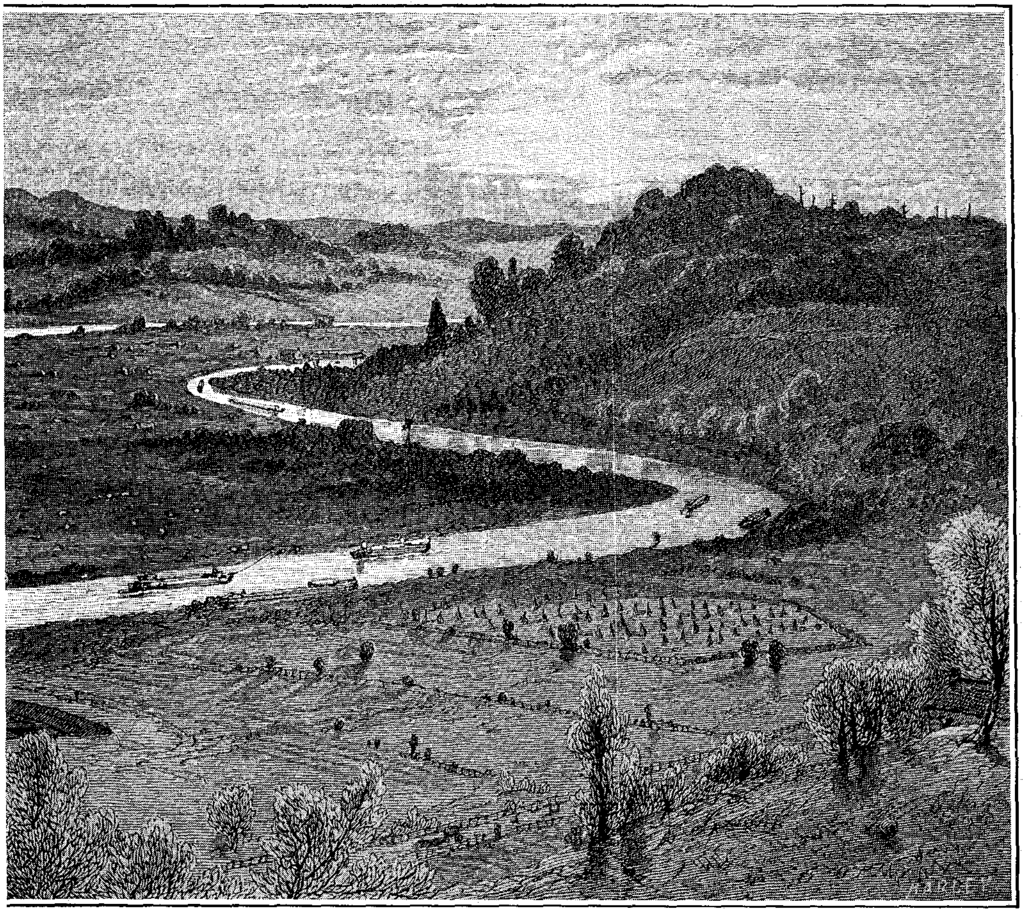
But it would never do to try to tell what they saw, nor will The Outlook care to publish their journal from one end to the other. One thing Mr. Gentle



THE MOHAWK

From an old

Reader learned which he had not learned before, though I had often told it to him—he learned how this country is governed by its small cities and its large towns. He learned that in such places as Schenectady and Utica and Syracuse and Batavia and Rochester and Le Roy and Buffalo and a hundred others the public opinion of the town is sound and strong, and that dawned upon him which I had not been able to impress upon him in talking—that a great city like New York or Philadelphia or Chicago or Boston has no such control over the real policy of the country as have, in the aggregate, such towns as Akron and Goshen and New Padua and Runnymede, which make the public opinion of Us the People. A man learns this lesson very well as he goes from one end of the State of New York to the other. I remember I was speaking years ago in the city of New York at a great Alpha Delta Phi convention. I called attention to the fact that a member of the lower house in Albany represents about as many people as a member of the English Parliament represents. Somebody in the audience laughed. I said: "I am sorry that any person laughs. The three persons whom I recollect as members of the Legislature of New York would certainly have done honor to any parliamentary assembly in any nation in any period of history since parliamentary institutions took on their present form." The three people whom I had in mind when I spoke were Andrew Dixon White, of Syracuse, Carlton Sprague, of Buffalo, and Theodore Roosevelt, of New York City. I think that twenty years have justified what I



VALLEY
engraving

said of those three men. And I am apt to remember this speech of mine and these men when I read in a New York or Boston newspaper about hayseed legislation, with the implication that nobody knows anything unless he lives in the particular town in which the newspaper is printed.

When you go by canal or by the railway, you have a chance to see the oldest work of God which you will ever see on this planet, which I have referred to already in our first number. According to Agassiz and the other men who know, when this world passed into the Paleozoic out of the Eozoic condition—that is, when it passed from the dawn of life to the antiquity of life—certain red-hot rocks showed above the water, with much steam, I fancy, and much hissing. They were the range of ancient rock which divides the waters of the St. Lawrence from the waters of New England and New York. The railway as it runs west from Schenectady takes its course through this red rock, and Mr. and Mrs. Gentle Reader and the children saw it as the mules traveled along on the pathway of the canal. At Little Falls the boys rushed out to sell them diamonds. These are not of the brand of Golconda or Johannesburg, but they are cheaper, and the children were well pleased to begin their mineralogical cabinet with them.

No! I will not pretend to tell of the various adventures of those happy ten days. I will not tell of messages up to cheerful-looking houses and the return of milk and cream and eggs for the support of man and woman. Then at such places as Ilion or Utica or Rome or Rochester or Batavia, there would be a walk or a drive through the neighborhood, with every adventure ranging from the simplicity of a canal ride up to the highest civilization. With the nice cordial inmates of other boats Reader and his wife and the children made cordial acquaintances, some of which will ripen into the friendships of half a century. For you must please to understand, dear reader, that the sailor, whom I must not call a seaman, who commands a vessel of three or four hundred tons which makes regular passages backward and forward from New York to Buffalo and perhaps further west, lives on his craft with his family. The boat is their home. Nahum learns from his mother there that B a t spells bat, and Tryphena learns there how to broil a steak and how to bake a potato. If there were a long line of locks together, with so much of business as to keep the travelers half a day, our boys played marbles with other boys of the fleet, or perhaps the girls from the rest of the fleet came aboard the house-boat and played checkers or backgammon.

Are you, alas! as fortunate as they in your vehicle? I am afraid you are riding at sixty miles an hour as you turn this leaf rather impatiently. But all the same there are one or two points which you should notice. Keep on the watch after you pass Schenectady if you are on the northern of the two parallel roads. Even to a flying traveler those black and red rocks seem more hard and cruel than most rocks do, and well they may.

They were what Mr. Sprague saw,

"When the young sun revealed the glorious
scene
Where oceans gather
And where fields grow green."

Certainly I do not know, and I do not think that anybody else knows, how long was it after the sudden uprising of these silent rocks before the ice-waves from the north, bringing down icy floes and glaciers even, came southward in their flow, lodged for a trifle of a few hundred thousand centuries (be the same more or less) on the north side of the Laurentian Range, and then surmounted it and all other such trifles, and passed southward till they melted away before summer suns? You and I need not bother ourselves about the length of time. What men know is that these waters which filled the Lake Ontario of that time, the ancestors of the waves which now go down the St. Lawrence so peacefully, were barred by the piles of icebergs in their way, and that they swept across to find the sea by way of the Hudson River. Men know their track by the boulders, and gravel-sheets, and bits of sand which they have left behind them. When it was last proposed to enlarge the great Erie Canal, there were people who thought that this old tideway of the very dawn of things might be cleared from its rubbish and made to do our great business of daily bread. If you want to follow out this little bit of prehistoric annals, cross from Utica or Syracuse to Lake Ontario and find some of those intelligent gentlemen there who will give a happy month to you to show the course by which that unnamed river found its way to Manhattan and the sea.

Or, if you have not the month to give to this, go down the bay between Staten Island and Long Island with some intelligent pilot, and he will tell you where is the deep gorge which those old icebergs chiseled out as they worked their way to the Atlantic.

Do not pretend to make your first or your fiftieth visit to Niagara without possessing and studying the directions to travelers prepared in 1903 by the Commission for the Preservation of Niagara. In this very interesting report you will learn much that the average sightseer misses; you will learn things which nobody knew thirty years ago. One or more days may be spent to great advantage in going down the Niagara by trolley, crossing it at its mouth at Kingston, and returning on the other side. Stop over at the station, where a very clever fellow (Yankee clever) will take you down into the gorge where Tom Moore thought how nice it would be

"By the side of yon sumach whose red berry
dips
In the foam of this streamlet, how sweet to
recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips
Which had never been sighed on by any
but mine."

This is as good place as any to say that in any collected edition of Moore's poems the Gentle Reader will find a curious series of "Poems Relating to America." When Moore left Bermuda, "on account of a disorder in the chest," he landed at New York, and by what he called the "Cohos" came to Niagara, and so went down Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and Halifax, when he sailed in the frigate Boston for New York. The poem from which I quoted four lines above is a very curious monument of the America of that time. I suppose the Boston, which was an English frigate and not an American frigate, was the same Boston which the poor State of Massachusetts lost to the English in the Penobscot in 1778.

It is quite worth while for any one who has a spark of historical interest to take with him on his house-boat, as he goes from Albany to Buffalo, the journal kept by the girl Fanny Kemble, as she went to the "Falls" for the first time, The journal ends as she sees Niagara for the first time, "O God! who can describe that sight!!!"

There the reader can see how before the days of syndicates men traveled by rail. There was a superstition first that you had to have an inclined plane by which to ascend to a town and another by which you went out of it, as you went out of Albany by an inclined plane. There was another superstition that when you arrived at a town you must leave the train and ride across in a different carriage (technically called a hack) to another railroad. You went from Albany to Schenectady on one, from Schenectady to Utica on another, from Utica to Syracuse on another, from Syracuse to Rochester on another, and from Rochester to Buffalo on another. One must not say it even in a whisper, but it required syndicates to unite these four or five roads into one.

If you will carefully read the Commissioner's direction for visiting Niagara, you will learn about the discussions which have gone on since Lyell's time, and even before, as to the place of the cataract in different ages, as to the different courses by which the waters from the upper lakes pass down through Ontario to the sea. It really seems probable that there was a time when the upper part of Lake Huron discharged itself by a much shorter channel.

Ah me! I have only brought our adventurous family to the western line of the State, and all southern New York is as yet in the inkstand.

The Outlook is so generous that it permits me to give my little boom to the Erie Canal, which sometimes seems to need a little cordial friendship in its various trials. But we cannot take the happy family back by the same route, for fear that they should be frozen up on the long level east of Rochester. The reader may take any route he chooses. There is the Erie, for instance, which will take him through the classical names. He may have his choice from Homer to Ovid or Martial or Painted Post, and he can hardly make a mistake wherever he goes.

Recollect, in general, O Gentle Reader, that New York is the Empire State because it holds this central place between the oldest mountains in the world and the latest Paris fashions as exhibited in New York stores. When you are by Chautauqua Lake, it is a toss of a sixpence whether your cigar end, when you throw it into a brook as you drive, shall go down the Mississippi and enlarge Florida, or the St. Lawrence and feed the dun fish of your next winter's Sunday morning breakfast. Let me say in passing that if you have not spent a week at the annual Chautauqua you do not know your own country. There and in no other place known to me do you meet Baddeck and Newfoundland and Florida and Tiajuana at the same table; and there you are of one heart and one soul with the forty thousand people who will drift in and out there—people all of them who believe in God and in their country.

Further east, whether you are on foot, as I hope you are, or are traveling in Mrs. Diederich Stuyvesant's automobile, as I hope you are not, you will be tempted by each of the Five Finger Lakes, as the geologists call them.

Here lived in happier days the "Five Nations," who became six nations. Here Jemima Wilkinson settled among them, and introduced peaceful arts. O that The Outlook would give me two numbers to tell who Jemima Wilkinson was, who is known to no one of the three million readers of this page.

If by accident any one wants to know how the Five Nations grew up to be one of the gardens of the world, let him read the new life of Jan Huidekoper. He will see here how a young Dutch man, landing when he was twenty years old with twenty dollars in his pocket, lived for six or seven decades and died in his own palace in Crawford County in Pennsylvania, caring in the meanwhile for the Holland Purchase and for other like regions. The biography of one man serves you for a study of a nation.

Rochester? Pray let us stay in Rochester for a day or two, if only to see the beauty of the fruit in August or September or October. Do you know that the Rochester Bank, which was the Flour Bank when Rochester flour was the best flour in the world, is now the Flower Bank, because the Rochester nurseries and gardens challenge the comparison of the world?

Syracuse? We must stop over here if it were only to see Mr. Calthrop and to go out to the model village where they make ready for market the alkalies which are far older than our Laurentian hills.

Utica? We shall have bad luck if we do not strike a convention there. And we must spend three or four years at Ithaca with Mr. White and President Schurman, and talk Browning with Professor Corson. We used to say of Ithaca that there were only young professors there, that they had their reputations to make and were making them. Now that they have made them, it is worth while to recollect that prophecy.

Among all these great names, which appear in every newspaper, I should like to remind the reader, who is very gentle, of what he never heard of, and that is Schoharie Cave. Back from the Catskills, back from Schenectady, back from Sharon, back from everywhere. It is one of those curious limestone caves in which the electric light now shows such wonders. And without going to the Mammoth Cave you may see the underground wonders of the world.

Sharon and Richfield and Saratoga and Ballston and forty other watering-places all offer you their temptations.

The people of New York City themselves do not know the wonders of their system of parks. I am sure I did not know them till a traveler from London, from the Park Commission there, told me how much time it had taken him to examine them, and gave me a hint of how much was before me when I had a month or two for the examination.

Fossils? Yes, fossils if you want them. Lions? Yes, lions if you want them. Here is the very lion which the little Carnegie girl saw in his cage somewhere on the Rhine and asked her father to send to New York. A great English botanist once told me that I could study palm-trees better in the great palm gardens at Kew than if I were in Java or Malacca. I am quite sure that I know more of the habits of the hippopotamus from my observations in the Central Park than do all my bragging traveled friends who have been up the Nile and down half a dozen times.

The Outlook reader will be on the outlook as he tarries at home in his travels for something, be the same more or less, which will show him how man is to be lifted to the higher plane and come nearer to the good God. He will do well, then, if he take the Outlook office as a central point, and if, by the arts of a genial nature and the simple life, he communicate with the officers of the Associated Charities in the same building, he may learn from them more and more of the marvelous charity systems of the city and State. Do not let Argus-eyed Press deceive you here. Argus-eyed Press has a knack of seeing the worst and making the most of it. If John Flaherty knock out his wife's brains with a flatiron, John Flaherty will be the hero of the next nine days. Meanwhile, hour by hour or day by day, week after week, assiduous, tender, Christian charity is working its way up hill and down dale in the great city and in the great State. At the office of the Associated Charities they will show the Gentle Reader how and where to learn what he wants to know of the care which men and women can give to men or women who are in trouble.

And in the organization of public education by steady steps, still advancing, the Empire State of New York has learned what it has to teach to the rest of the civilized States. Here at my side I have the last reports of the University of the State of New York—the One Hundred and Seventeenth Annual Report and the One Hundred and Eighteenth Annual Report. What is called the University of the City of New York is wholly different from that of the State of New York. In the year 1784 the corporation of the Regents of the University of the State of New York was formed by the infant Legislature. It is now a State department and at the same time a federation of more than nineteen hundred institutions of "secondary" and higher education. Its field includes high schools, union free schools, academies, colleges, universities, professional and technical schools, and also the work of education connected with the libraries, study clubs, and extension courses.

To speak of one detail of the supervision which this Board exercises over the higher studies, or home education department, the library department has been a model to the Nation. It is difficult to make people understand that by the lending library system of the State of New York there are now in that State five hundred and twenty-one libraries, with two million three hundred thousand books, circulating annually on an average four hundred issues to each hundred families. The State established a library school which has attained a National reputation. The State Library ranks as second in the country in its equipment.

And so, Gentle Reader, we must part. We have traveled through seven States, and yet we have tarried at home. I did not know you by sight when we began, I do not know you by sight now. But then we were strangers to each other. Now I have that feeling of gratitude to you which none but he who feels it knows—none but a writer. He is used to readers who lay his valuable tractates down to be read on the next Sunday, and then to be forgotten with the dust of three days upon them. You have not treated me thus. If you did, these words would be as blank paper to you.

Seven States we have gone through. They are States which have made their place in the civilization of the world and need not be afraid of their future. When in 1750 dear Ezra Stiles, who was quite competent to this duty, approached the history of one hundred and thirty years of New England, he ventured to prophesy. He had found out how often the population of New England doubled; he supposed that it would double three or four times at the same rate before another century ended in 1850. He was sure that the religion of the Congregational churches was the best in the world. He was sure that the stuff of which Connecticut and Massachusetts were made was the best in the world, and he calculated, therefore, that in 1850 six or seven million of us would be living in the four New England colonies of his day—well, let us own it—that this confederated little Nation would be as well advanced in the world as any of the old Englands or Hollands or France or Spain. He did not conceive it possible that any man in his senses would ever move west of the Hudson River to live. Dear Ezra Stiles, I am afraid that he never pardoned his friend Franklin for establishing himself in Philadelphia.

It has not turned out just as Ezra Stiles meant it should, but when I go to Tiajuana, and when I spend a Sunday in Vienna, and when I take my coffee in the arbor in the Alhambra, and I run against a compatriot who has one of the New England names or those of their New York cousins, I am apt to find that he is glad to tell me that his forebears eight or nine generations ago came over with Brewster or Winthrop or Davenport or the Scotch-Irish or Knickerbocker or Stuyvesant. I do not find that those who come from the Empire State are ashamed of the Empire State, and I do find that those who have kinsmen in New England are glad that they have kinsmen there.

It has been a pleasure, Gentle Reader, to feel the touch of your hand and to wonder if one of your one hundred and twenty-eight ancestors who arrived in 1630 were, possibly, one of mine.

THE END

CHINA IN TRANSITION

THE CAUSES OF ANTI-FOREIGN FEELING: THE MIXED COURT[1]

BY GEORGE KENNAN

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in the Far East

IN order to understand fully and estimate aright the manifestations of anti-foreign feeling which have been so noticeable in China during the past twelve months, and which seem likely to increase in frequency in the near future, the fair-minded investigator should take a few typical cases, such as the boycott, the Hankow-Canton railway concession, and the Shanghai riot, study them carefully, and try to look at the facts from the Chinese point of view. Many Europeans are disposed to regard the attitude of the Chinese toward foreigners as the outcome of Oriental exclusiveness, national self-conceit, and blind racial hatred for which there is no reasonable justification or excuse. They never think of trying to find out what the grievances of the Chinese are, nor do they ever ask themselves, "What should we do, and how should we feel, if all the conditions were reversed—if we were in their places and they were in ours, and if they treated us as we treat them?" On the contrary, they often assume, without investigation, that the Chinese have no real grievances; that they "kick" simply because they are conceited, wrong-headed barbarians who don't know what is good for them; and that even when they seem to have right and justice on their side, no concession should be made to them, because the authority and prestige of the white race must be preserved, and an admission of error or injustice would be regarded as an evidence of weakness, and would only make the "kickers" more presuming, impudent, and dangerous.

This view of the attitude of the Chinese toward foreigners seems to me narrow and one-sided. The Chinaman has faults and vices of various kinds and in great abundance, but he is reasonably patient and tolerant, and if he hates the people whom he regards as pushing, grasping, domineering intruders from the West, he often has good reason to do so, and acts only as we should probably act if we were in his place and were no more advanced than he is in culture and knowledge of the world. An interesting illustration of the way in which he looks at his relations with Westerners is furnished by the recent Shanghai riot—or rather by the trouble in the Mixed Court, of which the riot was the outcome—and inasmuch as the facts throw a good deal of light upon the causes of anti-foreign feeling in the treaty ports, I shall try to set them forth as fairly as I can with the knowledge I have, and to look at them from the Chinese as well as from the foreign point of view.

Hongkong and Shanghai, as the readers of The Outlook doubtless remember, were both captured by Great Britain in what is known as the "Opium War" of 1839–42. As a result of that war, China was forced to pay an indemnity of $23,000,000, to cede to Great Britain the island of Hongkong, and to throw open to foreign settlement four or five other seaports, of which Shanghai was one. It is important to note at the outset that by the terms of the peace treaty Hongkong became an integral part of the British Empire, while Shanghai remained Chinese territory. The Chinese Government gave foreigners the right to live and do business in the latter city, and eventually leased to them there the

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[1] Mr. Kennan's first article in this series, called "The Shanghai Riots," appeared in The Outlook of last week (February 17).—THE EDITORS.

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ground on which the International Settlement now stands; but it never parted with its territorial sovereignty in Shanghai as it did in Hongkong, and consequently it still retains there all rights not definitely and specifically surrendered.

As soon as the bounds of the Concession had been agreed upon and marked out, the settlers, who were mostly British merchants, adopted a series of "land regulations" to serve as a sort of constitution, organized a Committee of Roads and Jetties, and proceeded to lay out the new city. As the population gradually increased it became necessary to provide some other form of municipal control than that exercised by the British Consul, and in 1854 the rate-payers elected a Municipal Council, which, with many changes in power and personnel, has governed the city from that time to this. In its present form the Council consists of seven Englishmen, one American, and one German, who are elected annually, for a period of one year, by foreign residents who have the necessary property qualification.[1]

Up to the time when the Municipal Council was established, the inhabitants of the Concession were all foreigners—mostly Englishmen—but after the so-called "Triad Rebellion" in 1854 there was a great deal of crime and disorder in the Yangtse valley, and the Chinese in the vicinity of Shanghai, finding that the International Settlement was a safer place of residence than their own city or any part of the adjacent country, flocked into the Concession by the thousand and began to rent land and houses from the original owners or occupants. This influx of Chinese, which was permitted, but which had not been anticipated, gradually changed a Settlement which was intended to be purely European into a city whose ethnological complexion is almost purely Asiatic.[1] In the course of a few years the native population increased to twenty thousand or more, and it became necessary to establish some sort of legal tribunal which should have jurisdiction of civil and criminal cases in which Chinese citizens were concerned. In accordance, therefore, with the terms of a treaty entered into by Great Britain and China at Tientsin in 1861, the Chinese Government, acting in conjunction with the British Minister and the British Consul at Shanghai, organized and opened in the International Settlement a "Mixed Court" for the adjudication of all civil and criminal cases in which Chinese were defendants. The "rules" for this Court, which were agreed upon by the Chinese Foreign Office and the British Minister at Peking in April, 1869, have never been legally changed or abrogated, and consequently are still in force. They provide that the Court shall consist of a Chinese magistrate, of a certain specified rank, and a foreign consular officer to be known as an "assessor." In all cases involving the rights or interests of both foreigners and Chinese the consular assessor shall sit with the Chinese magistrate and have concurrent authority and power; but "*where Chinese only are concerned the Chinese magistrate shall adjudicate independently—the consuls shall not interfere.*"[2] The Chinese magistrate, furthermore, is directed and empowered to "provide food and lodging for the prisoners," that is, to keep them in the custody of the Court pending trial and during punishment.[3]

No one, I think, can read these "Rules," and the Tientsin treaty upon which they are based, without becoming convinced that the Mixed Court was intended to be, primarily, a Chinese tribunal, and that at the time of its establishment Great Britain fully admitted the right of the Chinese to try their own offenders in accordance with their own laws, and to detain and punish them in their own prisons. This, in fact, was nothing more than common fairness. The International Settlement was still Chinese territory, and if the foreigners living there claimed extraterritoriality for themselves, they were certainly bound to admit the jurisdiction of the native court in cases that concerned only the Chinese.

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[1] A citizen who pays taxes on property having a leasehold value of six hundred taels per annum (about $360 gold) is entitled to a single vote. If the vested interest of a foreigner in the real estate and improvements of the city is greater than this, he may cast votes which, in number, are roughly apportioned to the amount of taxes that he pays, so that a single wealthy individual may cast forty or fifty votes. This sliding scale of property qualification has made the Council a sort of close British corporation, which represents and is responsible to a comparatively small part of the whole taxpaying population. The Chinese residents of the Settlement, although they outnumber the foreigners in the proportion of forty to one, and pay sixty-four per cent. of the general municipal tax, have no representation.

[1] Of the 43,339 inhabited dwelling-houses in the International Settlement in September, 1904, the Chinese occupied 42,437 and the foreigners only 902. This does not include the French Concession, which has a separate, independent government of its own, and which is not considered in this article.

[2] Rule 3. Mayer's collection of "Treaties between the Empire of China and Foreign Powers."

[3] Rule 1, in same volume.

For a good many years no question was raised as to the status of the Mixed Court, and no attempt was made by the Europeans to modify or control its procedure. The Chinese magistrate adjudicated independently in all Chinese cases, and the foreign assessor interfered only when it was necessary to do so in order to protect some foreign interest. Gradually, however, the Court became the scene of collisions and conflicts of authority, due primarily to a series of persistent attempts on the part of the Municipal Council and the British consular assessor to limit or usurp the power of the Chinese magistrate. The "Rules" expressly prohibited the interference of foreign consular officers in Chinese cases; but, for one reason or another, they did interfere, and in 1901 they declared the "Rules" obsolete, and boldly assumed the right to sit with the Chinese magistrate and share his power in *all* cases, no matter whether foreign interests were involved or not.[1] Then the Municipal Council began to station its own European police officers in the court-room to watch the proceedings and report. The Chinese magistrate retaliated by sending one of his own constables to watch the proceedings in the police court of the British municipality. Finally, the Council built a jail of its own and proceeded to deprive the Mixed Court of the custody of its Chinese prisoners. From the Chinese point of view, as well as from the view-point of international law, all of these encroachments were illegal; but the members of the Council, and in some cases the foreign consuls and assessors, defended and justified them by declaring that the Chinese magistrate was corrupt and venal; that Chinese criminals arrested by the municipal police and turned over to the Mixed Court were often set at liberty upon payment of a bribe; that the punishments inflicted were sometimes inadequate and sometimes cruel; that the Chinese jail was not a fit place of detention for human beings; and that the procedure of the Mixed Court, generally, was not to be tolerated in a civilized community. I have no doubt that, in the main, these statements were true. "Squeezing," bribe-taking, and the sale of privileges and exemptions by officials are almost universal in China, and the magistrates and "runners" of the Mixed Court probably robbed litigants, sold justice—or injustice—to the highest bidder, and, for a suitable consideration, liberated criminals who ought to have been punished. Such things were done everywhere else in China, and of course they were done in Shanghai. There is no doubt, furthermore, that, as the Chinese population of the city grew from 20,000 to 350,000, and as the Mixed Court became a more and more important part of the machinery of government, the unreformed and often corrupt and barbarous methods of that Court became more and more obnoxious to the Council and the Consular Body. The chief sufferers, it is true, were the Chinese themselves, but the foreigners who governed Shanghai had Western conceptions of justice and humanity, and they were not disposed to tolerate corruption and cruelty within the limits of their own Settlement, even though the victims were Chinese. Actuated, therefore, partly by motives which were good, and partly by the pride of conscious superiority which the Westerner always feels when he comes into contact with the Chinese, the members of the Municipal Council, in their dealings with the Mixed Court, adopted a policy of benevolent interference which had no sanction of law, and which irritated and exasperated even the people whom it was intended to benefit.

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[1] The consular order which declares the "Rules" to be obsolete, but which, nevertheless, is headed "Amendment," bears date of June 13, 1901, and is signed by the Consuls-General of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States. It does not say directly, or by implication, that the "Amendment" has ever been submitted to the Chinese Government, or that it has the sanction of any representative of that Government. It would seem, therefore, to resemble an alteration in the terms of a partnership agreement which has been indorsed on one copy of the written instrument by one of the partners without the knowledge or consent of the other.

The Chinaman may be perfectly well aware that his officials "squeeze," and that his Government, generally, is inefficient and corrupt; but it is his own business; he is used to Oriental practices, and he resents foreign interference, however well meant, just as vigorously as we should resent foreign interference with the methods of Tammany or with boss rule in Philadelphia. In the case of the Mixed Court there were evils that needed to be remedied, but the Council and the consular assessors had no authority to remedy them by the course of treatment which they adopted. The rights and powers of the Chinese magistrate had been definitely fixed by international agreement, and had been set forth in certain "Rules" which could not be changed or abrogated without the consent of the Chinese Government. The Court might be corrupt or unjust or cruel; but it was dealing with its own people—not with foreigners—and over its own people, in cases not involving foreign rights or interests, it had as complete jurisdiction as the municipal police court had over the subjects of Great Britain.

About the middle of the year 1905 the Chinese Government made what seemed to be a sincere attempt to meet the complaints of the Municipal Council and to improve the character of the Mixed Court by appointing as magistrate a young and enlightened sub-prefect named Kuan-Chun, who spoke English well, and who was admitted, even by supporters of the Council, to be an "able, energetic, and intelligent official." About the same time the Taotai, or Chinese prefect of the city, wrote a letter to Dr. Knappe, then the senior Consul-General, calling his attention to the continued violation of the "Rules" by the Municipal Council and the European police, and asking him to lay the matter before the Consular Body for consideration and appropriate action. Dr. Knappe sent the Taotai's letter to the Council, and received from the Chairman a reply in which the alleged shortcomings of the Court and the remedial measures taken by the municipal authorities were fully set forth. This reply seems to have been very unsatisfactory to the Consular Body, inasmuch as it elicited from Dr. Knappe the following caustic rejoinder:

Shanghai, 13th July, 1905.

F. Anderson, Chairman Municipal Council:

Dear Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 4th inst., which has had the Consular Body's careful consideration. I have been instructed to express our most serious regret that the Council thought it advisable to make certain police arrangements in the procedure of the Mixed Court which exceed the power and authority of the Council as well as that of the Superintendent of Police. By your action the Consular Body is placed in a very awkward position. Instead of suggesting the measures to the Taotai, and threatening their execution, if necessary, without his consent, we have now to defend proceedings which the Council was not entitled to adopt. There is no doubt that the treaties do not recognize the Council as a controlling authority over the Mixed Court. If there is any such control, it rests with the Taotai and the Consular Body. Only reluctantly we have sanctioned your stationing a policeman within the precincts of the Mixed Court, and have taken the responsibility upon ourselves; but we are not prepared to continue this practice. We have shown by our action that we are willing to support the Council in its endeavors to put the Mixed Court of Shanghai on a proper basis; but you will facilitate matters by acting within your competence. In our letter of the 1st inst. we expressed our opinion that it will be inexpedient to press for the adoption at the present time of any amendments in the procedure of the Court beyond those to be effected by eleven new rules now under consideration by the Chinese Government, and you informed the Consular Body on the 4th inst. that you acquiesced in this decision. Notwithstanding, you introduce new rules at the Mixed Court without asking anybody, and modestly call them "police arrangements."

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
DR. KNAPPE,
Consul-General for Germany and Senior Consul.

This letter, it will be observed, is, in effect, an official admission that the Municipal Council had no authority over the Mixed Court; that the "Rules" and procedure of the Court could not be changed without the consent of the Chinese Government, and that in making changes forcibly, without such consent, the Municipal Council had acted unjustly and illegally. These were the precise contentions of the Chinese, and their protests were based precisely upon these grounds.

One would suppose that, after receiving such a rebuke from the whole body of foreign consuls, the municipal authorities would have let the Mixed Court alone—especially as the Chinese magistrate then on the bench was a man of education and high character, who had already shown a disposition to reform the Court and make it all that it ought to be.[1] The Council still continued, however, to harass and irritate the Chinese by unwarranted interference and supervision, and even made it unpleasant for the American assessor, Mr. Arnold, when the latter declined to sanction certain municipal "police regulations" which limited the power of the Court in Chinese cases, and which were not in accordance with the "Rules." Mr. Arnold took the ground that the Mixed Court was primarily a Chinese tribunal, and that he, as a foreign consular officer, had no right to interfere with its procedure unless foreign interests required such interference and the "Rules" of the Court sanctioned it. Resenting the attitude thus taken by the American assessor, the Council first made complaint of it in a letter to the Consular Body, and then, through the British assessor and the police, began to docket and remand a certain class of cases in such a way that they would not come up for hearing on the days when Mr. Arnold sat on the bench as associate magistrate. This increased the friction between the Chinese authorities and the Municipal Council, and on the 6th of December the Taotai found it necessary to make another protest to the Consular Body with regard to the continued interference of the Council and its police in cases where Chinese only were accused and in which no foreign interest was involved. This was only two days before the Mixed Court trouble reached a crisis, and less than two weeks before the outbreak of the riot. Meanwhile, the Chinese Government had given further evidence of its desire to improve the Court by appointing as assistant magistrate another bright young Chinese official named King-Shao-Cheng, who had had three years of educational training at King's College, London.[1]

Although the Chinese resented and resisted all encroachments upon the power and authority of their own magistrate in dealing with their own people, the thing to which they objected most strenuously, and which they opposed most vigorously, was the sending of arrested Chinese women to the municipal jail, to be under the charge of Sikh jailers.[2] The reasons for the feeling that they had in this matter were two. In the first place, they believed that they had a legal right to keep their women prisoners in their own jail; and, in the second place, they feared and hated the East Indian Sikhs who were employed in the municipal jail as turnkeys and wardens. It was bad enough to have to turn their male prisoners over to such guardians, but to be forced to put their women in the hands of Sikhs was absolutely intolerable. In order to get the native view of this matter, suppose, for a moment, that China had twice the military strength of Japan and was therefore powerful enough to treat American residents in China as she chose. Suppose that the Chinese authorities, having failed to get us to surrender our extraterritorial rights, put a Chinese assessor into our American consular court at Shanghai, for the purpose of looking after Chinese interests in "mixed" cases. Suppose that this assessor, in direct violation of the "Rules" agreed upon by the Chinese and American Governments, attempted to control and regulate the Court's procedure in purely American cases, where no Chinese interest was involved. Suppose, finally, that the Chinese Municipal Council and its police deprived the Court of the custody of its own American prisoners, and even went so far as to put American women into a Chinese jail, where their own consul could not look after nor protect them, and where the turnkeys and warders were not even Chinese, but were fierce Tibetans, or half-wild Mongols from the Desert of Gobi. How should we be likely to feel with regard to such a state of affairs? The supposition may seem extravagant, but it will serve, perhaps, to give the reader a glimpse of the case from the Chinese point of view, and will enable him to understand the storm of indignation raised by the Li-Wan-Chih incident, which I am about to describe.

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[1] In July, 1905, the new magistrate, Kuan-Chun, discharged seventeen of the twenty-six "runners," or Chinese attendants of the Court, and trebled the salaries of the remaining nine so as to leave them no excuse for the "squeezing" and bribe-taking of which the Municipal Council had complained. He also made arrangements to have the men's and women's wards of the Mixed Court jail inspected by a sanitary expert, with a view to improving their condition if necessary. About the same time the Taotai, or Chinese Prefect of the city, gave orders to enlarge the jail by erecting new buildings, and notified the senior Consul that the sites for these buildings had been approved by the British consular assessor, and that the necessary money for the improvements had been set apart. Early in December corporal punishment and the use of the cangue were abolished in the Mixed Court, by order of the Board of Punishments in Peking; so that this cause of complaint was also removed.

[1] Mr. King (or, as the name is sometimes spelled, Ching) will perhaps be remembered in America as one of the three brothers who were held up as coolies by the customs officials in Boston when they landed there on their way back to China in June of the year 1905. In a letter written to President Roosevelt at that time by B. Atwood Robinson, of Boston, the King brothers were described as "of the highest class in China, and among the wealthiest and most influential in the Empire." The appointment of one of these young men as assistant magistrate of the Mixed Court would certainly seem to indicate sincerity and good faith on the part of the Chinese Government in the work of reform.

[2] The Municipal Council and the foreign residents of Shanghai were well aware that the Chinese had this feeling with regard to the Sikh jailers. On the 12th of December—a week before the riot—the "North China Daily News," the strongest journalistic supporter of the Council, and one of the ablest papers in China, said, in a leading editorial: "We believe it will be found, when the passions of the moment cool down among the Chinese, that a great factor in arousing them has been the dread they have of the Sikh police and the Sikh gaolers. It would, we believe, be useful if a joint inquiry were held into this question, and pains were taken to prove to the Chinese that no unnecessary harshness is practiced toward prisoners in the municipal gaol. . . . There are complaints, which may be entirely unfounded, of the Indian warders, and it would be well to reassure the Chinese on this point." At almost exactly the same time the "Nanfangpao," the leading Chinese paper of Shanghai, said editorially: "The opinion of the Chinese with regard to the municipal gaol is far from flattering. Notwithstanding its much-vaunted sanitary condition and the humane treatment of its inmates, the death-rate of the prisoners has been fearfully high, and there is just cause for the complaint that no official inquest is held when such deaths occur. This gives rise to rumors of ill-treatment and general abuse of the Chinese prisoners by the European gaoler and his fierce Indian warders. Be that as it may, the belief is that no Chinese sentenced to a term of imprisonment longer than one year ever survives his punishment at the municipal gaol, and that, however cruel the warders are at the Mixed Court or at any other Chinese court, the death of a criminal undergoing a long term of imprisonment is practically unknown." According to the official report of the superintendent of the municipal jail, forty-one prisoners died in the year 1904, out of a prison population which averaged about four hundred and sixty. This would give a death-rate of nine per cent., which is certainly high.

On the 7th of December, Madame Li-Wan-Chih, a Chinese lady of some social position and the widow of a mandarin, took passage on a Yangtse River steamer for Shanghai, *en route* to Canton. She was carrying with her a coffin containing the remains of her dead husband; she had a hundred or more pieces of baggage; and she was accompanied by a retinue of servants and attendants, including a number of young girls. Before she reached her proximate destination somebody up the river telegraphed to the British superintendent of police at Shanghai that she was a procuress; that she had kidnapped a number of young Chinese girls; and that she was taking them to Shanghai or Canton for immoral purposes.[1] Upon the arrival of the steamer at Shanghai the whole party was arrested and taken to the Mixed Court for examination. Madame Li, the accused, declared that she was neither a procuress nor a kidnapper; that the young girls in question were her personal attendants and slaves whom she had legally bought; and that she had documentary evidence in her baggage to prove the truth of her statements. In order to give her an opportunity to produce this evidence, the Court decided to remand the case, and both the Chinese magistrate and the British assessor, Mr. Twyman, agreed that meanwhile the young girls should be sent to a charitable institution for Chinese women known as "The Door of Hope." With regard to the disposition to be made of Madame Li the two magistrates differed. Mr. Kuan-Chun, believing that she was an innocent lady, wished to admit her to bail; while the British assessor insisted that she should be sent to the municipal prison. Before any agreement had been reached, the municipal police attempted to remove her by force, and were opposed by the Chinese constables and by Assistant Magistrate King. This led to a disorderly fracas, which broke up the session of the Court and ended in the forcible removal of the woman by the municipal police. The Chinese say that in the course of the fight Mr. Kuan-Chun and the assistant magistrate were insulted and threatened, and that a British policeman attempted to strike Mr. King with a club. This may or may not be true; but certain it is that Madame Li was forcibly taken from the custody of a Chinese court and put into the hated jail of the British municipality; and this was enough to throw the whole Chinese community into a fever of indignation and wrath. The Chinese Chamber of Commerce and the powerful Canton Guild took the matter up; mass-meetings of excited Chinese were held in various parts of the Settlement; protests were made to the Viceroy of the province and to the Board of Foreign Affairs at Peking, and the Taotai notified the Consular Body that the Mixed Court would not reopen until the conflict of authority had been settled.

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[1] The Shanghai police have never made public the name of their informant. Some Chinese say that the telegram was sent by a missionary, and others that the sender was a steward on the river steamer, who was angry because Madame Li had not given him a sufficiently liberal fee, and who took this method of getting even.

In a speech to representatives of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, various educational societies, and the native press, made two days after the closing of the Court, the Taotai said: "I must apologize to you all for not having managed foreign affairs in the past with sufficient firmness, and the result is the disgraceful trampling upon our rights which was witnessed at the Mixed Court two days ago. Be assured that in this instance I will use every exertion to erase the shame inflicted on the Chinese Government and the people by the action of the British assessor and the municipal police. I am willing to give up my post in the fight for justice and fair play."

On the morning of December 13 the Consular Body, having become convinced of the innocence of Madame Li, directed the Municipal Council to order her release, and on the 15th she was set at liberty. This, however, did not quiet the excitement of the people, who continued to hold mass-meetings for the purpose of denouncing the Municipal Council, the British assessor, and the police, and protesting against the sending of Chinese women to the municipal jail. Finally, three days later, the smoldering embers of popular resentment and indignation burst into the flame of an anti-foreign riot. That this resort to mob violence was premeditated and planned there is, I think, little doubt; but it is impossible as yet to say who instigated and directed it. The better class of Chinese took no part in it, and the native press condemned it; although both undoubtedly sympathized with the feeling that seemed to lie back of it. So far as one could judge from appearances, the local Chinese authorities did what they could to repress the disorder. The Taotai himself went repeatedly through the area of disturbance, addressing the people and trying to restrain them from violence, and, if I do not err in time, he was making his first trip through the storm-center at the very moment when my hot-headed fellow-countrymen at the Astor House were suggesting that he be lynched or sent on board a war-ship in irons.

In view of the fact that the fracas in the Mixed Court and the subsequent riot resulted, more or less directly, from the dispute with regard to the custody of Chinese prisoners, I felt a natural curiosity to see the jails in which the latter were confined; and Thursday afternoon, when the city had become fairly quiet, I went with Mr. Arnold, the American vice-consul, to inspect them. The Mixed Court and the Chinese jail attached to it were situated in a walled compound on one of the cross streets of the native quarter near the end of the Boone Road. At first sight there was nothing distinctively Oriental in the appearance of either of them. The substantial two-story buildings of gray brick would not have seemed particularly out of place in any British or American town, and the court-rooms and cells differed little from apartments of the same kind in the West. The jail would accommodate, I should think, about one hundred and thirty prisoners. The cells of the lower story, which opened on a grated, cage-like corridor, were as spacious as the kameras of a Russian prison, and were intended, apparently, to hold ten or fifteen men each. The floors were fairly clean, the walls had recently been whitewashed, and two sides of every room were occupied by low, bare wooden platforms, on which the inmates sat during the day and slept at night. Most of these cells had no windows, but their large doors of crossed iron bars admitted plenty of light and air—more air, in fact, than was desirable, inasmuch as there were no heating facilities and the weather was cold. The prisoners wore, apparently, the clothing in which they had been arrested, and I saw no blankets, pillows, or bedding. The second story of this building was intended for prisoners of a better social class, and was divided into rooms a little larger than an American hall bedroom. In these cells there were windows, wooden sleeping-benches, and, in a few cases, chairs; and each room had two occupants. Smoking and tea-drinking were permitted.

In the women's ward, where there was a Chinese matron, the rooms were of the large kamera type, and contained no furniture except a single tier of wooden bunks around the sides. If overcrowded, they would be very uncomfortable; but a few women—half a dozen, perhaps—could live in each of them without great hardship. The jail, as a whole, was neither very clean nor very dirty, and its sanitary condition, so far as I could judge, was quite as good as that of Chinese houses generally. The cells were all cold, and for prisoners without blankets or pillows they must have been uncomfortable at night; but, on the other hand, the discipline was evidently rather lax; prisoners were allowed a good many privileges—especially if they or their friends could pay for them—and there was always the companionship which goes so far to ameliorate the hardships of prison life.

With regard to the municipal jail, which we visited the same afternoon, I need only say that it is a fine, large, modern penitentiary, where the system is that of solitary confinement; where the four hundred and eighty cells are small, bare, windowless boxes of cement and iron, arranged in superimposed tiers, like the book-stacks of a great library; where strict discipline is maintained by forty-four stern, dark-faced Sikhs in colored turbans; where the silence and stillness never seem to be broken; where all the sanitary arrangements are apparently perfect; but where the annual death-rate is nine per cent., and where a suicide net is stretched across the inner courtyard, under the four tiers of cells, to catch the bodies of prisoners who, as they go to their work, throw themselves down with the hope of dashing their brains out on the pavement. The jail has large, well-lighted, and well-ventilated workshops, a reformatory for children, and an up-to-date hospital; the prisoners are kept warm by a uniform prison dress lined with six pounds of quilted cotton; they have three blankets to wrap around them when they lie down on their cement floors at night; they exercise an hour every day and take a bath once a week; and they are fed with rice and wheat enough to keep them in a state of health. Everything is clean and orderly; everything seems to be arranged and managed in accordance with the latest precepts of modern science; and yet the prison, as a whole, makes, even upon a foreigner, an impression of tomb-like stillness, loneliness, and gloom. It is, on a small scale, a British Dartmoor erected in the Orient for the detention and punishment of people who are extremely gregarious in their habits; who habitually live crowded together in the closest association; and who, from the cradle to the grave, are almost never alone. The dread with which they regard such a penitentiary and the preference which they show for their own prison are quite understandable. The average Chinese coolie would rather wear a cangue and be "squeezed" or occasionally bambooed in the Mixed Court jail, where at least he has human companionship and where the jailers are of his own race, than live alone under the watchful, unsympathetic eye of a turbaned Sikh in one of those gloomy cement boxes over the suicide net. The Municipal Council may say that the object of a prison is to inspire fear, and thus deter from crime; but if Europeans wish to live in peaceful friendliness with Asiatics, they should pay some attention to Oriental feelings and conditions of life, and not impose Western institutions and methods upon the Chinese without the latter's consent and without sanction of treaty or law.

In the fourth week of December the Waiwupu, or Chinese Board of Foreign Affairs, and the diplomatic representatives of the Powers at Peking, agreed upon a *modus vivendi* with regard to the most important of the matters in dispute at Shanghai, including the custody of Chinese women, and on the morning of the 23d the Mixed Court was reopened, under protection of a strong guard of marines, European police, and Sikhs. Mr. Arnold and I were present as spectators, and through the courtesy of

Assistant Magistrate King and the German assessor, Mr. Schirmer, I was permitted to take a seat on the bench. The court-room, which contained no railings, seats, or furniture, was divided into a European half and a Chinese half. On one side stood the Chinese constables or attendants, on the other the municipal police, and between them there was an open space reserved for criminals and litigants. The Chinese prisoners were brought from the jail in gangs of three or four, tied together by their queues, and each culprit, as his case was called, was led forward by his queue and forced to kneel on the floor in front of the bench. A British police officer on the European side of the court handed to the German assessor a "charge sheet," and made a brief statement of the case in hand, while a native constable on the Asiatic side performed the same service for the Chinese magistrate. The cases, which were mostly larcenies, misdemeanors, and assaults, were disposed of at the rate of thirty or forty an hour, the Chinese magistrate entering the decision or sentence on his charge sheet with a slender brush dipped in vermilion ink. No witnesses were examined, and the accused were not represented by counsel; but in most of the cases there were material proofs in the shape of exhibits, which ranged from murderous-looking daggers and iron slugging-bars with handle-wrappings of bamboo, to ingots of copper, articles of clothing, pieces of broken furniture, and Singer sewing-machines. These objects, in turn, were held up before us for inspection or handed to us for closer examination. Now and then the accused were questioned by the Chinese magistrate, and sometimes they were permitted to make brief statements in their own defense; but, as a rule, they were summarily condemned upon the evidence furnished by the police. Six or eight participants in the riot were arraigned, and were sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor for periods ranging from three to twelve months.

The case that interested me most was that of a pallid, unhealthy-looking slave child—a girl only seven or eight years of age—who had been treated with atrocious cruelty by an old woman who was said to own her. When the child attracted the attention of the police on the street, she was hoppled or fettered with a brass chain and a padlock, which were handed up to us as an exhibit. By direction of the Chinese magistrate, the girl was undressed in the court-room, and we discovered that her back was a mass of big scars and deep, half-healed sores, which had evidently been made by holding a red-hot iron against the flesh. This method of punishing children is not uncommon in the East, but I had never seen its results before in an aggravated case, and I was surprised when the Chinese magistrate gave the woman only one month's imprisonment in the Mixed Court jail, and sent the unfortunate girl to the Sinza House of Refuge. I sat on the bench until I wearied of the evidences of cruelty, dissension, destitution, and crime, and then returned to the consulate to talk with Mr. Arnold about the Mixed Court and its probable future.

I have left myself no space for a discussion of the Shanghai riot and its causes in their international aspect; but some of the lessons of the conflict are sufficiently obvious, and I shall have occasion in a future article to consider, in a broader way, the reasons for the anti-foreign feeling in China and the best method of dealing with it.

Comment on Current Books

Some Notable Recent Books Among the books recently received which are of sufficient importance to call for careful consideration and future thorough treatment are: The first volume of Dr. Henry C. Lea's "History of the Inquisition of Spain"—to be completed in four volumes, and, in view of the value of the author's general History of the Inquisition, in all probability an authoritative and important work, the outcome of long investigation, at first hand, of the Spanish archives (Macmillan); the second volume of Alexander Johnston's American Political History, which deals with the important topics of "Slavery," "The Civil War," and "Reconstruction" (Putnams); "The Menace of Privilege," by Mr. Henry George, Jr. (Macmillan); Mr. Winston Churchill's Life of his father, "Lord Randolph Churchill," which is described as an eminently readable and vivacious work (Macmillan); a new volume of Mr. Santayana's philosophical work on "Life and Reason" (Scribners). In fiction, the most notable volumes lately received are Miss Glasgow's "Wheel of Fire" (Doubleday), Mr. George Moore's "The Lake" (Appletons), and Mr. Eden Phillpotts's "The Portreeve" (Macmillan).

The Angel of Pain Mr. E. F. Benson's new novel is a singular mingling of the attractive and the disappointing. It is in its plot and situations distressing, but in its pictures of English society it is extremely interesting, and there are several characters worth knowing and rather carefully worked out. It is a pity, we think, that Mr. Benson persists in dealing in his fiction with symbolism and occultism. In this he follows the lead of Mr. Hichens, but with much less success. In the present story, for instance, the man who returns to nature, lives in the woods, discovers that he can by mental sympathy call the birds to his hand, and enters into inexplicable intimacy with the forest creatures, in the end becomes ridiculous rather than impressive. He believes in the joy of nature, but half fears and half hopes that at some time the whole of nature—sorrow as well as joy—will be revealed to him, and this he calls seeing Pan. There is an ancient pagan myth that whoever sees Pan will not survive the sight, and Mr. Benson intimates that his hero's sudden death is of this kind, but makes the whole thing ludicrous by leaving the reader in doubt as to whether the man is killed by being butted to death by a real goat or dies because he sees Pan in his mythical goat-like shape. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.)

Argumentation and Debate We know of no other book which exactly occupies the same field with this volume by Professor Craven Laycock and Mr. R. L. Scales, both of Dartmouth. It systemizes and makes a unified art of the principles which should be followed in preparing for the presentation of a given subject in the form of reasoned argument. Some of the sub-topics under which the whole subject is treated may indicate the scope; such are, "Preliminary Reading," "Evidence," "Fallacies," "Brief-Drawing," "The Introduction" and "The Conclusion," and "Refutation." There is not a little sensible advice and acute suggestion to be found in this book, and it is likely to be useful, not only in the class-room, but to all persons preparing for public discussion. (The Macmillan Company, New York. 60c.)

Biographic Clinics The author, Dr. George H. Gould, believes that many more bodily ills are due to defective vision than most people imagine. This is the third volume under the title. In this volume, among other matters, he discusses the probability that the death of John Addington Symonds from pulmonary tuberculosis was due ultimately to eye-strain, and the neglect of the eyes that occasions not only such physical defects as curvature of the spine but such moral calamities as crimes growing out of truancy. Dr. Gould does not think it right to treat this subject as merely "a scientific or professional one," but regards it evidently as one on which people generally should be well informed. It seems to us clear, however, that it is not a question on which one can have very intelligent opinion without scientific and professional knowledge. It is well for people generally to know in what direction physical danger lies; but they can avoid danger safely only by counsel and direction from the expert. (P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia. $1, net.)

A Complete History of Music Although a text-book in form, this history of music by W. J. Baltzell, with seven American associates, is suitable for the general reader who wants in a single volume a comprehensive survey of the growth of the art. Especially full and informing are the early chapters dealing with the origin and primitive evolution of music.

In general the discussion of the development of the various phases of music is free from exaggeration. A joint product of this kind, however, is almost sure to be marked by one defect—lack of continuity and proper proportion in the consideration of certain topics. The lack of continuity is noticeable, for instance, in the discussion of Bach; and lack of proportion is especially noticeable in the chapters on modern music. No sound reason can be given for devoting nearly two thousand words to Richard Strauss, while allowing Brahms barely five hundred, and dismissing Tschaïkowski (whose name, by the way, does not appear in the index) with a scant two hundred and fifty. (Theodore Presser, Philadelphia, Pa.)

Days of the Past. The author, Mr. Alexander Shand, a Scottish writer and traveler, gives us here a "medley of memories" of men and things and of the changes he has observed in social, professional, and business life. He has a good store of observation to draw upon, and enlivens his talk by frequent anecdote and apt illustration. The book is discursive and agreeable rather than important. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3, net.)

The High-Road of Empire The unique natural attractions of India, its wonderful architecture, its rich historical associations, and, above all, its interesting people—whose character and customs seem to pass unaltered through the ages—make a book like Mr. A. H. Hallam-Murray's "High-Road of Empire" well worth reading. The author treats of the varied features of India with an intimate and illuminative touch. India needs to be celebrated and described also by just such physically made a volume as this, printed in superbly clear and large type, making a book for tired eyes; published with many artistic colored pictures, a delight to any eyes. The entertaining and instructive text merits such type and such illustration, and it merits as well the book's extremely attractive binding. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5, net.)

A History of the United States and Its People In The Outlook of September 2, 1905, will be found a somewhat detailed survey of the first volume of this imposing historical undertaking by Dr. Elroy M. Avery. The volume now calling for comment is the second in his work, and covers, speaking generally, the events of the first half of the seventeenth century. It thus deals with the foundation-laying of the United States, the colonization of New England, Virginia, Maryland, New Netherland, New Sweden, and, as necessary to a thorough understanding, New France. What we said of the opening volume will apply here, although with some modifications. In the first five of the eighteen chapters the interest does not seem to us nearly so well sustained; but an even higher level is reached in certain of the later chapters. Throughout is evident the master desire for accuracy and impartiality, and both have been attained to a really remarkable degree. Puritans, Catholics, Quakers—all the conflicting elements in the youthful colonies are treated with scrupulous fair-mindedness. On the other hand, justice is scarcely done to some of the leading actors—particularly the Stuart kings—on the other side of the water. Indeed, as in the first volume, Dr. Avery appears to appreciate only imperfectly the significance of European movements and conditions in their relation to the development of the New World. We notice, too, that in treating the several colonies he pays inadequate attention to the operation of economic forces. It may be added that the publishers now announce that the work will be completed, not in twelve volumes as originally projected, but in fifteen, possibly sixteen, volumes. (The Burrows Brothers, Cleveland.)

Hymn Treasures Portions of many of the best hymns, ancient and modern, are included in this collection, with notices of their occasions and their authors. Noted translators and translations, with "a few words about tunes," are added. The chapter on "Hymns in Literature" may suggest the fact that there are hymns which lack an undisputed title to be classed as literature. The author, Miss Grace Morrison Everett, has aimed at making a popular rather than a critical work. It is worth noting that Samson Occom, not "Ockerman," is the name of the writer of the eighteenth-century hymn,

"Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,"

the single Christian lyric by an American Indian. (Eaton & Mains, New York. $1.25.)

In Old Bellaire Mrs. Mary Dillon has written here a simple story of social life in a quiet southern Pennsylvania college town. The college attracted Southern youths, and later became a center of excitement, as did all the border between North and South during the war. Into this free and happy community came the demure, pretty New England girl, Eunice. Her love story, an old-fashioned picture, so long ago do war times seem, is troubled by her patriotic and religious scruples, for Rex, an attractive student from the South, wooes her. That he wins her is due to her ripening nature and to his loyalty to her, even though he joins the Confederate army. (The Century Company, New York. $1.50.)

Jesus' Christianity The passionate outcry of a tender heart, horror-stricken at the outrages of demoniac crime, finds utterance in this volume by a gifted Jewess, Miss Nadage Dorée, author of a remarkable book, "Gelta, or the Czar and the Songstress." The contrast between the Christian religion and the religion of Christ, which writers in easy chairs have noted with cooler criticism, she notes, as seen especially in orthodox Russia, with feelings akin to frenzy in beholding the unchecked cruelties of Russian fiends. Literary form disappears in the volcanic outburst of tortured feeling. Christian America, as well as other Christian powers, is held culpable for not forcing the hand of the Czar to stop the carnival of hellish wrong. This misjudgment is easily forgiven if one remembers Holy Writ: "Oppression maketh a wise man mad." A much more effective protest than that which Russia heard from us after Kishinev should have been made years before by certain Jewish bankers, the holders of Russia's purse-strings, against her long-continued anti-Semitism, of which Kishinev was the natural fruit. (The American News Company, New York. 50c.)

John Fiske The editor of the Beacon Biographies, of which this volume is a unit, may well find place for the historian Fiske. In these days of minute research it has become somewhat the fashion to disparage his writings because their material was not gathered from first sources; and there can be no doubt that recent investigation has placed in quite a new light many of the facts with which he dealt. At the same time it has demonstrated the essential soundness of his work, and leaves him among our worthiest historians. Certainly, few have done so much to make history attractive to the general public, and if only for this reason he deserves recognition in a series of studies intended "to furnish brief, readable, and authentic accounts of those Americans whose personalities have impressed themselves most deeply on the character and history of their country." Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry, the author of this biographical essay—it is really too slender to merit the name of biography—on Mr. Fiske's life and works, writes from intimate personal knowledge and with unmistakable admiration. He is, indeed, inclined to be over-eulogistic, and his portrayal suffers from awkward phraseology. But in spite of this he contrives to convey a good idea of Mr. Fiske both as man and as writer. (Small, Maynard & Co. 75c., net.)

The Long Arm Le Droit Conners, the silent, observant, handsome man, who acts as amateur detective in a succession of tragic mysteries, is as quick at solving riddles, when the least clue is given, as the rest of his tribe in detective stories. Murderers, counterfeiters, dishonest gamblers, kidnappers, and all manner of evil-doers are ferreted out and brought to justice by this astute young man, who occupies his days painting beautiful pictures. The author is Mr. Samuel M. Gardenshire. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.)

The Musicians' Library There is a strong contrast between the two latest collections in this series to come to our notice; one collection consists of "Songs and Airs by Handel," fluent and conventional; the other of "Seventy Scottish Songs," racy and unsophisticated. Ebenezer Prout, who edits the Handel collection, displays, both in the introduction and the editing of the songs, the scholarship which is expected of him. These songs, of course, are taken from operas which, so far as performance on the stage is concerned, are obsolete, and from oratorios. They appear in two volumes—one containing arias written for high voice, soprano or tenor; the other, those written for low voice, contralto or bass. The Scottish songs, in a single volume in two editions—one for high, the other for low voice—have been chosen with intelligence. Here are some which are universally known, like "Auld Lang Syne;" others, like the "Islay Maiden," will be strange and new to most hearers, but are more characteristic. Mme. Helen Hopekirk, the editor, has had a difficult task and has performed it well. She has written piano accompaniments to these folk-songs, which preserve to a considerable degree the primitive traits which the melodies possess. In some cases she has conveyed the spirit of these songs with notable success. The introduction she has written to this volume is a sympathetic interpretation of Scottish music. (The Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Mass. $1.50 each.)

Oxford and the Cotswolds This is a new and welcome volume in "The Highways and Byways" series. These books have proved attractive to a large number of readers and travelers, including the "Tarry at Home" variety. The excellent line engravings are a welcome change from the excessive publication of half-tone cuts, and the topics of the several volumes are invariably such as to make picturesque illustration easy. This is emphatically true of the present book, in which Mr. Herbert A. Evans writes in a discursive and agreeably rambling way. He takes Oxford as a starting-place, and wisely devotes far the larger part of the book to less well-known places. Many Americans know of Woodstock, Banbury, Horley, and Edgehill, but how many have ever heard of Upper and Lower Slaughter, Temple Guiting, Chipping Warden, Stow-on-the-Wold, or Lower Swell? These are but samples of the many quaint names of scores of English villages through which the author takes his reader in a leisurely pedestrian trip. Everywhere he finds ancient halls, ruined abbeys, picturesque cottages, or old-fashioned inns, and his narrative abounds in local traditions, legends, and the drift of the side-eddies of history. The drawings are by Frederick L. Griggs. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.)

The Sage Brush Parson The parson in this tale of frontier life by A. B. Ward has not the unassailable strength that some of his predecessors in fiction have shown. His is a complex nature; deeply and devoutly persuaded of the reality of his religious mission, he yet possesses a highly emotional artistic temperament. The abrupt changes from prophetic fervor to gay, boyish light-heartedness are admirably indicated. How he fared and how silently he suffers in his chosen work must be left to the reader to find out for himself. With a striking hero, and the varied assortment of men and women to be found in a mining town, the tragic climax is only logical. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

Sarah Bernhardt Brown This story is by C. F. Pidgin, whose tale called "Quincy Adams Sawyer" proved, we believe, entertaining to many readers. The present book aims at comicality rather than humor, and combines a rather sensational plot with somewhat too extended and thinly drawn out descriptions of country character and rustic pranks. The extent of the ground covered may be judged from the fact that the author publishes an alphabetized list of the "Personnel" of the book which covers seven pages. (J. K. Waters & Co., Boston, Mass. $1.50.)

Selections from the Poetry of John Payne In the field of translation John Payne stands without a rival, according to the opinion of competent judges. His reputation was made by an incomparable translation of "The Arabian Nights," and was heightened by his metrical translation of Villon. In this volume his inventive genius and remarkable use of melodious English give an unusual pleasure to the appreciative reader. His ballads equal the best of English songsters, and the themes they set forth are marvelously fitted to their form. In the present collection, made with loving care by his friends, with the intention of introducing his work to American readers, it is difficult to pass by any one of the selections. They are exquisitely graceful and yet profoundly impressive, pervaded by a moving undertone of sadness, which perhaps reaches its full expression in the beautiful poem "The Grave of My Songs." How the poet could have remained in comparative obscurity so long can only be explained by the pre-eminence of his translations, and his own exceeding modesty as to his original writings. "The Ballad of Isobel" and "The Rime of Redemption" alone place the poet high among modern singers. The lighter vein of the dainty Barcarolles and Rondeaux and Madrigals is equally attractive. (John Lane Company, New York. $2.50, net.)

The Thread of Gold In every sense of the word, this volume by the author of "The House of Quiet" is indeed a beautiful book, one that will give the reader a realization of the joy of life. It is a succession of exquisite sketches presented by an artist gifted with the elusive literary touch and a delicate instinct for the beautiful. The thread of gold has two strands, ardor and tranquillity, interwoven to make a cord of strength and beauty with which to bind our life together. The author passes without haste or jar from sensible practical philosophy to prose hymns that are full of hopeful inspiration. We pause in the tender light shed over the picture of a visit to a crippled man, "whose laugh had the careless and good-humored ring of one whose mind was entirely content." He and his wife were a gallant pair, abiding in a serene region above humanity and pain. Then comes a charming chapter upon authorship, which should be read by every one who feels the necessity of expression. The pleasures of work are sung—not in too exalted strain, and with touches of gentle humor. Oxford, Canterbury, Tower, Dorsetshire, all breathe the love and homage of an English heart for the memories and traditions of his own land. The religious reflections—though truly the religious spirit is on every page—are peculiarly refreshing, individual without being too assertive, and truly devout though lacking entirely the conventional tone. The closing chapters upon the deeper verities, thoughts that fill the mind when experience has taught us lessons, are full of quiet power, and shed the same sunshine that Faber found long ago could stir new life in the heart. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3, net.)